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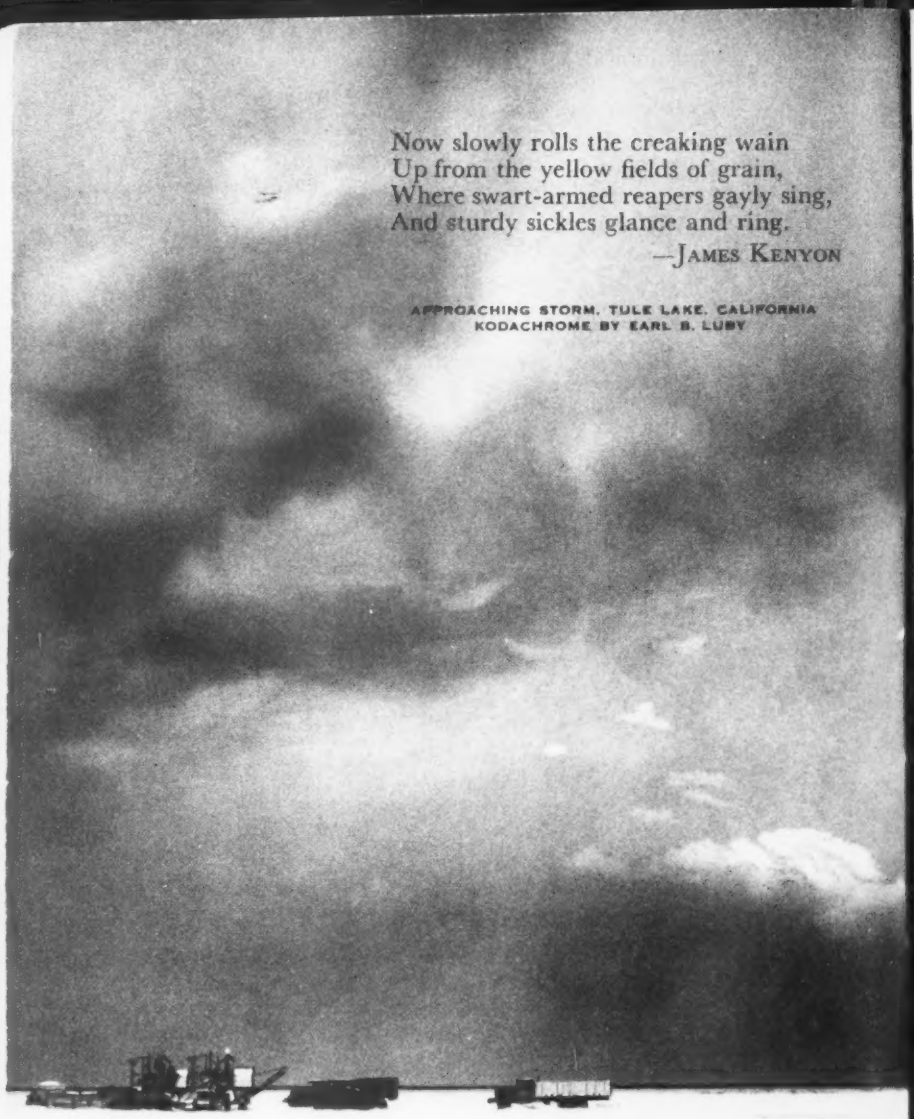
Coronet



DALE CARNEGIE'S

SURE CURE FOR WORRY

see page—147



Now slowly rolls the creaking wain
Up from the yellow fields of grain,
Where swart-armed reapers gayly sing,
And sturdy sickles glance and ring.

—JAMES KENYON

APPROACHING STORM, TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA
KODACHROME BY EARL B. LUBY



Coronet

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Publisher:
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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising Offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 for one year; $5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request.

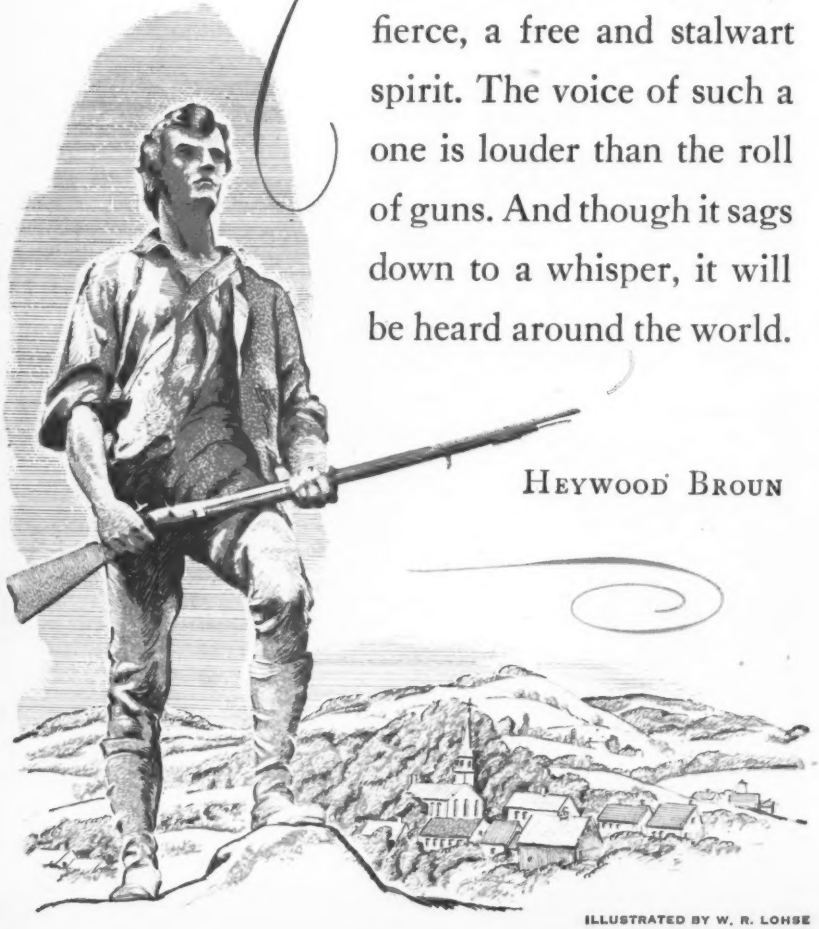
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Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

There is no force

which can stand against a fierce, a free and stalwart spirit. The voice of such a one is louder than the roll of guns. And though it sags down to a whisper, it will be heard around the world.

HEYWOOD BROUN



ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LOHSE

Vol. 24, No. 5 September, 1948

Endless Variety in Articles and Pictures

Child of Destiny

by FREDERIC M. LOOMIS, M.D.

Is this amazing story fact or fiction? When we asked this question of the author, he replied: "Basically the story is fact. However, so that no professional secrets may be revealed, the characters are disguised, the setting is somewhat changed, and there are other embellishments to prevent possible identification. The incident was at the time as unbelievable to me as it may seem to many who read about it now."—THE EDITORS

IN JULY TEN YEARS AGO, a well-groomed, distinguished-looking man in his early forties sat in my consultation room. The gold key of Sigma Xi, granted only for excellence in scientific study, flashed from his watch chain. The color of his skin suggested the Orient.

"Doctor, do you plan to be here in November of next year?" he said with a slight accent which I could not place.

"Next year!" I retorted. "For all I know I may be dead by that time. How could I know so far ahead?"

"Of course, unassisted, you might not know," the man replied, "but I think that I know."

"Wait a minute," I exclaimed. "What is this all about, sir?"

"I want you to deliver my wife's baby boy by Caesarean section," he said, "on November 1st next year, at 3:15 in the morning. The approximate date is determined medically; the exact hour will be determined—by other means."

He read my apprehensive look. "Don't be alarmed," he said smil-

Vol. 24, No. 5; Whole No. 143. Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A.

ing. "I am not insane. Of course, conception has not yet occurred, but at the time I mention, everything will be perfect—the relative positions of the sun and moon, the signs ascendant, the ruling planet, everything."

"Astrology!" I exclaimed.

"No," he answered, "not astrology exactly. There are many things in medicine in which I do not believe, things which seem quite as absurd to me as the signs of the zodiac—*and certain other things*—may seem to you."

He was silent a moment, then added reflectively, "It is unfortunate that we who are engaged in serious occult studies are often judged by the charlatans and fakers around us, just as you doctors who are devoted to your high calling must suffer from the pretenders and workers of evil on the fringe of your profession."

"But after all," I protested, "you are proposing the delivery of a baby boy by Caesarean at an exact day and hour 15 months from now. How do you know it will be a boy? Why do you specify Caesarean? How can you pick your day and hour? And I may as well tell you right now that I wouldn't do a Caesarean on the Queen of England unless I had an adequate medical reason."

"I would not think of asking you to," he said, quite unruffled. "The reason will be apparent when you examine my wife. Operative delivery is imperative. We have that knowledge on excellent authority. And now, sir, without taking more of your time, I shall ask your secretary to reserve time for my wife on the 15th of next March, when she will be in her second month of pregnancy."

He rose to go. "Possibly you will feel better when I tell you that for years I have not only studied an ancient science, which in a sense is the mother of astronomy, but what is far more important, I was born back of those great mountain ranges which guard the secrets of Lhasa and the Tibetan plateau from an unbelieving world.

"Why I was selected by the hierarchy of the Yellow Hat to make my way secretly through India to this country to study 20 years ago, and how I returned there through Szechwan, is a story almost beyond belief. Until my present mission is accomplished, it is forbidden to reveal it. Perhaps some day . . . ?" He bowed courteously as he went out, leaving me speechless.

I NEVER EXPECTED to see him again. I tried to forget this strange interview, even though the man's cultured bearing had left a deep impression. But it all recurred to me vividly when the lady presented herself on the exact day specified, a brunette with glowing, dark eyes like her husband's, a happy, charming woman as far removed from the crackpot class as he had been.

I found her condition exactly as he had predicted. Normal delivery would be impossible. She listened attentively and respectfully to everything I told her—and through all the months that followed she never failed to keep an appointment. All of us in the office liked her in spite of an aura of aloofness and strangeness we always noticed. When I tried to draw her out about her life, she evaded gracefully, saying her

husband would talk to me after the baby came.

It was disturbing when I found that by the usual method of computing the day of delivery, her baby was due two weeks later than predicted by her husband. Then, as the date approached, perversely I began to resent the strange, insistent feeling of compulsion which I felt night and day.

I finally told my associate that I was not used to being "managed," that I was not going to be pushed around by any Dalai Lama in Lhasa or a flock of planets, and that I would operate a day or two ahead of time—anything to show who was boss.

I dismissed the prophecy of the exact hour and minute as just a bit of impressive "window trimming." My own feeling of compulsion was easily explained, I decided, by my natural desire to acquiesce, if consistent with medical safety, in a plan that apparently meant as much as life itself to these people; and yet, perversely, I could not make myself believe my own perfectly sound reasoning.

On October 31, the wife came in for the usual examination two weeks before expected delivery. But there was no sign of any complication requiring interference ahead of time. When I told her, I saw for the first time a look of desperate unhappiness and consternation sweep over her sensitive face. Then I remembered that November 1 was the next day, and understood.

I explained gently that while I wanted to conform to their plans laid so long ago, any surgery must be determined by surgical indications, not by my own wishes or by theirs. I explained the danger of prematurity, even of two weeks. She thanked me, and by the time she left her face had resumed its usual placid and confident look.

I took her problem home with me. In spite of my surgical judgment, I could not shake off an overpowering feeling of inevitability. And when at 8:30 that evening I had a message indicating that she was in labor, I sent her to the hospital.

A brief examination showed a marked change since the afternoon, yet I was not certain that she would go ahead—false alarms often occur. However, I felt that I should stay in the hospital.

At 2:30 A.M. I was called. The moment I saw her I forgot astrology and planets, forgot everything but this woman and baby whose lives were in my hands. I knew that something must be done at once to avoid disaster.

Calling my assistant, I ordered surgery prepared for an immediate Caesarean. Everything moved with the speed and precision of a fine hospital. Without a word of direction, instruments and solutions were quickly prepared. The great shadowless light flooded the room. But again impelled by a feeling of urgency, I had sent for the chief anesthetist, a most unusual request at that hour of night. The patient had begged me not to put her to sleep but to let her see the baby born.

We gave her a form of anesthesia under which the patient is entirely conscious but feels nothing, and at 3:10 A.M., November 1, as if I were an actor in a play beyond my ken, I stood beside her, ready.

I waited for the signal from the

anesthetist, whose authority is superior at the moment even to that of the operating surgeon. The big clock in the operating room had been checked with Western Union. It was correct to the second. I received the brief nod to go ahead.

A Caesarean is an easy and quick operation. The patient's eyes, wholly unafraid and eager with interest, were alternately fixed on the clock and on me. Outside, I knew her husband waited. I had told the nurses nothing except that the patient had a contracted pelvis, but they seemed to feel that something unusual was happening, perhaps by my manner or the careful checking of the clock.

They were almost breathless as I made the first incision. The room was tense. Then, at 3:15 to the second, that baby boy almost leaped into the world and greeted it with a yowl, one of the sweetest sounds in the life of a doctor.

When I went to the side table where the baby was lying, I turned him over and I can swear that small boy grinned at me. I had seen many babies smile, but never when they were 15 minutes old. Immediately, as if a load had been taken from my shoulders, that curious feeling of compulsion was gone; and then I began to wonder if this smiling infant had received some advance information which I did not understand, and perhaps knew what was ahead of him.

Still in my operating clothes, I went out to the father, who thanked me graciously but said, his eyes glowing, "You see?" I did not see, but I began again to wonder.

During the following weeks, several tentative engagements to talk to the parents were canceled because of the inopportune arrival of other babies. Then, after several months, the father came in, agitation and excitement showing for the first time through his usual calm.

"We are leaving at once," he said. "But I couldn't go without thanks for your help and understanding. Most extraordinary things are developing on the other side of the world for that little boy of ours. We are going to the far places. We may return in a year or in twenty.

"We shall remember you always. Maybe some day you will hear things that will surprise you, that will open your eyes to strange things in this world. And above all, *never forget that day and hour!*"

NEARLY TEN YEARS passed. Then, on November 1st a year ago, my secretary said that a man with a strange voice was on the phone and would not give his name. "He insists that he must see you today, that no other day will do. I told him that your time was all taken. He said if you looked at the calendar, you would understand."

"Tell him to come at 5 o'clock when office hours are over," I said.

He was not the man I had seen before, but he had the same odd accent and the same light-brown skin.

"I come to you straight from Lhasa, sir," he said in a low voice. "You remember, of course?"

"Indeed I do," I said. "Go on."

"In Tibet, horoscopes must agree before a marriage can take place among the highborn. The horoscopes of a certain couple, plus the ancient oracles of Lhasa and Samye, decreed that to this couple would be born a son, and if that son

were born on November 1st, 1938, at precisely 3:15 A.M., he would enter into the spirit of one of our greatest ancestors, who lived 500 years ago. He was called The Peace Maker and this child was to be called The Mediator.

"We did not understand. The ancient Tibetan mysteries are still beyond us, but the omens have proved correct so often that we dare not disregard them.

"Now, perhaps, we begin to see. The great bear of Russia and the dragon of China face each other, threatening again the peace of the world, almost at our door. There are strange signs which say that the boy, who was first touched by your hands, is destined to become of great importance to the world, is destined to justify the name of Mediator given him even before he was conceived. We of the Inner Council believe he is the hope of the world. How? We do not yet know the answer, but we shall see.

"No one in Tibet except his parents, myself and the 14th Dalai Lama, Lingerh Lamutanchu, knows where or how he was born. The common people think that he was born on a Himalayan peak as thunder rolled and that he quieted the storm by raising his hands. Already he is revered."

My visitor rose, bowed deeply.

"My mission to you, sir, is completed. You will hear more in time to come. Farewell."

He made an odd sign with his hands which I suddenly remembered that I had seen before—and then he was gone.

When Fate Kept the Score



IT WAS THE afternoon of November 28, 1942, and in Boston 45,000 howling football fans had just witnessed one of the biggest upsets in sports history. Underdog Holy Cross had piled up 55 points against 12 for previously undefeated Boston College—a team which had, until that afternoon, been hailed as the year's greatest.

In the Boston College dressing room there was a dismal hush as the players changed into street clothes. Over in the corner, an assistant manager phoned a Boston night club, canceling the victory celebration planned for that evening. Instead, the players returned to the campus and sat around morosely, bemoaning their defeat.

At midnight a one-alarm fire sounded in a Boston firehouse. Then, almost immediately, it became a two-, a three-, a four- and finally a five-alarm. The Cocoanut Grove night club was aflame.

Almost 500 people died in the holocaust—but not one was a member of the Boston College squad. Because they had met defeat on the football field, they had canceled their appointment with victory—and death—at the jam-packed firetrap. —CHOO FRAZIER

HOGS on the Highway



The barbaric motor manners of otherwise-polite men and women take a heavy toll in frayed nerves, and even lives!

by JACK HARRISON POLLACK

IN A CROWDED PITTSBURGH department-store elevator, a dignified-looking businessman accidentally jostled a woman, knocking over her packages. Picking them up, he bowed, tipped his hat and begged profuse pardons.

A few minutes later he climbed into his sedan and pulled out from the curb without hand-signaling. To avoid smashing into him, another car had to swerve sharply.

Irritated, he angrily blew his horn at the innocent driver, shouting, "Watch out, you damn fool!" Then, furiously, he raced to the red light to scowl at the driver. It was the same woman to whom he had so humbly apologized in the elevator!

Most of us—like this man—need to take stock of our motor manners. However well-behaved we may be elsewhere, once we get behind a steering wheel we become unbelievable boors. We honk unnecessarily; impudently cut in and out of traffic; blame The Other Person for our own rudeness; hog the center of the road; squabble over parking places; refuse to dim our lights; and commit a hundred other uncivilized outrages that should make us blush in perpetual shame.

Safety and highway experts frank-

ly admit that too little emphasis has been placed on our barbaric motor manners. Though you have been cautioned countless times about the danger of sudden death on the highway, you have likely heard little or nothing regarding your auto arrogance. Yet our habit of playing savage-on-wheels wreaks senseless slaughter every day.

The damage, however, doesn't stop with lifeless bodies and bashed-in cars. In millions of cases, bad motor manners cause frayed tempers, emotional disturbances, stomach ulcers, nervous indigestion, neurosis, high blood pressure and even heart attacks.

On a recent wedding anniversary, a Philadelphia driver left his office humming cheerfully. First he stopped to pick up the expensive wrist watch he had bought as a surprise for his wife. As he approached the suburbs, traffic was unusually heavy and fellow motorists exceptionally impertinent.

Fred himself was hogging the center of the road when the driver behind honked and shouted, "Get over, you big jerk!"

"Oh, go jump in the lake!" snapped Fred.

Then he noticed that The Other Driver was the boss' brother-in-law. "Oh, it's you, sir!. . . Hi!" Fred meekly gulped.

Worn to a frazzle when he arrived home, Fred growled at his wife and slapped his young son for turning on the radio. He barely touched dinner and spent the evening sulking in his chair. That night, he slept hardly at all.

It wouldn't be surprising if Fred suddenly began suffering with "high blood pressure." Thousands of Americans have developed and aggravated heart conditions by constantly fighting traffic.

Dr. Charles A. R. Connor, medical director of the American Heart Association, warns: "The man with heart trouble or high blood pressure who has been told by his doctor to take it easy should remember that becoming excited while driving a car can be just as dangerous as running for a train. If you cannot control your temper or your nerves while driving, I suggest that you prolong your life—and save the lives of others—by taking a back seat."

Unfortunately, the total human wreckage from traffic tenseness will never be known, because "discourtesy" is rarely listed in accident reports. According to one study made by the District of Columbia Department of Vehicles and Traffic, at least 3,894 of the 10,679 drivers involved in Washington accidents during 1947 could have avoided them—*simply by being courteous.* They included 1,358 motorists who failed to yield right of way to other drivers; 208 who refused right of way to pedestrians; 501 who turned from the wrong lane; 405 who drove on the wrong side of the road.

City drivers, especially in congested areas, are the rudest. In New York, for example, when you are boxed in by a taxi and bus, you find yourself literally surrounded by rudeness. Road courtesy is virtually unknown in Los Angeles, where everyone zips along as if going to a fire. Even in Dixie, the famed Southern hospitality doesn't extend to fellow motorists.

One Southern driver was whizzing along a Carolina road when a car came towards him, taking up

what seemed more than its share of the road. Determined to "teach that driver a lesson," he swerved towards him. But the oncoming motorist, believing that the other driver had lost control, tried to skirt around him.

Suddenly alarmed, the well-bred though discourteous motorist jammed on his brakes and straightened his wheels. But not quickly enough to keep his wife from being hurled through the windshield and pinned beneath an overturned, twisted car. "I tried to teach somebody else a lesson," the unhappy man later said, "and learned a bitter one myself."

WHAT MAKES AN OTHERWISE-civilized person a barbarian behind the wheel? Many people vent their business, domestic and personal troubles on fellow motorists. Some do it as a form of escape; others as the expression of an inferiority complex. Even a woman, when she presses her small, sandaled foot on the accelerator, has a powerful instrument to compensate for Man's supposed superiority.

"A car often becomes part of an individual," explains Dr. John Frosch, New York psychiatrist. "The car's power is like a weapon, and the owner uses it to live out many wishes and impulses that he is unable to handle otherwise. The automobile is a great leveler, too. A five-foot-two chap is just as powerful behind the wheel as a six-footer."

Every type of boorishness can be found among America's 45,000,000 licensed drivers. The "You-Can't-Pass-Me" Sunday driver pokes along with no place to go, yet takes up the whole thoroughfare doing it. Another barbarian is the maniac racing towards you in the center of a two-lane roadway, forcing you to the soft shoulder.

Still another highway hog is the driver who refuses or forgets to dim his lights. Your first impulse is to "get even" by flashing your bright lamps in his eyes. But you should always dim, even if he neglects to return the courtesy. The possibility of a crack-up is increased 100 per cent if both drivers are blinded.

Another vehicular vulgarian is "The Honker," who probably causes more shattered nerves than anyone else on the road. A split second has been defined as the time between the light change and the blast from the horn of the fellow behind. Why blast at drivers who are just as anxious to move as you?

Discovering that loud noises disturbed normal bodily functions, Harvard's Dr. Walter B. Cannon went on to prove that they can cause nervous indigestion. Dr. Donald A. Laird, the psychologist, also showed how noises decrease the flow of saliva in the mouth and gastric juices in the stomach. Acoustical engineer E. Lawrence Smith found that noise at 60 decibels had a marked effect in upsetting the digestion. Yet a loud horn ten feet behind you is 100 decibels!

Street noises are nonrhythmical, making it difficult for your ear to adjust to them. "This gives rise to anger, and is one reason for the dire effect of noise on the delicately attuned human nervous system," says Dr. Edward Podolsky, a charter member of the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy.

Neither sex has a monopoly on road courtesy, though women are

the traditional butt of masculine motorists, especially women who window-shop when driving or use rear-vision mirrors to powder their noses while waiting for the light to change.

Many men will go to fantastic lengths to avoid driving behind a woman in traffic. Yet, cutting sharply in front of the woman's car, they rely on her to jam the brakes and avoid an accident. This is plain silly. If you don't trust a woman driver, why endanger your life by depending on her reflexes?

OF COURSE, IT IS HUMAN to blame rudeness on your neighbor and expect *him* to mend his ways. But actually, most of us are guilty almost daily of hoggishness on the highway. "Why do Americans not only complacently accept but practice tactics on the road when they would be horrified at such breaches of common courtesy in their homes?" asks W. Burke Smith, former manager of the Massachusetts Safety Council.

Although you may politely allow your neighbor to get on a bus ahead of you, why do you insanely battle him for position at a traffic light? Perhaps you are a woman who normally speaks in a quiet, well-modulated voice. Then why must you scare a motorist stalled in front of you with an impertinent horn blast—even in a hospital zone?

At a dinner party, you don't rush wildly for the food, shoving other guests aside. Why, then, elbow your way in and out of traffic?

If you don't pull the chair from under a guest about to sit down in your living room, why try to sneak into another driver's parking place? If you don't scream at your dancing partner who accidentally steps on your toes, why shriek at a motorist who unintentionally touches your bumper in a traffic snarl?

Basically, Americans are not a discourteous people. It has been estimated that we spend more than $10,000,000 a year merely adding the words "please" and "thank you" to our telegrams. And we know that "I'm sorry" and "Pardon me" are two of the biggest little expressions in the English language.

Courtesy, after all, is only common sense. It costs nothing, is contagious and pays big dividends. So the next time you feel like impatiently blowing your horn, not dimming your bright lights or trying to beat your neighbor at a traffic light—don't!



Not-So-Gentle Hint

A YOUNG COUPLE were visiting the maternal grandparents of their five-month-old son. After a week had elapsed, packing and running about the house putting all the baby's things together, it was time to go home.

"Why don't you leave him with us for a month?" said the grandfather, "and we'll give him anything his little heart desires."

"It's all right with me," replied the father. "He's crazy about new Buicks." —MADELYN WOOD

Top Man of the Big Top



Under the shrewd guidance of John Ringling North, the Greatest Show on Earth has added more thrills a minute than ever before

by GEORGE FRAZIER

JOHN RINGLING NORTH, a dapper man of 45 who wears a black Homburg and carries a tightly furled umbrella as jauntily as if it were a Malacca walking stick, is the virtual dictator over what is, at once, the most glittering, costly, spectacular and complicated attraction in show business.

As president of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, Inc., he presides over a kingdom of fairy-tale opulence. Although he looks more the boulevardier than the potentate, North, who enjoys the companionship of tall, handsome girls and likes to refer to himself as a Yale man (despite the fact that he spent only two years at New Haven), has at his command an inventory so fabulous as to be beyond the grasp of, say, the Maharaja of Baroda.

Last year, for example, North had access to such varied and unusual items as 120 trained horses; 1,377 human beings of some 26 different nationalities; 80 miles of rope (which, if unwound into a single strand, would encircle the globe); 76,000 yards of canvas; a herd of remarkably tractable elephants; 15 General Motors diesel plants; a truculent male gorilla and his coquettish bride; 27 extraordinarily versatile musicians; a corps of comely ballerinas; 2,967 gallons of paint; 2,300 tons of grade-A timothy hay; leopards—both spotted and black—which respond only to commands uttered in Hindustani; 108 railroad cars; the world's tallest man as well as the world's most shrunken family; 18,132 bushels of oats; and a vast assortment of aerialists who are described quite accurately as "death-defying."

This year, for good measure,

North acquired a snowstorm which flutters down so realistically that even John Greenleaf Whittier would turn up his coat collar at the imagined chill in his poetic bones. This, quite obviously, was more than sufficient for North's purposes, but somehow he also managed to lay hands on a man of such self-confidence that he is forever pleading with North for a chance to balance himself by one finger on top of the Empire State Building.

Everything considered, there is no doubt that John Ringling North controls what is easily The Greatest Show on Earth.

The vast majority of those who view the circus as it tours the country know John Ringling North as either a name on the program (which sells for 25 cents and returns a considerable profit to the corporation) or on the marquee (where he stipulates that it be emblazoned). Others, perhaps, recognize him as the natty figure who, alongside a baby elephant, confided in a nationally circulated advertisement not long ago that a certain beer is the finest he ever tasted.

All in all, it is probably just as well that North's identity might be somewhat more obscure than he would care to admit to the tall beauties who accompany him frequently to the Stork Club. For the story of John Ringling North as a person, while undeniably one of imposing graciousness, is hardly one of distinguishable excitement. On the other hand, however, the story of "Produced by John Ringling North" is one of pervasive and lingering enchantment.

It is the story of a magic never-never land, peopled with "implacable man-killers from jungle and arctic wilds"; with "droll sea lions in unbelievable accomplishments and dumfounding dexterities"; with "the greatest juggler of all times"; with a "dazzling, powerhouse, gymnastic, acrobatic and risley avalanche of world-famous artists in seemingly impossible feats of agility, dexterity and balance"; with "Europe's champion somersaulting leapers in thrilling trajectories from ski-jump springboards over massed elephants"; with a "never-to-be-forgotten pageant in which Santa Claus brings toyland and the symbols of Christmas to life, love, and laughter"; and always, of course, with the clowns—"the clowns, tidal waves of them, in grotesque goon gyrations, slapstick satires, graphically animated, stuffed-shirt burlesques, free-for-all hallucination brawls, topsy-turvy topical vignettes, café society payday bekinis and with barrels of belly laughs for the Big Top faithful."

The story of "Produced by John Ringling North" is of all these things—and of peanuts and popcorn and sawdust, of hot dogs and spun-sugar candy. It is the story of an entertainment that is truly "for children of all ages."

Obviously, North cannot rightly be credited with the entire success of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus, inasmuch as the show is now in its 78th year. But what is to his credit is the fact that he has succeeded in elevating the performance to a grandeur it had never known before his arrival on the scene.

North's critics, of whom he has many (both inside and outside the organization) maintain that his suc-

cess is due primarily to the alert and imaginative people in his employ. This is as specious as arguing that General Eisenhower's participation in World War II should be minimized because of his reliance upon Omar Bradley.

North is, as Eisenhower was, an executive above everything else. As such, he is responsible only for results. In his particular case, the only valid criterion of his ability is whether or not he produces a profitable and entertaining divertissement. No one would be myopic enough to suggest that he does not.

North's task, in its barest essentials, is to put on a circus that will more than return its prodigious overhead, which runs to around $23,000 a day. It is not a simple trick. The Ringling circus is only one of twenty-odd now touring the U. S. If, therefore, "The Greatest Show on Earth" should suddenly prove to be something less than that, North would be in grave difficulties.

For one thing, it would undoubtedly lose a great many faithful customers. For another, it would probably be forced to relinquish such highly lucrative stands as Madison Square Garden in New York City and the Boston Garden. North's responsibility is to see that this doesn't happen.

ALTHOUGH THE CIRCUS goes into rehearsal around February 1 and is put on display at Madison Square Garden early in April, it is actually in operation throughout the year. Preparations for the nation-wide tour begin in mid-December, when North boards a plane for England. Then, until the middle of February, he flies about Europe, casting an appraising eye upon the performers in the innumerable circuses, carnivals and fairs that tour the Continent year after year. The most exciting attractions in the Ringling circus usually turn up during this talent hunt.

Last winter, North hired 15 new acts, identified on this year's program as "First Time in America." Included are Francis Brunn, one of the most phenomenal jugglers in history, and Unus, of whom it is said "only John Ringling North's persuasion brings to America for the first time the upside-down, gravity-defying, equilibristic wonder, the debonair, incredible Unus."

In recent years North has also discovered, among other magnificent stars, the Great Alzanas, an act that terrifies fellow performers as well as the audience, and Rose Gould, "the lovely, sultry, soaring swallow of the Big Top," who is probably the most beautiful, sensual-looking and reckless girl now appearing in any circus.

During such scouting expeditions, North also investigates animal trainers and their menageries. Not long ago, someone asked him if he had any fears about the trainers' being mauled.

"The trainers!" said North in surprise. "They are experts and know how to take care of themselves. The animals are the ones that we have to look after!"

By February 1, North, who in most instances has had to acquire working permits for the alien performers he has signed for the show, herds the majority of them to Sarasota, Florida, where the circus has winter quarters. For the next two months, the grounds bustle with the

most diversified activity imaginable.

In a great many ways, the circus in preparation is a more remarkable sight than in actual performance. There is at Sarasota, for example, a paint shop to intrigue the most statistically minded. During a season it utilizes 810 gallons of blue enamel, 157 packs of gold leaf, 1,160 gallons of silver enamel, 5½ tons of white lead, 225 gallons of varnish and 562 gallons of red enamel. In the woodworking shop, carpenters are busy building the 42-foot rings while, not far away, each elephant is having its toenails trimmed in a pruning that consumes six hours.

In one isolated section, bearded Amish artisans are engaged in carving figurines on the gilt façades of the handsome circus wagons. In another, the ballerinas are learning high-wire routines from a former world-famous aerialist named Vander Barbette.

A few weeks before the show opens at Madison Square Garden, John Murray Anderson appears on the scene. Anderson, a fussy man with a sharp tongue, is one of the most resourceful directors in stage history. What is probably the peak of his genius was unveiled at this year's circus. Called *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, it is a lavish fantasy based upon all the gingerbread deliciousness of childhood. Experienced (and therefore not-easily-impressed) theater people consider it the most imposing spectacle in show business.

North, a stickler for authenticity, made a strenuous effort to import reindeer to haul the sleigh in which Santa rides. He was compelled to abandon the idea, however, because of U. S. regulations which frown upon the animals as bearers of foot-and-mouth disease. Promptly he set his artisans to creating antlers which would fit on ponies; and no one is inclined to carp about the pseudo realism thus achieved.

North, who was named after his uncle, John Ringling, then head of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, has been with the circus long enough to appreciate the value of such effects. What is probably even more important, however, is his thorough knowledge of the enterprise as a whole.

North literally grew up under the Big Top, traveling as a child in his uncle's private railroad car. He was only 12 when he sold novelties for the concessions department. A few years later he was promoted to the ticket end of the game.

In 1929, he quit to take a fling in Wall Street. Even then, however, he remained in close touch with the circus, handling all Ringling's business affairs. With his uncle's death in 1936, North was named executor of the estate.

In 1937, he refinanced the circus by borrowing a million from the Manufacturers' Trust Company, and thus returned the business to Ringling hands after five years of bank management. He was rewarded for this by being named president, a capacity in which he served until 1943. His resignation was caused by a disagreement with the board over wartime policy.

In the spring of 1946, he was recalled to act as executive vice-president in charge of production. A year later, he acquired 51 per cent of the stock and was again elected president. Today, the lessons which North learned as a child are proving incalculably profitable in a job that

is certainly among the most complex in the world.

What constitutes a good circus is something that not even "kinkers"—which is what circus performers call themselves—can answer. Most of them would agree, however, that it is largely a shrewd blending of beauty, clowning, pace and danger. Most important of these elements is probably danger, for although the circus is a blissful affair, it would not be what it is if the constant threat of fatal accidents were removed.

Psychologists have gone so far as to assert that many people attend the circus in the morbid hope that they will see someone killed. A number of these people have had their hope satisfied. By and large, however, circus performers have, over the years, succeeded in reducing the possible incidence of accidents.

Most aerialists, for example, are a distrustful lot. More often than not, they work over a net which they have woven themselves. As a further precaution, male members of an aerial act usually get into work jumpers and test every rope which insures their safety.

It is generally acknowledged that the most daredevil moment in this year's circus occurs when the Alzanas ascend the high wire. This is understandable, since the Alzanas (who, by the way, are British cockneys named Davis) perform on a 45-foot high wire without the insurance of a net. Harold Davis (or Alzana), the male member of the act, reaches the high wire by climbing a 45-degree cable on his feet. For sheer excitement, it is surpassed only by his descent of the same cable.

Being a consummate showman, Davis is canny enough to employ such devices as stumbling and dropping his parasol in order to increase the audience's suspense. There is, however, no minimizing his actual daring. Last year he was almost killed at the most reckless point in the Alzanas' act.

Davis was crossing the high wire on a bicycle. Suspended from him were his wife and sister, both doing turns on trapezes. Perched on his shoulders was another sister. Suddenly a guy rope swished against the long bamboo pole which he uses for balance. With a sickening sway, the sister on his shoulders lost her balance and the act began to overturn. But since the bicycle was secured to the wire by the two trapezes beneath, Davis could have held on until the ground crew released him.

Fear seized the sister on his shoulders, however, and as she turned topsy-turvy she grabbed his hair, pulling him from the bicycle. Both of them plummeted toward the sawdust. Neither would have survived had it not been for their father, a former aerialist whose function it is to stand beneath them in event of an accident.

As Davis shot downwards, his father butted him with his head and broke the fall. A second later, the father smashed at the girl with his fists. Harold Davis is working again, but his sister is still in a hospital. Davis, Sr., as spry as ever after recovering from a broken neck, is again holding taut the cable on which his son defies gravity.

Among kinkers, there are those who feel that the Alzanas' daring is surpassed by that of a barrel-chested Hindu named Damoo Dhotre, who

puts leopards, pumas and black jaguars through astounding acts of obedience. Dhotre, who has been training wild beasts for 33 years, scoffs at this, insisting that his margin of safety is practically perfect. He maintains it is the trainer's fault if an animal attacks, and that accidents are caused by either carelessness or overconfidence.

Dhotre has been mauled twice. The first occasion was when a bull elephant rushed him. The second took place in Shanghai, where he was appearing with a Russian circus. He was posing for some magazine pictures when a lion caught his arm. At this point, another lion jumped him. Springing away, Dhotre seized a chair, brandished it threateningly over his head, and eventually managed to restore reasonable decorum in the cage.

This mishap, for all its goriness, apparently interests Dhotre a good deal less than its aftermath. With his forearm badly chewed, he whipped the animals back into their cages and rushed to the nearest physician. When he explained to the attending nurse that he had been mauled by a lion, she surveyed him critically, nodded politely, then tried to induce him to enter a mental hospital for observation. It took him several hours to find a doctor who would subscribe to the legitimacy of his ailment.

Dhotre dissents from the widely held theory that an animal trainer's success is dependent upon the amount of fear he manages to instill into the beasts. One afternoon during a performance in Bombay a few years ago, Dhotre was jumped by a jaguar—one of the most vicious of all wild beasts. He was saved from mutilation when a circumspect leopard ripped the jaguar away from him. The grateful Dhotre rewarded this benefaction by tossing the leopard two more than its customary eight pounds of horse meat that day.

WHAT DHOTRE AND OTHER members of the circus are paid for their skill and daring is a closely guarded secret. Backstage, however, there is grumbling among some to the effect that salaries are not all they should be. Among the biggest earners are the "butchers," who make up to $300 a week peddling food, drinks and novelties on a substantial commission.

When the circus goes on tour, everyone in the cast sleeps in air-conditioned railway cars. Each day, the cookhouse—which is under the Big Top—serves some 3,900 meals. The food is tasty, nourishing and plentiful. Everyone, from the clown Johnny Tripp, who is 69 and has been with the circus 50 years, to the youngest novitiate, appears to thrive on the fare.

The personnel, on the whole, is almost conspicuously sober. Since circus work requires a certain amount of split-second timing, there is good reason for this.

En route, as well as in winter quarters at Sarasota, the Big Show has all the facilities of a township. As it moves across country (in 1947 it covered 13,346 miles), giving more than 400 performances in cities as different as Chicago and Tonawanda, New York, it enjoys, among other things, its own medical department, mail agent, police force and staff of veterinarians equipped to diagnose such diverse ailments

as a sniffle in a leopard and a halt leg in an elephant.

It can also, if occasion requires, provide a new pigmentation for a clown who is experimenting with a new face (clowns' make-ups, by the way, are all individual, tacitly copyrighted and never altered during a performance).

As the circus rolls in its 82-foot streamlined cars, there is among its vast personnel an attitude of remarkable cohesion. The scantiest-paid kinker chats on equal terms with the main attractions. Only John Ringling North, who travels in his own plush car, seems aloof from the proceedings.

Once the show has arrived at its destination, however, everyone pitches in for the big opening, and even North's tightly furled umbrella serves a purpose—pointing out a performer's soiled costume or whacking away a bit of foreign matter in the sawdust.

As the show goes on, the excitement mounts—although it is the same show, matinee after matinee, evening after evening. The ground crew, which by this time should be bored by repetition, watches every fleeting movement and action, for they know that the circus, after all, is quite unpredictable.

One evening last April, for instance, Harold Alzana, after having skipped rope 45 feet in the air, bowed to the crowd and ran back to his dressing room. As he did so, he tripped on some short steps leading from the ring. Four of the ground crew reached out and steadied him. If they hadn't, he might have broken some of the world's most-talented bones.



Welcome, American Style

TAMARA SHECHEDY is a Polish girl, the sole survivor of a family killed in German concentration camps. When the war ended she worked in a D.P. camp in Germany, and was employed by UNRRA. Then she got a job with the T.R.O. and finally with a Catholic relief organization whose officials were so impressed with her zeal that a passport and American visa were obtained for her.

Miss Shechedy arrived in New York on a ship which brought hundreds of refugees. She saw all of them being greeted by friends and relatives, and she broke into sobs. A dock worker asked her why she was crying.

"I suddenly realize," she explained, "that here I am, alone in a strange new country, without friends or relatives."

The dock worker, without hesitating, wiped his greasy hand on his trousers, extended his hand and said: "In that case, miss—in behalf of the United States of America I hereby welcome you to our shores." —LEONARD LYONS



OUR LOWLY FRIEND, The Toad

A naturalist cites the remarkable characteristics of a creature we take for granted

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

AMONG DUSTY PAPERS stowed on the top floor of a museum, I once came upon the story of the fabulous Minhocao, a sea serpent of the land.

The account first appeared in an 1878 issue of the staid British scientific journal, *Nature*. In the southern provinces of Brazil, "the well-known naturalist" Fritz Müller wrote that natives had reported the presence of a titanic, armored earthworm, at least 150 feet long and 15 feet in diameter. When the creature moved, it uprooted mighty trees as though they were blades of grass. The trenches it left behind were of such size that they diverted streams into new channels and turned dry land into a morass.

"Hundreds of people came to see the devastation caused by the Minhocao," Müller added. "It is supposed to be still living in a marshy pool, since the waters appear, at certain times, to be strangely troubled. Indeed, on still nights, a rumbling sound like distant thunder is heard and a slight movement of the earth is sensible in the neighboring dwellings."

Only 70 years have passed since the time when a scientific journal considered the story, if not fact, at least within the realm of possibility. Today, such a story would find reporters winging their way at 300 miles an hour to check the facts. Distant hoaxes no longer are secure in mere remoteness. The swiftness of modern communication has brought all parts of the globe within

our range. And therein lies a curious paradox.

While faraway wonders have become commonplace, commonplace wonders have remained unperceived. People acquainted with remote places may be wholly unaware of fantastic events taking place every day around their very feet. This is especially true of that incredible Lilliputian world inhabited by the insects.

But today, I have been reflecting upon these things not in connection with insects but in connection with a very humble friend of mine, a ground dweller, colored gray like the dust. In a grass clump at the foot of an old apple tree in my garden, he has his home. As I pass, I sometimes peer into the clump to see him squatting like a miniature rabbit. He is almost a caricature of the unexciting, the squat, warty toad of my garden.

Yet if he had come from Timbuktu instead of from a familiar grass clump, if there were only a few like him in the world, what a prize this creature would be for a menagerie! Here is an animal that drinks water through its skin, that sings with its mouth shut, that eats with a tongue anchored at the front and loose at the back, that sheds its skin at intervals and dines on its castoff clothing!

One moist morning in May, I found a slope in my garden swarming with adult toads. They had appeared, as though by magic, from far and near. Wherever I stepped, they hopped from under my feet. This great congregation at the edge of the swamp was the climax to nights of serenading.

As soon as spring dusk had fallen, the voices of the male toads had soared in long musical trills or in metallic brayings above the lesser songs of the Hylas. The Fowlers toad, most common in my region, does the braying. The more widely distributed American toad produces a high-pitched, long-sustained trill that is one of the most beautiful sounds of spring.

The early journals of Thoreau are full of references to the song of "the dreaming frogs." Later, the author of *Walden* learned that what he was hearing was the trill of the American toad.

Although this sound carries far through the twilight, it is produced while the creature's mouth is tight shut. Flash the beam of an electric torch on a singing toad and you will see the soft skin of its throat swelled into a balloon. It remains thus extended, forming an efficient resonator, throughout the duration of the trill.

The congregation of toads I encountered near the swamp had assembled for the annual laying of eggs. Each female deposited between 4,000 and 8,000, encased in twin spiral tubes of jelly. These strings fell to the bottom of the water, where dirt camouflaged them. A few days later, all the tiny

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Edwin Way Teale's interest in nature, which began as a hobby, has developed into his career. He is a lecturer, writer, authority on natural history, and an expert photographer. His photographs of nature subjects have illustrated many of his books and magazine stories. This article has been adapted from Mr. Teale's newest book, *Days Without Time*, which will be published early this fall by Dodd, Mead & Company.

eggs were gone. In their place were swarms of minute, blackish tadpoles.

An old folk belief asserts that tadpoles bite off their tails before they leave the water. This, of course, is untrue. But the net result is not far different, for the tails are absorbed into the bodies of the batrachians before they take to dry land.

This exodus from the water, occurring after a tadpole period of from 50 to 65 days, is a time of danger. Immense numbers of the baby toads fall prey to birds, snakes and frogs. About the size and color of a field cricket, they are especially sensitive to dryness. They are rarely seen except when the grass is dewy: during the day they seek damp hideaways. A rain brings them out all at once. This sudden appearance is the basis for an age-old misconception—the idea that toads fall from the sky during rains.

Throughout its life, a toad absorbs water through its skin. It never "drinks." Instead of breathing like the higher animals, the toad swallows its air. If you watch closely, you will see the throat of a toad pulsating as though he were mumbling. Actually, the toad is pumping air into his lungs. During the process, his gullet is closed, thus preventing the air from following this passage into his stomach.

The sudden intake of air is the curious stratagem sometimes used by the toad to prevent a snake from swallowing it. It inflates itself until it is almost as round as an apple. The ruse outwits some serpents but not the hog-nosed snake. This reptile, which feeds on nothing but toads, is equipped to meet the emergency. It has a special tooth or projection in its throat that punctures the toad's balloon and deflates it to normal size.

Although a toad that receives its meal at a regular time will learn its dinner hour, it can never learn to take food that is motionless. A toad will strike at a moving pencil. It will try to eat a flickering match flame. But it will starve to death beside an ample supply of meal worms unless the worms move. Its age-old habit is too ingrained to change. It takes only food that moves. It uses its eyes in selecting its menu.

Those eyes are among the most beautiful in the world. Shakespeare long ago spoke of the precious jewel that is the eye of the toad. Seen clearly, in the right light, the eyes of this humble creature become, in truth, living jewels. Yet for all its beauty, a toad's eye is far from a perfect organ of vision.

Dr. Charles M. Bogert of the American Museum of Natural History once reported a spectacular example of this fact. A toad lived in a small electric-power station in which a cable extended across the room below the ceiling. Ants were accustomed to using this cable as a highway.

In the evening, a lamp cast the shadow of the cable and the moving ants on the floor. The toad was bewitched. It squatted near-by and as each shadow went past, it darted out its tongue, apparently in the belief that it was snapping up the living insects.

If a toad is on one side of a pane of glass and a fly is on the other, the toad will continue trying to swallow the fly every time the insect moves, without appearing to sense that anything is wrong. Its front-hinged tongue flips in and out like a bull

whip. The movement is too fast for the eye to follow, but evidence remains in the form of a spot of sticky fluid on the glass where the toad's tongue touches it.

The toad possesses its own kind of homing instinct. In laboratory experiments, scientists have found that the creature learns to follow certain paths, sometimes carrying its consistency to ludicrous extremes. For example, a toad that was taught to detour around a plate-glass obstruction continued to follow this roundabout path even after the barrier was removed.

The consuming of an occasional honeybee is the only black mark on the record of the toad. Otherwise, its activity is all on the credit side of the ledger. It is one of the most valuable friends of the farmer. A whole rogues' gallery of insect pests passes through the portal of its ample mouth.

In the dusk, when cutworms are crawling, the toad does invaluable service. Caterpillars, beetles, bugs, all the six-legged pests a garden is heir to—these the toad garners while the farmer sleeps.

Before the night is over, the creature's sides are bulging. In three summer months, it has been estimated, a toad will consume 10,000 injurious insects. It's no wonder that a "Protect-the-Toad-Week" was observed in a Southern state not long ago.

At various times, scientists have calculated the monetary value of a toad's activity. Basing his computations on its consumption of cutworms alone, one biologist long ago arrived at the figure of $19.88. Later, the Department of Agriculture announced that every toad in a farmer's field was worth $24 as a destroyer of insect pests. But that, too, was years ago.

Times have changed; prices have gone up; the value of the toad has soared with the value of the crops he saves. He is no longer a $19.88 toad, no longer a $24 toad. At the present level he has become—this humble and hungry friend of mine—the Hundred-Dollar Toad.

Your Witness!

ON THE WITNESS STAND, the old mountaineer was as cool as a cucumber and as close as a clam. The prosecuting attorney was beside himself with anger and impatience.

"Sir," hissed the lawyer, "do you swear upon your solemn oath that this is not your signature?"

"Yep," replied the witness.

"Is it not your handwriting?"

"Nope," said the witness.

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Nope."

"Do you swear that it doesn't resemble your handwriting?"

"Yep."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single particular?"

"Yep."

"How can you be certain?" demanded the lawyer.

"Cain't write," replied the witness. —*Wall Street Journal*

Our human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

THE PROSPECTIVE TENANT was being particular as the owner showed him an available apartment.

"Does the water always come through the roof like that?" he inquired.

"No," replied the landlord. "Only when it rains." —SUSAN ROSS



ON HER FIRST TRAIN TRIP, a little girl was put into an upper berth by her mother, who told her that God would watch over her.

As silence descended over the car, the little girl became alarmed and called out softly: "Mother, are you there?"

"Yes, dear," her mother replied.

A little later, in a louder voice, the child called: "Daddy, are you there, too?"

"Yeah," was the reply.

After this had been repeated several times, one of the passengers finally lost patience and shouted: "We're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. Now go to sleep!"

There was silence for a while, then, in a hushed voice, the child called: "Mother—was that God?"

—JOHN CONNER in *The Sign Magazine*



A FAMOUS COLLEGE ATHLETE, holder of half a dozen track records, was sent to the hospital with a bad case of the flu. A doctor took his temperature, shook his head doubtfully, and said, "Hm-m-m, looks pretty bad. You're running a temperature of 103."

"Yeah?" said the athlete, suddenly interested in his condition. "What's the world's record?"

—GEORGE LYONS RUBIN



IN MACY'S FAMOUS BASEMENT, a home-economics expert was demonstrating a then-new type of electric egg cooker.

The demonstrator showed the cluster of curious onlookers how a teaspoon of water was deposited in the cooker for each minute the egg was to cook. Suiting her actions to her words, she placed three teaspoons of water in the cooker—and when the water was gone, out came a perfect three-minute egg.

Her demonstration concluded, she started to pack her equipment, when a little gray-haired old lady tapped her timidly on the arm and asked: "Excuse me, but did I understand you to say that for each minute you want the egg to boil you just

put in one teaspoonful of water?"

The demonstrator assured her this was correct. "I see," said the little lady. "Now, is that level or heaping?" —BILL BARR



A MAN ANSWERING AN AD for a chauffeur's job was being examined by the car owner. He was asked if he had traveled much in other states.

"Yes, sir," replied the prospective chauffeur.

"All right," said the car owner, handing him a road map, "let's see you fold it." —JOHN BARR



IT HAPPENED IN Philadelphia. A workman was busy stretching a long, unwieldy ladder in the direction of the Independence Hall clock tower when an inquisitive lady stopped in her stroll through the square and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Something wrong with the old timepiece?" she inquired.

"No, madam," came the crisp reply, "it's just that I'm a bit nearsighted." —GEORGE HENHOEFFER



AFTER WIVES WERE PERMITTED to go overseas, an ordnance captain and his wife struck up a friendship with a wealthy English couple. The Britishers invited them to go on a shooting party where each couple stands behind a blind and fires at the birds as beaters drive them out.

A bird flew up and the American fired. A red-faced English squire stuck his head from behind the next blind and yelled: "Watch what you're about, sir; you almost hit my wife!"

The captain, fearful of causing an international incident, hardly knew how to apologize properly. Finally he pointed to his own wife.

"Here, sir," he invited, "have a shot at mine!" —WEBB B. GARRISON in *American Legion Magazine*



THE EMPLOYMENT CLERK, checking over the applicant's papers, was amazed to note the figures 127 and 123 in the space reserved for "Age of Father, if living" and "Age of Mother, if living."

"Are your parents that old?" asked the surprised clerk.

"Nope," was the answer, "but they would be if living."

—W. E. GOLDEN



A VERY MEAN MAN went into a glassware shop in search of a gift for a friend. After spending some time looking at many articles, all of which were too expensive, he at last saw a vase which was broken in several pieces. He inquired about the price and, finding he could have the vase for practically nothing, he decided to have it sent to his friend, hoping he would think it had been broken in transit.

Accordingly he asked the assistant to pack it and dispatch it. A few days later, he received the following acknowledgment: "Thanks for the vase. So thoughtful of you to wrap each piece separately."

—WILLIAM E. WELCH





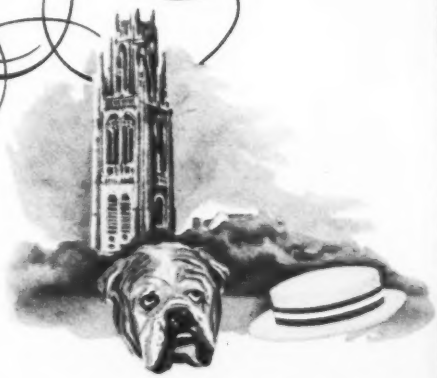
The IVY LEAGUE



HERE IS THE IVY LEAGUE—living symbol of all that has made American education the envy of the world. From these eight schools in the Northeast, U. S. A., men have gone out, fired by a devotion to learning, to found new colleges across all America. Coronet is proud to bring you, in magnificent color photographs, this vital part of your American heritage.

SILLIMAN COLLEGE, YALE

Yale



MEN WHO HAVE BECOME sons of Eli are deeply conscious of their achievement. For the distinguished alumni of the University at New Haven, Connecticut, and the irrepressible student body of 9,000 have made Yale one of the most celebrated schools in the United States. The college which was founded by a handful of clergymen in 1701 is today a monument to the progress of American education. The family which has sent its son to Yale rests secure in the belief that it has given him the very best, both intellectually and socially, that our universities have to offer. And from the very beginning, Yale alumni have been distinguished by an intense devotion to Alma Mater. Successful graduates have returned to give to their school the gracious buildings, like Jonathan Edwards College (*right*), which have made Yale one of the most beautiful of universities. If it lacks Harvard's mellowness of age, Yale offers, instead, soaring spires, symbolic of a determination to scale new educational heights. To some few, perhaps, the Yale of popular legend—of Frank Merriwell and prodigious athletic feats—may live on. But to Yalemen everywhere the meaning of Yale is deeper. It is an unshakeable belief in all that for which the University stands. "For God, for country, and for Yale," is their motto, and the third allegiance is taken fully as seriously as the first two.







Dartmouth

THOUGH SMALL in comparison with Columbia or Yale, Dartmouth holds a unique place in the Ivy League. Set among the foothills of New Hampshire's White Mountains, it offers its students a closeness to nature rare in the crowded East. The town of Hanover was a wilderness when Eleazar Wheelock set out in 1769 to found a school that would bring the word of God to savage Indians. And though the frontier flavor is gone today, Dartmouth Hall (*left*) still remains a long way from Boston and New York. Long after memories of their more formal education have slipped away, Dartmouth men remember their college as the place where they first climbed mountains or tested ski slopes, and loyalty to the Green burns brighter than ever. As far back as 1819, Daniel Webster expressed this same loyalty to Dartmouth in words which have never been improved. When the State of New Hampshire made an unsuccessful effort to gain control of Dartmouth, the case reached a climax before the U. S. Supreme Court. Webster, a proud alumnus, stood before the highest tribunal in the land and exclaimed: "It is, gentlemen, a small college, and yet there are those who love it."

Cornell



"FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS," on a hill overlooking the tranquil town of Ithaca in northern New York State, is the Ivy League's youngest member, Cornell University. Founded during the unsettled days of the Civil War reconstruction period "for the benefit of the agricultural and mechanic arts," Cornell is still best known for its outstanding schools of engineering and agriculture. But it has also become a university of varied educational opportunity. In the quiet country surroundings of Ithaca, the University's 9,000 students, most of whom come from New York City and the rural areas of the State, have found a college atmosphere with a happy balance between learning and extracurricular activity. And despite its late start, Cornell has long since caught up with its New England Ivy League fellows. From the time of the first enrollment in 1868, when 412 students and Civil War veterans flocked to Ithaca to take advantage of the school's liberal charter and its excellent educational opportunities, Cornell has grown steadily and prospered. Today, with its Library Tower (*right*) the center of eight graduate and professional colleges, Cornell embodies the wish of its founders, Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White. It is indeed "an institution where any person can find instruction in any subject."



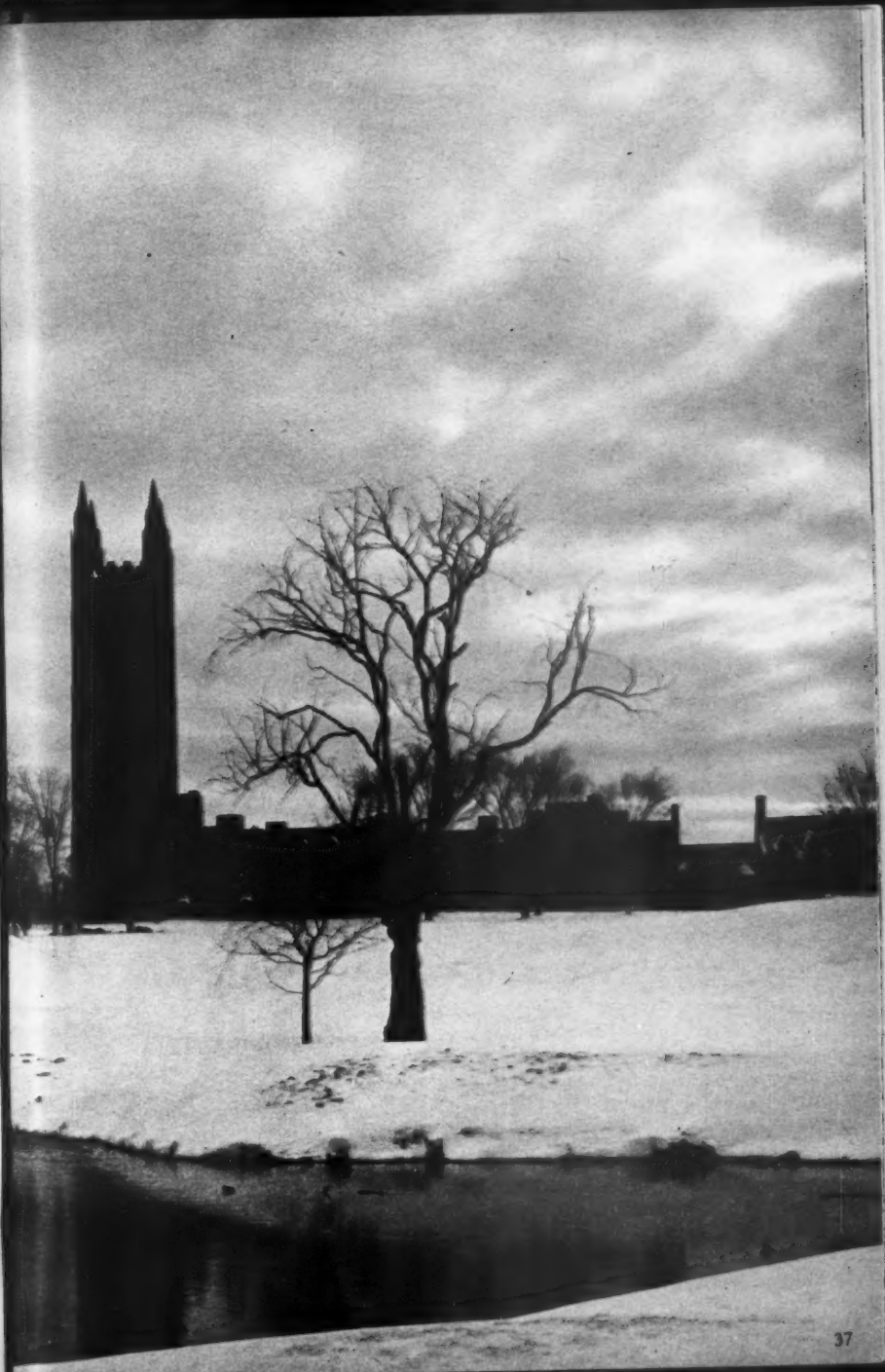




ALMOST 200 YEARS AGO, Benjamin Franklin (*statue, left*) wrote a pamphlet entitled "Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania." He argued so effectively that in 1757 the newly created College and Academy of Philadelphia produced its first graduating class—seven colonial scholars. Today, that Academy has become the University of Pennsylvania. Its ivy-banked towers rise with quiet grace from the banks of Philadelphia's Schuylkill River. In the days when Philadelphia still hoped to be the nation's capital, a single building—the mansion erected for the President of the United States—was sufficient to house the entire school. Now it embraces 112 green acres, 18,000 students, 50 fraternities and an ebullient spirit which even staid Philadelphians have long since learned to love. Its football teams have made Pennsylvania a power in the Ivy League, and before the traditional Thanksgiving Day game with Cornell, the whole town rings with enthusiasm. Then Franklin Field becomes an unforgettable spectacle of color. Students, alumni and just plain Philadelphians stand together, waving hats and kerchiefs in perfect unison, as the stirring choruses of "Hurrah for the Red and the Blue" roll out over the gridiron.



IT WAS MORE THAN CHANCE that took Woodrow Wilson from the presidency of Princeton to the presidency of the United States. In the early 1800's, the New Jersey school was "the seminary of statesmen." Today, its graduates continue to carry Princeton's fame into every branch of government service. Though it offers a variety of educational opportunities, the School of Public and International Affairs is the capstone of the University's achievement. Founded to train Presbyterian educators, Princeton's early years were marked by a discipline so strict that, in 1802, students burned Nassau Hall in protest. Irresistibly, however, the University grew beyond the bounds set for it. It added the Honor System—unsupervised examinations—and the Preceptorial System, informal meetings of students and instructors. Today, the nostalgia of Princeton graduates sends them flocking back to the spring reunions to enjoy again the graceful campus where Cleveland Memorial Tower (*right*) looks out on 1,270 acres. Soft greens of grass and ivy blend with the granite grays, and alumni fill the air with the bitter-sweet refrains of "Going Back to Nassau Hall."





Harvard



WHERE THE CHARLES River flows by quiet Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard University stands: stately and dignified, a monument to 312 years of scholarship. It is the oldest institution of higher learning in America: Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russel Lowell taught here, and they established a rich tradition. Tradition at Harvard, however, is no musty relic. The rigorous entrance requirements, the fierce academic competition among those fortunate enough to be admitted, keep Harvard's tradition a growing thing. But Harvard aims higher than the mere production of intellectuals. Its concern is the whole man—a gentleman who has taken on some of the social urbanity of near-by Boston, a man equally at home in its Business School (*left*) and among the masterpieces of its Fogg Museum. To accomplish this, Harvard continually experiments with educational techniques. It has its famous House System—students and professors living under one roof. It hopes that they will learn from one another, "supplementing and enhancing formal instruction." For the Harvard ideal is a very lofty one: the formation of an entire community dedicated to the pursuit of higher learning.

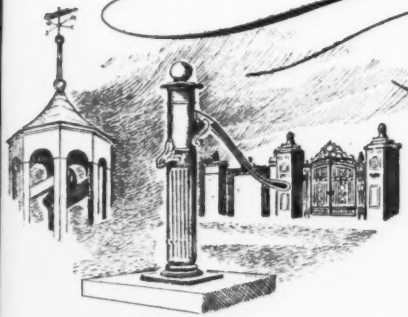


WITH 72 BUILDINGS elbowing their way skyward among the towers of the world's largest city, Columbia University perpetuates a 180-year-old tradition of learning amidst the traffic and tumult of New York's Manhattan Island. And, as the city which it calls home is a vast melting pot, so Columbia is an educational Mecca, numbering among its student body scholars from every corner of the earth, one of the most cosmopolitan universities in the United States. From its earliest beginnings, Columbia has been tied to the progress of New York. By the 1890's, when New York was already a world metropolis, Columbia began a remarkable growth that has made it, today, the third largest university in the world. To a great degree traditional campus activity is missing from the Columbia scene. With many of its 31,000 students living off campus and making daily subway pilgrimages to classes, there is little time for much except the earnest application to study that characterizes Columbians. The statue of Alma Mater (*right*) has seen thousands of men pass before it, men devoted to scholarship and research, men who have given to the world the light that was Columbia's gift to them.


ADVANCEMENT · OF · THE · PUBLIC · GOOD · AND · THE · GLORY · OF · ALMIGHTY · GOD ·
HE · LIBRARY · OF · COLUMBIA · UNIVERSITY ·
ALMA MATER



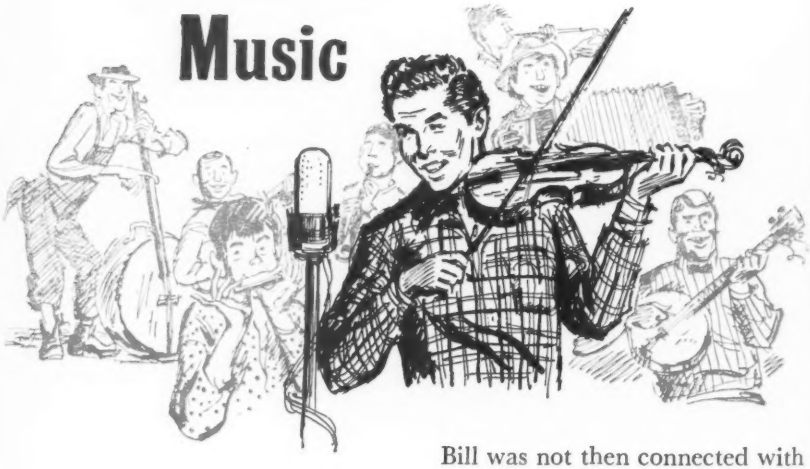
Brown



THOUGH THE SMALLEST of all the Ivy League schools, Brown University in Providence, the capital city of Rhode Island, has achieved a unique distinction by combining the advantages of a small college with those of a large university. In an atmosphere where the dedication to study is far more prevalent than that devoted to social activity, the 2,000 students of Brown bend their best efforts to the mastery of the college's superior liberal arts program. And the size of the University is no accidental phenomenon. It is a college policy, based on a longstanding conviction that the best education is the result of close contact and cooperation between student and instructor. The history of Brown parallels that of many of the other Ivy League schools. On the site where Manning and University Halls (*left*) now stand, scholars in homespun once sought the learning offered in the crude cabins, then called Rhode Island College. By 1860, Brown had become a well-established university, and after Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, visited Providence during the Civil War, the Brown motto became a part of all United States coins. It was the motto that had guided Brown for 100 years and continues to guide it today: "In God We Trust."

King of Mountain Music

by ROSS L. HOLMAN



With the simple ballads of America's hill country, Roy Acuff has sung and strummed his way to fame and fortune

DURING THE WAR, Bill Graham, now publicity manager of WSM in Nashville, was riding with his company on a troop train through India. As the coaches bumped over the rails between Bombay and Calcutta, he yearned for something in this land of Hindu boredom to remind him of Tennessee.

At a way station, a grubby native boy ran up, offering in familiar Indian gibberish to sing a song. Bill tossed a coin, then almost jumped out of his uniform as the waif broke into one of WSM's greatest song hits, *Night Train to Memphis*, English words and all.

Bill was not then connected with WSM, but he knew Roy Acuff, who had popularized the song. Although Roy was already making a splash in his featured act on the *Grand Ole Opry* program over WSM, Graham hadn't dreamed that the ballads of this East Tennessee mountaineer were battering their way into the far-off fancy of India's millions.

Roy had come to Nashville a few years before with a band of banjoed and be-fiddled boys from the coves of the Great Smoky Mountains. Knocking at the doors of WSM, they begged for a chance to strew their mountain music over the air waves. Hillbilly music was already getting a trial over some stations, but no one was prepared for the sensational success that Roy achieved after his band was finally given the opportunity to sing and strum its way

into the hearts of WSM's listeners.

Today, Roy Acuff is considered by many to be America's greatest maestro of folk music. His songs have become popular because they express the sentiments of the common man—the kind God made so many of. The company is comprised of mountain boys who came up in life the hard way, and they give vent to their emotions in the simple ballads of their environment.

Roy's earnings now run to more than $200,000 a year, a figure partially explained by the fact that some 10,000,000 of his folk-song records have been sold. One song, *The Wabash Cannonball*, has scored a disc sale of $5,000,000. But his biggest earnings come from personal appearances, resulting from the popularity of his broadcasts.

Grand Ole Opry is a sort of hoedown mixture of singing, square-dancing and hillbilly frolicking over the great Ryman Auditorium stage where the act is presented for the network. All the characters except Roy dress for their hillbilly parts with shaggy hair, bandannas and flop-eared shoes. Jimmy Riddle and Arthur Smith swing their female partners while Pap, with his hayseed goatee and rustic garb, bowls over the visible audience with his gawky sweeps across stage.

While Roy is the star of the Smoky Mountain group on *Grand Ole Opry*, it would be hard to estimate how much he alone is responsible for the national urge to see the Saturday-night program in person. The 5,000 admissions to Nashville's biggest auditorium are usually sold out weeks in advance, while thousands more are often turned away. Daily the studio is swamped with letters from 48 states and Canada, each enclosing ticket money.

The gravity pull of Roy's songs reached its climax when one old Kentuckian traveled more than a hundred miles from his isolated mountain home to the Ryman Auditorium. The man had never been in a city before, had never ridden a train; but he walked 21 miles to the nearest railroad station and rode the rest of the way to Nashville "to see this man Acuff in person."

Naturally, the phoned-in and written-in requests for special numbers are too great to handle. During the war, however, the rule was set aside in favor of a Texas woman. Her GI son, Jack Weatherly, was killed in action. When his personal belongings were shipped home, they included an Acuff songbook. One page was turned at Jack's favorite song, *Lay My Old Guitar Away*. At the mother's request, Acuff threw into it everything he had, while the Gold Star matron listened at her home in Fort Worth.

THE GUEST STAR OF *Grand Ole Opry* was born in the highlands of East Tennessee near Maynardsville. His father was a struggling Baptist preacher, and Roy got no further than high school in education. His early ambition was to be a big-league ballplayer; but one day, while playing with his team, sunstroke felled him.

"While I was in bed," Acuff recalls, "Dad would bring home records of mountain tunes. I'd listen to them on the Victrola and then try to play them on my fiddle."

The new hobby so captivated him that he abandoned baseball in favor of a job with a medicine show

which played the mountain hamlets roundabout. As a blackface comedian, Roy offered a song-and-dance act, then distributed bottles and collected quarters from the strummed-up crowd.

"That is how I started in show business," he explains. "I learned a lot from that medicine outfit."

Later he gathered a band of musical country boys. Equipped with a variety of instruments, including fiddles, jugs, guitars, mandolins and harps, they hung around a small Knoxville radio station and played occasional parts.

"Sometimes I would get two or three dollars," Acuff reminisces, "and sometimes nothing. But we kept on playing."

For three years, the band fiddled and starved while trying to tie in with *Grand Ole Opry* at Nashville. During this time, Roy married Mildred Douglas, a mountain girl, and the newlyweds lived in a trailer outside Nashville until they reached a degree of affluence that permitted roomier accommodations.

Roy says his first efforts to make a hit over WSM were a failure, because he tried to croon, somewhat like a cat trying to bark. Other acts that he attempted also failed to fit his character. Finally he told WSM's manager, Harry Stone, and *Grand Ole Opry's* George Hay (the solemn judge) that he was ready to call it quits. Both of these radio promoters, however, still believed that Acuff and his band had talent.

Roy replied: "Well, then, just let me turn loose and sing natural like I did back home."

At the next *Opry* performance, Roy and one of his band sang *The Speckled Bird*, a Smoky Mountain favorite. The idea paid off at once. Fan mail jumped from a handful to a basketful.

"I just reared back and sang like I was in the country," Roy recalls. "When I was my natural self, I got successful."

From then on, he and his minstrels poured out mountain ballads and string music that created a fan-mail blizzard. Before long, the income-tax collector had a new client who was racing toward the higher brackets with dizzying speed. And when Roy moved from the trailer into a regular home, he would get up in the morning to find whole families camped on his front porch, waiting with adulation.

ALTHOUGH THE SMOKY Mountain minstrels have starred in five Hollywood movies, Roy's perspective has not been affected by the film colony's glamour. He still prefers radio.

"Give me radio every time," he says. "If you make a slip you cover it up and go right on. In the movies you have to make retake after retake. And besides, in radio, if you get scared you can hang on to the mike. In the movies there's nothing to hold you up."

Roy is best known, however, for his personal appearances. At first he and his company traveled in a station wagon well-splashed with Roy Acuff lettering. Now they have discarded the gaudy station wagon, and use private cars plus a truck to carry equipment. Sometimes, in order to get back to Nashville for the Saturday-night broadcast, they have to travel by plane.

Their road shows, similar to those over WSM, are given in audi-

toriums where the crowds occasionally outnumber even those at the Ryman broadcast. At these performances, the band doesn't display expensive or high-toned instruments. Roy uses a $12 fiddle, and the other boys have plain guitars, fiddles or harps like any they might pick up in the mountains. Yet so strong is their appeal that they play to huge crowds in Baltimore, Dallas, Louisville, Houston and other big cities where hillbillies are as scarce as alligators.

While their hillbilly songs have the flavor of corn bread and molasses, Roy will fire any member of his company who attempts an off-color joke or act. "I slant my program to the mothers and children," he explains, "and usually the bobby-soxers will come along."

Neither Acuff nor any one of his band ever took music lessons. None of them can read notes, and they insist that their renditions over the air and on the road are natural performances, the same as they would play at a mountain hoedown. Usually they walk right into them without rehearsal.

Roy knows and sings some 1,500 folk songs, many of which he composed himself. Others he digs out of secluded localities in his native Smokies. In composing a song, he starts humming a new tune until a picture of what he wants to express shapes up in his mind. Then the words gradually come, until finally he has a complete ballad of words and music.

He composed *Precious Jewel* while riding in a bus. Looking at the landscape, he began musing about the different kinds of precious stones hidden in the earth. Within 30 minutes he had completed a song that took the air waves by storm.

In 1944, Roy's Tennessee fans threw a scare into political leaders by qualifying him in the primary (without his knowledge) as a candidate for governor. The ballot-box appeal of other radio stars like Pappy O'Daniel and Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana was not lost on the state's politicians.

Though nominally a Republican, Roy hadn't voted for six years, and for a while it looked as though there would be a wrangle over which party would vote him into the nomination. He was qualified in both Democratic and Republican primaries, and his fan mail tripled while the political debate was on.

As a candidate in the Democratic primary, Roy drew blasts from E. H. Crump, machine boss of Memphis. To Crump, the idea of a hillbilly seeking the governorship was unthinkable. Roy replied that he might not know much about state government, but he did know the Ten Commandments, and intimated that state government might be improved if it got on better speaking terms with Divine law.

Political punches were swapped for some time before Roy publicly stated that he would not run. His withdrawal, however, did not discourage some supporters. In two counties, Acuff's name was written in on enough ballots to give him more votes than the two avowed candidates together.

When Roy's radio earnings enabled him to abandon a trailer-life existence, he bought a comfortable home on the Hillsboro Road out of Nashville. But when thousands of ardent fans saw his name on the

mailbox and flocked in, he sold out and bought a rambling log house in a more secluded spot. There, today, he frequently indulges the mountain sport of coon-hunting.

Roy's chief craze, however, is hand-painted ties. When his sister painted and presented him the first one, he refused to wear it. Too flashy, he said. Now he collects painted ties as a hobby and wears a different one for every broadcast, each a conglomeration of banjos, fiddles, guns, dogs, fishing reels or other objects that lend themselves to tie-painting technique.

Today, Roy is star and MC of two *Grand Ole Opry* shows which broadcast locally twice a week, in addition to a 30-minute network performance not connected with the *Opry*. As a devout Baptist and Bible reader, he tells the world that he is guided by the Good Book's teachings. Hence, along with his other entertainment, he composes and puts sacred songs into his programs with a crusading zeal.

But to his great listening audience, Roy's popularity is based on old-fashioned folk songs. Millions of Americans are grateful to this musical prospector who has mined his native mountains and preserved for posterity the melodies that tell of life's loves, joys and sorrows.

The Beauty of Words



This morning my bright row of tulip blooms were marching down the curve of the walk, neatly pinning our back yard into place.

—Mrs. Lavon Conover in *Farm Journal*



The raindrops are hanging like crystals from our clotheslines—a necklace for spring.

—Ellen Copley in *Farm Journal*



The invisible hand of the wind came today to stroke the green velvet of our meadow, and to feel the texture of it.

—Betty Lou Braasch in *Farm Journal*



I hung out the washing, and the flapping sheets loudly applauded the bright windy day.

—Mrs. Genevieve Dickerson in *Farm Journal*

MURDER IS THEIR HOBBY

For 15 years, New Jersey's expert citizen-criminologists have pitted their scientific skill against the underworld



by EDWIN DIEHL

TWO FLIGHTS UP a darkened hallway in a building in Elizabeth, New Jersey, a group of top professional men meet each Friday to solve new criminal cases. Crime-busting is their hobby, but they bring to their spare-time avocation a great deal more than just the idle desire to play Nick Carter.

At the weekly conclaves, a toxicologist is given an assignment which, when completed, will send a murderer to the chair. A moulage expert helps a rural police department trap a hit-and-run killer. An authority on documents is asked to aid a country district attorney in convicting a forgery suspect.

For 15 years, the 35 men who make up the Crime Detection Laboratory of New Jersey have pitted their scientific knowledge against the underworld in more than 750 cases. The equipment they make available to small-town police departments and law-enforcement agencies might be compared with the laboratories of the FBI, and of the New York City and Chicago Police Departments. In money, this

equipment is worth almost $500,000—but it is impossible to calculate the value of the human minds that operate it.

The work of the citizen criminologists began in 1933, when a man in Elizabeth was killed with a sharp weapon. A suspect was arrested, and a search of his cellar turned up a red-stained ax. For a week, police tried to obtain a confession on the strength of that evidence. Then Sergeant Gustave Steffens, who had just completed a mail-order course in chemistry, examined the ax in his home laboratory. Next day he reported to his chief:

"The stains are not human blood. They're merely paint spots."

His simple home discovery upset the case, but meanwhile the real criminal had escaped.

Steffens decided that steps should be taken to prevent more such errors. Impulsively he invited to his home one night a half-dozen local professional men—a photographer, a physician, a microscopist, an expert on ultraviolet and infrared rays, a bacteriology and serology technician, and a citizen skilled in moulage. To them, he said: "I want you—and others later on—to contribute your spare time, talents and equipment to any small police department which needs scientific help in combating crime."

The six men eyed each other speculatively, then decided it might be fun to give the amateur-detective business a whirl. So with Sergeant Steffens as leader, they incorporated as a nonprofit organization, and soon invited other experts to place their skills in the pool.

Thus began the unique venture whose fame has spread throughout the East. County prosecutors, rural police chiefs, Alcoholic Beverage Control agents and other law-enforcement operatives now rely on the after-hour criminologists when cases require scientific analysis.

AT FIRST, VETERAN policemen snickered at the idea of solving crimes in a test tube. Then a tough case was dropped in their laps. A hit-run motorist struck a child. There were no witnesses, no clues, but police collected broken headlight glass and relayed the fragments to the Crime Detection Laboratory.

Analysis revealed that the head lamp was from a 1937 Chrysler, and police learned that there were only two such cars in the vicinity. Quickly they found the guilty driver, who confessed and was sent to prison.

Meanwhile, Steffens and his fellow scientists were lining up new enthusiasts, until their roll call began to sound like a Who's Who of New Jersey science. Then came a case which brought the Laboratory widespread acclaim.

When a two-story brick building in Woodbridge caught fire one still autumn night, among the spectators was Assistant Prosecutor James S. Wight of Middlesex County. While the flames were gutting the structure, the building blew up.

At dawn, Wight directed a search of the debris. The fire and explosion had done a thorough job, except for a fragment of unburned carpet. This wasn't much, but Wight clung to his suspicion of arson.

Checking on the owner of the building, Antonio Lanni, and the second-floor tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gentile, it was quickly established that they had recently

acquired additional fire insurance.

Wight turned over the fragment of carpet to the Crime Detection Laboratory. Within a matter of hours the Laboratory was telling Wight the brand of gasoline used to set the fire, the specific grade, and the important fact that it was a newly manufactured gas. Also, the gas had been mixed with turpentine.

The Prosecutor's Office quickly narrowed down the firebug's source of fuel to a couple of service stations. Gentile and Lanni, however, were not the purchasers, said the station operators. Ultimately the trail led detectives to Gentile's father-in-law, who was identified as the man who bought the fuel. The three men were sent to prison for long terms. Throughout the state, science as a weapon of the law had finally earned its due respect.

AS THE LABORATORY'S fame spread, its volume of work increased. Today the organization chart shows a board of trustees, the president (Steffens), an executive board, a managing director and an advisory board. Each case is placed in one of these five categories:

Medicine—Post-mortem examinations, bacteriology, serology, pathology and biology.

Chemistry—Analytical chemistry, mineralogy, geology, toxicology.

Physics—Photography, radiation and electronics.

Identification—Ballistics and arms identification, fingerprint identification, dental identification, questioned documents, moulage and metallography.

Jurisprudence—Criminal law and procedure.

The amateur crime-busters restrict themselves to examination of police evidence and analysis and opinion. There is a nominal charge for attendant expenses, but no scientist-member of the Laboratory has ever received a dollar for his services in personal fees.

In handling more than 750 cases, the Laboratory has dealt with strange problems — from ground glass put in a husband's sandwiches by his estranged wife to cranks who only want cheap publicity. But from a scientific angle, one of its most unusual cases involved a post-mortem performed for the Union County Prosecutor's Office.

When the medical examiner was in doubt as to why a man died, officials asked Laboratory experts to check the victim's organs. Inside the dead man's stomach they found a mysterious plastic object the size of a baseball. It was too large to have been swallowed. It was not a growth that had been nourished internally. But there it was.

The Laboratory finally found the answer. The victim, a tavern janitor, had attempted to get a quick swig of whiskey, but mistakenly had picked up a bottle of disinfectant containing formaldehyde. The bartender, in a desperate effort to help, gave the dying man milk as an antidote. The poison and the milk combined to form a basic formula for certain plastics of the casein-formaldehyde type. This, plus natural stomach acids and body warmth, had produced the "baseball" by simple chemical reaction!

Moulage, the art of reproducing clues in plasterlike casts, has played an important role in many cases. In one instance, police found an unidentified young man dead on

a back road, his skull crushed and back broken. As it had every appearance of a hit-run killing, police listed the death as "accidental." But the Crime Detection Laboratory suspected murder.

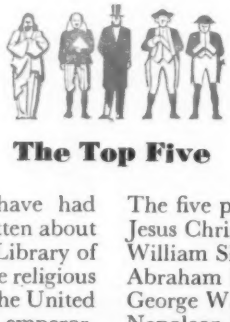
They went over the youth's body and garments with a microscope and reported that the type of earth on his shoes had not come from the countryside where his body was found. More important, under the fingernails were microscopic fibers of a cheap, rough paper such as was manufactured in a mill upstate. These fibers gave a geographical clue to the victim's identity.

The moulage expert made molds of tire marks on the road, and soon police had enough scientific evidence to identify the dead man and to trace his killer. Today the murderer is serving a life sentence.

Not all the Laboratory's work is straight detection. When it became imperative to identify the body of a young boy shipped North from a New Orleans swamp where it was found, a great deal of ingenuity was needed. So decomposed was the body that the fingers refused to yield prints. The Laboratory's dental experts, however, reconstructed the boy's jaw, and through tracing of fillings and extractions were able to make a positive indentification.

Steffens, founder of the Laboratory and now a captain in the Elizabeth department, still works his full-time tour of police duty. But his evenings and week ends are devoted to the job of coordinating the Laboratory's manifold activities. Looking back over the triumphs of his own group, he believes that similar professional men in other cities should create more such crime-busting laboratories. J. Edgar Hoover, FBI director, agrees. After studying the work of Steffens and his group, Hoover wrote:

"The project which you and your associates initiated in 1933 has blazed a trail of immeasurable benefit to the law-enforcement profession. Your work could well be emulated by other communities, and any help which the FBI can render toward encouraging such a movement will be given with pleasure and enthusiasm."



The Top Five

WHAT FIVE PEOPLE have had the most books written about them? According to the Library of Congress, they include one religious figure, two Presidents of the United States, a writer, and an emperor.

The five people are:	
Jesus Christ	5,152 books
William Shakespeare	3,172
Abraham Lincoln	2,319
George Washington	1,755
Napoleon I	1,735

—From a *Treasury of Trivia* by LEONARD LEVINSON

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT Your Ears?



by SUSAN VOIGHT

YOUR EARS HAVE an amazing capacity for adjustment to sound. Even a violent explosion would probably deafen you only temporarily. Your ears easily cover a range from ten decibels (a unit engineers use to measure the volume of sound) up to 120 decibels. Comparing your ears to a scale, that would be like weighing a pin one minute and a battleship the next.

When you say, "It sounds like a boiler factory," you are talking about a noise level of 100 to 110 decibels. The level of a busy street is about 60. Niagara Falls at its noisiest shows 95 decibels; yet turn on your radio full blast and you can almost equal Niagara's roar at home, with 85.

Does Hearing Diminish with Age?

For most people it does in one way. After 30, the human ear finds it more difficult to hear higher-pitched sounds. However, hearing usually remains normal for the lower-pitched sounds.

What Should You Do If a Foreign Object Gets into Your Ear?

If you can't remove the object easily with your finger, leave it alone and go to a doctor. Never put anything sharp or pointed into your ears in an attempt to clean them.

Do "Sounds" You Can't Hear Affect Your Ears?

Yes, sounds above or below the range of your hearing can have a definite and strange effect. High-pitched sounds produced in laboratories cause a sensation of heat and pain. Sounds of a pitch too low to be heard often produce a sensation of melancholia.

Is It True That a Punctured Eardrum Can Heal Itself?

Contrary to popular belief, in some cases the eardrum is capable of healing quite rapidly. In fact, in certain infections, doctors deliberately puncture the eardrum.

Is It Dangerous to Get Water in Your Ears?

Not necessarily, but unless you have normal ears be careful while swimming. When your head is submerged, water rushing into the ear canals dashes against the delicate drum membrane. Because water in many swimming places is not too clean, there is the added danger of infection. If you do get water in your ears, don't try to dry them with a towel. Tilt your head and let them drain.

Worcester's MUSEUM OF MIRACLES

Its lively program has made it a bustling community center for young and old

by CAROL HEGGEN

ON A SNOWY MORNING last winter, the phone jangled in the office of the Edgeworth Street School in Worcester, Massachusetts.

"This is the Dix Street School," said the caller. "Please tell Miss Wahlstrom not to send her seventh-graders over for manual training. The teacher can't be here today."

"But the boys and girls have already left here," was the reply.

"Well, then, we'll just have to send them back."

Accordingly, Miss Esther Wahlstrom was told that her youngsters would be returning early. But after waiting 45 minutes, her tolerance changed to worried concern. Just then, her chattering young truants filed back into the classroom.



"Dix Street School called," she told them sternly. "We've been expecting you for an hour!"

"But Miss Wahlstrom," one youngster explained, "on our way back we stopped off at the Natural History Museum for a little while."

In almost any other city, such an excuse would have been suspect. But in Worcester, the idea of school children browsing in a museum of natural history seemed so probable that Miss Wahlstrom murmured smilingly to herself, "Why, of course! I might have known that's where they'd go."

For Worcester's Museum of Natural History is a highly popular and remarkable institution. Not because of unusual exhibits—many other museums have rarer collections. Not because of its scientific achievements—with its tiny budget, the museum has no funds for exhaustive research. Not because of a fine building or large staff—the museum is housed in a shabby old mansion, while its paid personnel consists of a director, plus two full-time and one part-time assistants.

No, the popularity of this museum, with children and adults alike,

rests solely on its lively program—a program which cannot be surpassed by any similar institution for originality, vitality and community influence. To the 199,000 residents of this bustling New England city, the museum plays the role of teacher, friend, host, counselor or answer man with equal aplomb.

The well-attended classes range from nature stories for kindergartners to lectures on astronomy by Harvard professors. Museum projects include everything from settlement-house work to magazine publishing, from maintaining a gift shop to running a summer camp. Also, the museum sponsors such diverse hobby groups as an herb club, an organization for coin collectors and a bicycling club for teen-agers.

School children and retired teachers, Junior Leaguers and workmen's wives, bankers and mechanics are on the roster of regular visitors. The museum maintains a weather station and gives daily forecasts by means of flags flown from the roof; it produces a weekly radio program for WTAG, the local CBS station. Even puzzled gardeners seeking an antidote for insect pests, and summer vacationists plagued with poison ivy bring their problems to the museum.

Indeed, the institution could well be described as being all things to all men. Its benign, 60-year-old director, Richard C. Potter, is generally regarded by fellow-Worcesterians as a sort of latter-day Thoreau, blessed with the financial wizardry of a Rockefeller (the annual budget of only $10,000 covers salaries, maintenance and expenses) and the administrative talent of an Eisenhower (some 177 volunteers give thousands of hours of free time each month to the museum).

But it was not always thus. Eight years ago the Museum was a relic of the past, standing in venerable dignity on a quiet side street. Its community influence was negligible. Then, in February, 1940, Richard Potter, erstwhile teacher and forester, took over as director.

That first morning on his way to work, Potter decided to experiment. Walking along Worcester's main street, he stopped ten people at random and asked: "Can you tell me where the Museum of Natural History is located?"

Seven had never heard of the place. The other three gave vague answers. This confirmed Potter's belief that most people think of natural-history museums as repositories for dead fish and stuffed birds.

His interviewing that first morning strengthened his resolve to make the Worcester museum different—to give it purpose and vigor. First, the institution would belong to the people who visited it. Second, it would serve the community in vital and tangible ways. Finally, and most far-reaching, every museum activity would stress an underlying philosophy—the need for conservation of America's natural resources.

POTTER STARTED MAKING changes the first day. The building which had been open only for two hours in the morning and in the afternoon was suddenly opened to the general public for 12 to 14 hours each day, admission free. Annual attendance rose from 7,000 to the present figure of 87,000, of whom 60,000 are children. Membership in the Society increased from a staid 300 to four times that number. And as more

and more people came to see what was happening at the museum, they lingered on to work.

To help make the museum a youth center, Potter arranged a program whereby the children published their own mimeographed newspaper, "The Natch" (juvenile slang for "naturalist"), and sold it from door to door. Proceeds were used to buy paper, scissors, paste, laboratory equipment and other items needed for nature classes.

Then Potter ran into trouble. Mrs. B. Larz Newton, a Worcester matron, learned that her small daughter was vending papers, and became indignant. Calling Potter, she charged that the museum was exploiting children to make money. He listened quietly, then inquired: "Mrs. Newton, have you ever visited our museum or seen one of our nature classes?"

She admitted she had not.

"Well, then," he said genially, "why not come in and see us? I'd like to talk more about this."

As a result of the interview, Mrs. Newton, the irate critic, became Mrs. Newton, the staunch ally. Also out of that interview grew plans for a group of volunteer women workers known as the Director's Council, which Mrs. Newton has headed since its inception and which, more than anything else, has helped Potter realize his dream for a truly unique museum.

To these volunteers, Potter promptly managed to convey his enthusiasm and vision. He talked of many plans—for example, of his hopes for a loan department so that the many fine exhibits—birds, plants and wild-life specimens—could be sent to schools, summer camps, Boy and Girl Scout groups, garden clubs or any organization that needed such material for educational or display purposes. He told of his idea for an official museum publication—not a dry scientific report but a readable little magazine for local newsstands, which would reflect the warm, informal atmosphere of the museum. But he also discussed budget limitations, and explained how each project must, to a large degree, be self-supporting.

The loan department is now a reality, sending out an average of 600 exhibits a month—sometimes to spots as remote as Texas, Delaware, Ohio or Colorado, but more often to Worcester schools and organizations. The magazine, *Nature Outlook*, staffed by able volunteers, is now rounding out its sixth year of publication, and is self-supporting by virtue of enthusiastic patronage of local advertisers.

More and more the museum has fulfilled Potter's dream of serving the community. It has become a second home to Worcester school children, what with free movies, special tours, an annual pet show and classes in all branches of nature study, directed by capable Mrs. Maude Young, curator of the children's department.

Under the leadership of volunteer teachers, the museum's evening classes for adults and hobby groups have made service to the community a part of their programs. The photo-color club, for example, not only gives amateur photographers an opportunity to discuss their work, but members also visit shut-ins and old people's homes, using color slides to brighten drab lives.

Still another high light in the mu-

seum's program is the Nature Training School. This summer day camp, devoted to creating young nature leaders, was the first of its kind in the country. Each year, some 200 Worcester youngsters attend daily sessions at the school's outdoor "classroom"—a 40-acre tract given by Mrs. Frank C. Smith, Jr., and members of her family.

Mrs. Walter E. Masters, director, says that the best measurement of the school's value is the reactions of the children themselves. "The look of wonder on the face of a small boy staring in fascination at a bullfrog, or the cry of delight from a ten-year-old girl when she recognizes the call of a bird, tells us we are accomplishing our aims," says Mrs. Masters.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE Piedmont Extension Center, sponsored jointly by the Junior League and the museum, was another milestone in Worcester history. In 1946, Potter decided that neighborhood branches of the museum were needed to reach more people. But he didn't look for the finest neighborhood first; he looked for an area where need was greatest. By checking income groups, delinquency reports and recreational facilities, he picked his spot—a section where tenements lined crowded streets.

Groundwork was laid when Potter began making anonymous visits to the neighborhood. Dressed in old clothes, he chatted with work-worn housewives, talked with men on their way home from work, watched gangs of young hoodlums playing in the streets.

Convinced that a neighborhood center would receive wholehearted support, he took his project to the Director's Council. Everyone agreed that it was a wonderful idea—but what about money? Potter, always amiably optimistic, suggested that they go ahead, and the money would take care of itself.

A committee of 32 mothers and fathers from the Piedmont neighborhood formed a governing board for the Center. Then they took over an old plumbing shop which had stood vacant for years. Working under the guidance of Luke Barton, Potter's assistant, they attacked the years' accumulation of grime. The men used gallons of paint remover; the women scrubbed floors and walls. They begged and borrowed furniture, and what they couldn't get any other way, they made themselves out of rough lumber.

Then, when the Center was getting under way, the Worcester Junior League, seeking a suitable new project, asked local organizations to submit plans. In competition with 17 others, the Center program was selected for financial backing.

Now in its second year, Piedmont Center is a thriving though unpretentious community center (the old plumbing shop still serves as quarters). The youngsters have organized football and basketball teams. Parties and outings are held regularly. In one two-month period, aggregate attendance was more than 6,500. As for concrete evidence of the Center's community value, here are sample comments.

A local shopkeeper: "Nothing stolen for weeks — no windows smashed either."

A policeman: "My job is easier now that the kids have discovered new interests."

An official of the Animal Rescue

League: "We get fewer calls about pets being mistreated. This used to be one of our worst areas."

Thus, in eight short years, Richard C. Potter has given Worcester's museum a new and dynamic personality. A short, rotund man, with a fringe of gray-brown hair and eyes that twinkle behind spectacles, Potter expends more energy in a day than most men do in a week.

The story of Potter's life begins in Littleton, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1888. Along with five brothers and three sisters, Dick grew up in neighboring Concord. There, in Thoreau's beautiful Walden Pond country, the boy fished, camped and hiked. Later, he earned his tuition at Massachusetts State Agricultural College by doing farm chores—or, as he puts it, "I milked my way through college."

Soon after graduation, Potter became a high-school teacher at Derry, New Hampshire. Then he married Bertha Bodwell from Nashua, and the two moved west when he took teaching jobs in Wisconsin and Illinois. After serving in the Army during World War I, he went into forestry and conservation work, and the Potters with their son and two daughters moved from place to place throughout the Midwest, the South and New England. In 1940, he came to Worcester to be interviewed about the museum directorship at the suggestion of his brother, Dr. David Potter, professor of biology at local Clark University.

Today, the brothers live on adjoining farms near Auburn, Massachusetts, a 30-minute drive from the museum. It is no life of "gentleman farming," since Dick, with no help except during haying season, raises all his own food, including meat. In summer, he gets up at 4:30 A.M. to do the chores before reporting to the museum at 9. In winter, in addition to his farm and museum work, he often makes as many as five speeches a week before local groups.

Even with this super-schedule, Potter still has time to dream of new museum projects. He hopes to see the day when there will be not one, but six, extension centers serving every section of Worcester. He has visions of an experimental farm, run by the museum, where conservation lessons can be taught in the most practical and memorable way.

That he will reach these new goals, no one who knows him doubts. As one of his Worcester friends says: "When Dick Potter took over as director, our old museum got its soul lifted."

Quick Inventory



A YOUNG COLLEGE GRADUATE was entering the retail business conducted for 40 years by his father. "Dad," he asked, "when are we going to take inventory and learn how much we have made?"

"Son," said the father. "Measure that bolt of calico on the top shelf and figure what it's worth. That's what I started with. All the rest of this place is profit."

—From *Hollywood Merry-Go-Round* by ANDREW HECHT, *Grosset and Dunlap*

Electricity:

Medicine's New Lifesaver

Electrotherapy has had to overcome strong prejudices, but today it is chalking up many amazing triumphs of healing

by LOUIS N. SARBACH

WHEN A MAN IS electrocuted, he develops what doctors call "ventricular fibrillation." The heart no longer pumps with strong, regular motion; instead, it becomes a quivering mass of muscle fibers, contracting and relaxing in senseless random. Death is only seconds away. Yet oddly enough, one thing that can restore the heart to normal rhythmic beating is another electric shock!

A man is killed in an automobile accident. His wife, stricken with grief, becomes profoundly depressed. Unreasonably she blames herself for the accident. As her obsession deepens she is seized by weird delusions. Yet a series of mild electric shocks sent through her brain has the mysterious power of restoring reason!

In the not-distant future, an epileptic will casually enter his doctor's office and relax on a couch. The nurse will adjust electrodes to his temples and press a switch. The patient will have an epileptic fit and, after a short rest, will go his way, free from the morbid dread that hangs over epileptics —fear of a seizure in public or while driving a car.

Today electricity is more than the music in your radio or the heat in your toaster. *Electricity is medicine.* And electrotherapy, the treatment of disease by electricity, has been making great forward strides in recent years.

For two centuries, electrotherapy struggled against the prejudices of the conservative medical profession. The simple truth was that no one, doctors included, really knew what electricity would do if turned loose inside a human being. At the same time, electrotherapy became the darling of quacks and their gullible victims, which did not endear it to legitimate practitioners.

Only when tests had been conducted again and again on laboratory animals—and then, with utmost care, on selected hospital and clinic patients—did official resistance soften. Today, dozens of electromedical techniques have become indispensable, many new ones are making progress, while still others are appearing on the scientific horizon.

Dogs were shocked into ventricular fibrillation at Western Reserve University. Instead of restoring normal heart action with massage

or drugs, the scientists tried a strong countershock of electricity—and it worked! A man would need a powerful jolt—more than 2,000 volts—according to Dr. C. J. Wiggers, who conducted the experiments. Because this would be dangerous to doctor and patient alike, he recommends a series of weaker shocks at intervals.

Shocks used for treating mental cases are mild, but results are no less striking. Cases of severe depression and melancholy respond most favorably. For patients suffering from schizophrenia (split personality), a new development, electronarcosis, now promises relief.

A prolonged current is shot through the patient's brain. At once there is a convulsion, then a "controlled state" of unconsciousness—the "electric sleep." After seven minutes the current is cut off and the patient awakes, relaxed and smiling.

In both shock treatment and electronarcosis, Drs. Kalinowsky and Kennedy of New York noted that the convulsion was identical with an epileptic seizure. Their discovery meant that in certain cases an epileptic patient could time his seizures in the doctor's office, thus suiting his convenience rather than the whim of nature.

NEWS OF EXPERIMENTS with electrical anesthesia comes all the way from Australia, where two University of Melbourne physiologists have tried it on guinea pigs, dogs and monkeys. Current applied to the nervous system makes limbs rigid but has no effect on breathing or heart rate. The animals' hind legs are slightly paralyzed for 15 minutes after consciousness returns, but otherwise there seems to be no permanent damage, either mental or physical.

Another development in electrotherapy had its origin some years ago in Schenectady, New York, when men working near a powerful General Electric radio transmitter complained of headaches. Frequently they developed mysterious fevers. Dr. W. R. Whitney decided to investigate the phenomenon, and soon he began assembling various pieces of equipment in a GE laboratory.

Before long he was cooking eggs with radio-transmitter tubes. Then he put a jar of water containing a live tadpole between two short-wave electrodes and turned on the current. The tadpole was baked, though the water remained cool. Such experiments culminated in GE's "Inductotherm," a device that generates high-frequency fevers for healing.

Today, diathermy is an established branch of electrotherapy, with a full complement of specialists and techniques. You can use radio waves to heat either the whole body or an individual organ. And a fever, general or localized, may be produced merely by pressing a switch.

Such fevers are effective in ailments as varied as bronchial asthma, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatoid arthritis, bursitis and certain sinus disorders. The fevers do not kill germs directly but stimulate the blood flow, bringing fresh supplies of antibodies and white corpuscles —the body's natural germicides— into the infected areas of the body.

The electronic "knife" is another

major medical discovery of recent years. Actually this implement does not cut at all. Invisible short waves developed at its tip perform the surgical magic.

During operations performed with this device, there is practically no bleeding, since severed blood vessels shrivel and close. Little pain is felt after a diathermic operation because nerve ends are slightly seared during the actual "cutting." At the same time, danger of surgical shock is reduced.

Warts and moles are simply dried and scraped away with the radio knife, leaving a trifling scar. Carbuncles are removed with small danger of hemorrhage. The electronic tool also figures in delicate brain and prostate-gland operations. Malignant tumors are cooked to death and lifted out bodily, while the danger of spreading malignancy through the body is lessened because the diathermic heat seals off channels of escape—blood vessels and lymphatics—during the operation.

In the field of radiation therapy, X-ray diagnosis has long been a commonplace. But today's refinements include X-ray motion pictures, and a technique that "stops" the heart in an X-ray photograph, much as a diver is "stopped" in mid-air by the camera.

Meanwhile, a new precision X-ray tube provides deeper penetration than ever for the treatment of cancer. This tube, requiring 2,000,000 volts, for the first time brings giant assemblages of electrical energy into service for the alleviation of human suffering.

But medical science has also learned to use the incredibly small currents generated by the beating of the heart and, strangely enough, by the action of the brain. Picked up by electrodes and then amplified onto a roll of paper, they give accurate reports on how the heart is getting along and what the "brain waves" are saying.

These records, called electrocardiograms and electroencephalograms, are not only used for diagnoses in clinics and hospitals, but are adaptable for special purposes. During the war, naval medical officers used brain-wave recordings to determine immediately whether head injuries were serious.

The U. S. Public Health Service made brain records of criminals and ominously announced that 75 per cent of them showed psychopathic patterns. These men should not, therefore, be discharged back into society at the end of their sentences but should be confined and treated as mentally diseased.

SOME DAY AN ELECTRICAL listening post may be able to report what a brain is thinking. When that happens, science's invasion of human privacy will be complete. Already it is known that when a person looks at a flickering light, electrical currents define a circular area on the occipital lobe, located in the back of the brain. Sounds, too, are said to produce areas of characteristic pattern. So far, however, no one has come forward to describe the shape of a rose's fragrance or the aroma of a sizzling steak.

The minor uses of electricity in medicine seem endless. General Electric's ingenious oscillograph-galvanometer studies a man's foot and muscle action while he walks;

in 4,000 tests, it has produced a set of standard time and pressure values for normal walking, an obvious aid in diagnosing foot ailments. The equipment has also been used in the study of polio, revealing the presence of spasms in muscles formerly thought to be unaffected.

Psychologists and police officials use the lie-detector, a device that "reports on" tiny electric charges built up by emotions on a person's skin during questioning. An electrical color-meter keeps tab on the color of blood in an aviator's ear lobe during flight. Because color varies with the blood's oxygen supply, this device means increased flying safety at high altitudes.

And so, even as we stand on the threshold of the atomic age, new electrotherapy and electromedical techniques are just coming into their own. Recently there have been reports of new medical uses of fissionable materials. But based on 20th-century experience, it is safe to say that many of medicine's pills for the world of tomorrow will be electronic, not atomic.



Junior Jesters

IT WAS 9 P.M. THE REST of the family had gone to a show, and grandma and her four-year-old grandson sat in the living room. The child began to fidget. Grandma smiled. "Junior," she said, "how about a bedtime story?"

The boy nodded. "Okay, Grandma," he murmured, "what would you like to hear?"

—NANCY PARKER

A LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, woman very active in church work had walked over to the edge of the swimming pool to watch the youngsters at play. It was a glorious sight and she was thoroughly enjoying their fun when a 13-year-old boy ran up to her and asked, "Say, lady, do you go to Sunday school?"

"Why, yes, I do, my boy," she replied, a bit surprised.

"Then," he said, "please hold this 25 cents for me while I go into the pool."

—*The Christian Advocate*

A SMALL GIRL WAS TAKEN to church for the first time. When everyone knelt, she whispered: "What are they going to do?"

"They are going to say their prayers," whispered her mother.

The child looked up in amazement. Then, in a loud voice, she exclaimed: "What, with all their clothes on?"

—*Cape Argus*

A FRIEND WATCHED a little girl pull out a big weed and, patting her on the head, remarked, "My, what a strong girl you are!"

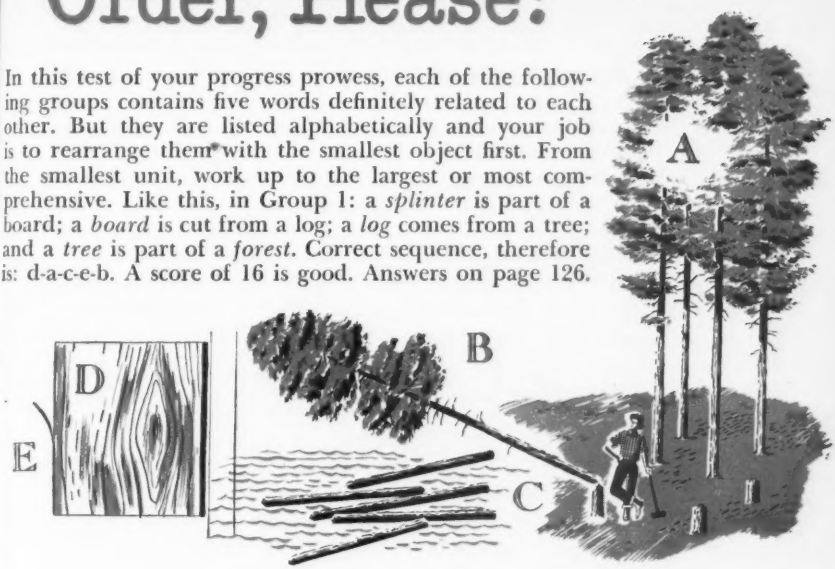
"Yep, I know it," the child agreed, "and the whole world was hangin' on the other end of it."

—BURBANK (CALIF.) *News*

Order, Please!

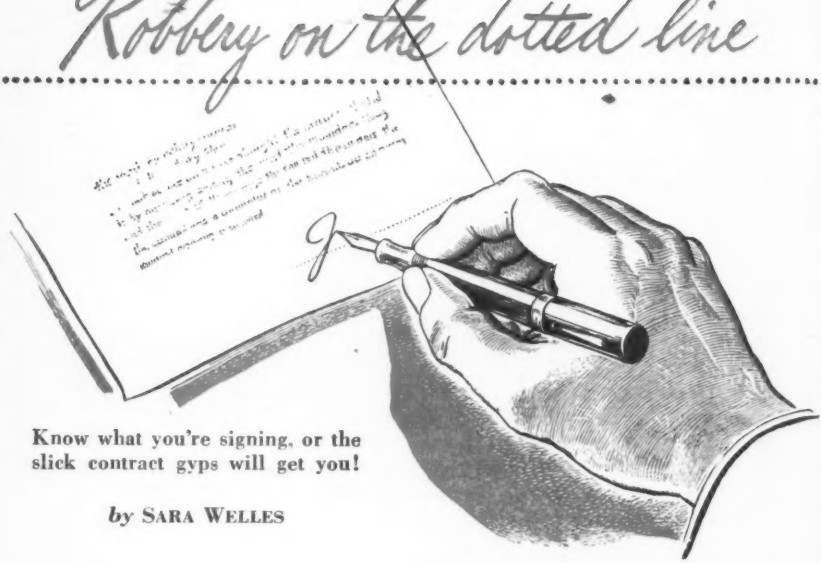
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

In this test of your progress prowess, each of the following groups contains five words definitely related to each other. But they are listed alphabetically and your job is to rearrange them with the smallest object first. From the smallest unit, work up to the largest or most comprehensive. Like this, in Group 1: a *splinter* is part of a board; a *board* is cut from a log; a *log* comes from a tree; and a *tree* is part of a *forest*. Correct sequence, therefore is: d-a-c-e-b. A score of 16 is good. Answers on page 126.



1. a. Board	b. Forest	c. Log	d. Splinter	e. Tree
2. a. Army	b. Company	c. Division	d. Regiment	e. Squad
3. a. City	b. County	c. Nation	d. State	e. Ward
4. a. Dram	b. Grain	c. Ounce	d. Pound	e. Ton
5. a. Animal	b. Briton	c. European	d. Londoner	e. Man
6. a. Apple	b. Core	c. Food	d. Fruit	e. Seed
7. a. Centimeter	b. Decameter	c. Kilometer	d. Meter	e. Millimeter
8. a. Copper	b. Deuce	c. Four bits	d. Grand	e. Sawbuck
9. a. Atom	b. Crystal	c. Molecule	d. Neutron	e. Nucleus
10. a. Furlong	b. League	c. Mile	d. Rod	e. Yard
11. a. Dram	b. Gallon	c. Minim	d. Ounce	e. Pint
12. a. Blade	b. Fleet	c. Navy	d. Ship	e. Propeller
13. a. C	b. D	c. L	d. M	e. X
14. a. Book	b. Chapter	c. Paragraph	d. Sentence	e. Word
15. a. Circle	b. Degree	c. Minute	d. Quadrant	e. Second
16. a. Family	b. Genus	c. Order	d. Species	e. Variety
17. a. Act	b. Drama	c. Monologue	d. Scene	e. Theater
18. a. Archbishopric	b. Curacy	c. Deanery	d. Diocese	e. Holy See
19. a. Arithmetic	b. Division	c. Mathematics	d. Number	e. Science
20. a. Earth	b. Land	c. Mountains	d. Solar System	e. Universe

Robbery on the dotted line



Know what you're signing, or the slick contract gyps will get you!

by SARA WELLES

AT THE END OF CLASS in one of America's top law schools, the professor handed out forms printed in small type. "Before rushing off," he asked the students, "please sign these registration forms and return them to me."

Next day when class reassembled, he announced: "Yesterday each one of you future lawyers signed a registration form. But obviously you didn't read it, because Point Two gives me the right to *decapitate* you at my pleasure on the library steps!"

Thus the professor proved that what looks like a simple form can turn out to be a booby-trapped legal document. Outside law school, the same lesson is taught every year to thousands of Americans who learn not to sign their names only after losing millions of dollars.

Contract gyps operate in almost every kind of enterprise. Actually they are protected by the law because they know it better than their victims do. Simple everyday psychology is their most effective tool.

One of the most flagrant gyps is the "receipt" racket. Consider the Indiana bank clerk who, after weeks of searching, found a used car that looked good. But he insisted on a driving test before he would buy.

"Not unless you leave a deposit and sign a receipt," said the dealer. "I couldn't let you go off with the car otherwise."

The clerk left two $20 bills and signed a receipt. Two hours later

he returned. "No sale. The motor knocks and the brakes don't hold."

"In that case," the dealer announced, "you forfeit your $40. That receipt was an option to buy the car. And if you change your mind, you forfeit the option money. That's the law!"

The clerk was lucky, at that. He might have signed a sales contract, making himself liable for the entire sales price. Countless women, for example, have found themselves bound to pay large sums because they carelessly signed "receipts" for shoddy merchandise "left on trial" by slick salesmen.

Most contracketeers, however, do not need tricky forms. They depend on one simple if incredible fact: few people bother to read or understand a contract before signing. To clinch a deal, a glib salesman can make any wild promise. The contract may tell an entirely different story, yet it is usually signed.

Consider the New Orleans restaurant owner who was visited by a vending-machine salesman. "I won't sell these machines to anyone else within two miles," the salesman promised. So the owner bought three, thinking the novelty would be good for business.

Within a fortnight, three other cafés on his block had exactly the same machines. But when the owner protested, he was told, "We don't see how you got that idea about exclusive territory. There's nothing about it in the contract."

HOW SALES TALK CAN BE contradicted by a bill of sale—a contract, incidentally—is typified by the double-dealing car sharp. This cheat displays and "sells" a recent model of a used car for a fancy price, but delivers a model several years older. When it is too late, the sucker finds that his bill only mentions price, color, make and passenger capacity.

Many victims of contracketeers have been blinded by the word "guaranteed"—which doesn't really mean anything unless the contract specifies exactly what the company guarantees *to do*.

Thousands of veterans have been mulcted by contracts which carefully concealed the *time* factor governing their purchases. The ex-GIs paid large sums to "real-estate" companies that promised to build houses "as soon as materials are available," with the buyer paying "at prevailing prices."

The veterans may wait forever before the company decides materials are available. Besides, by the time the firm does start construction, the "prevailing price" may have risen far above the salesman's estimate. Nevertheless, the veteran must buy the home, even if he has to borrow funds.

In installment contracts, the buyer is responsible for the entire price of what he buys, less the amount realized from the resale of repossessed merchandise. In addition, he will be required to pay the costs of repossession and auction.

Here is the opportunity for another racket. Some gyp companies have even fixed the auction sales. Their own agents buy the repossessed articles for ridiculously low prices. Then the sucker still must pay practically the entire amount, while the company retains the merchandise for another sale.

The widespread operations of

contract gyps underline the necessity for knowing your company before you consider signing a contract. Your friends, neighbors and local Better Business Bureau can help you. The contract itself, however, is another matter. Better Business Bureaus cannot give legal advice. So how can you avoid traps?

First, don't sign until you have read even the smallest type. If special promises are not there, don't count on them. Oral agreements are legal, but the law assumes that once a form has been signed, it contains the entire contract.

Second, don't sign unless all charges are written in. Otherwise you are giving what amounts to a blank check, especially when buying service—anything from dental work to carpentry.

Third, don't sign unless any changes made in the contract have been signed or at least initialed. If the printed portion specifies "no changes may be made in this contract," beware!

Fourth, don't sign an important contract without consulting a lawyer. Within the past few years, many communities have worked out programs for low-cost legal advice. Probably the most important of these are the Legal Referral Services now operating successfully in many cities such as Los Angeles, Chicago and New York.

Whether you want to sign a lease, make a will, buy a house, form a partnership or write or sign any kind of contract, the Referral Service has lawyers qualified to advise in such problems.

Your consultation may cost as little as $3 for half an hour, and the Service estimates that half its cases are easily completed in this period. However, if further work is needed, you and the lawyer fix the over-all —and always reasonable—charge.

If you cannot afford $3, you can still get expert advice for 50 cents—sometimes even less—(and this is waived if it will cause hardship) from the Legal Aid Societies which exist in almost every fair-sized American city to assist those who cannot pay even a modest fee to a lawyer in private practice. Nearly all the societies are law offices with a long, proud history and a touch of crusader's blood.

If you follow these four rules, your signature on a contract can bring you great profit and happiness. But if you sign carelessly, you may sooner or later write your way into the power of the most *law-abiding* swindlers in America.

The Weaker Sex?

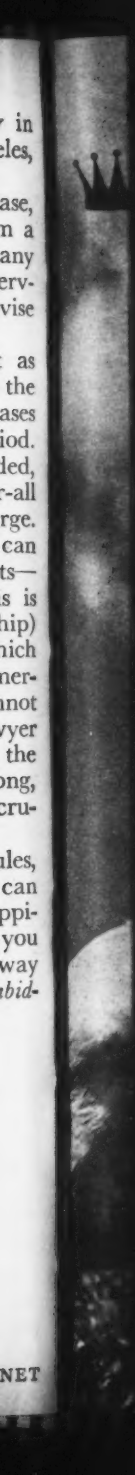


HAROLD HAD WAITED with great impatience for his date to come downstairs. His mood approached annoyance as she finally made her appearance. He glowered at her exciting, revealing gown.

"Humph!" he grumbled. "I can't see what keeps you from freezing."

"You're not supposed to!"

—EDITH LEVERICH

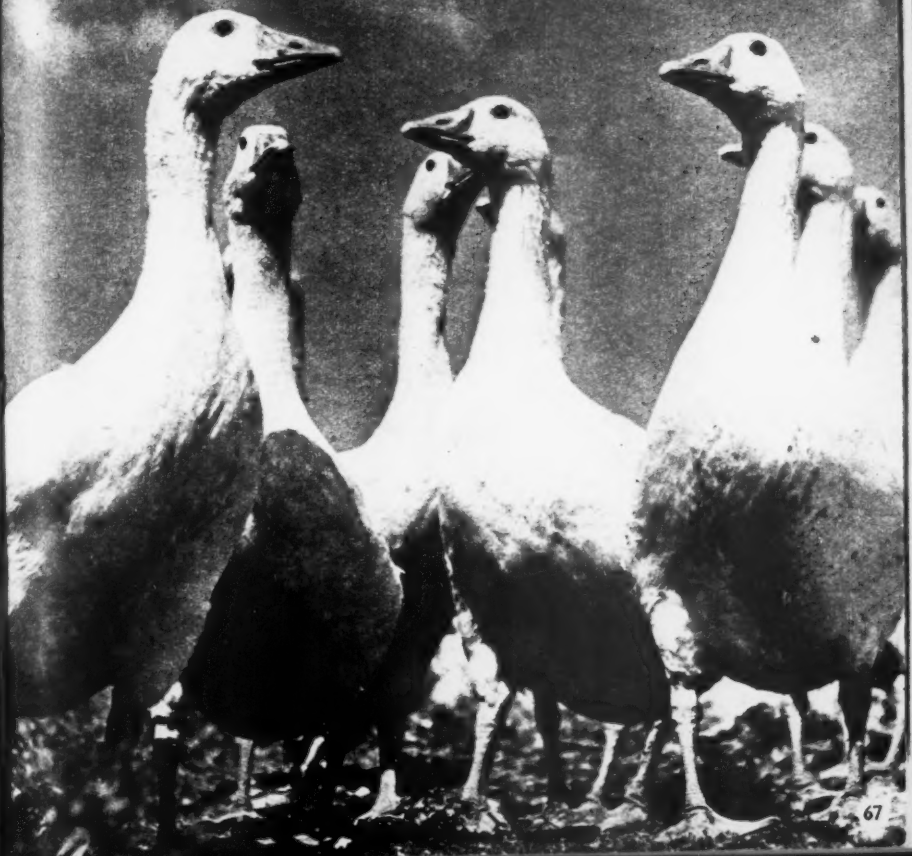


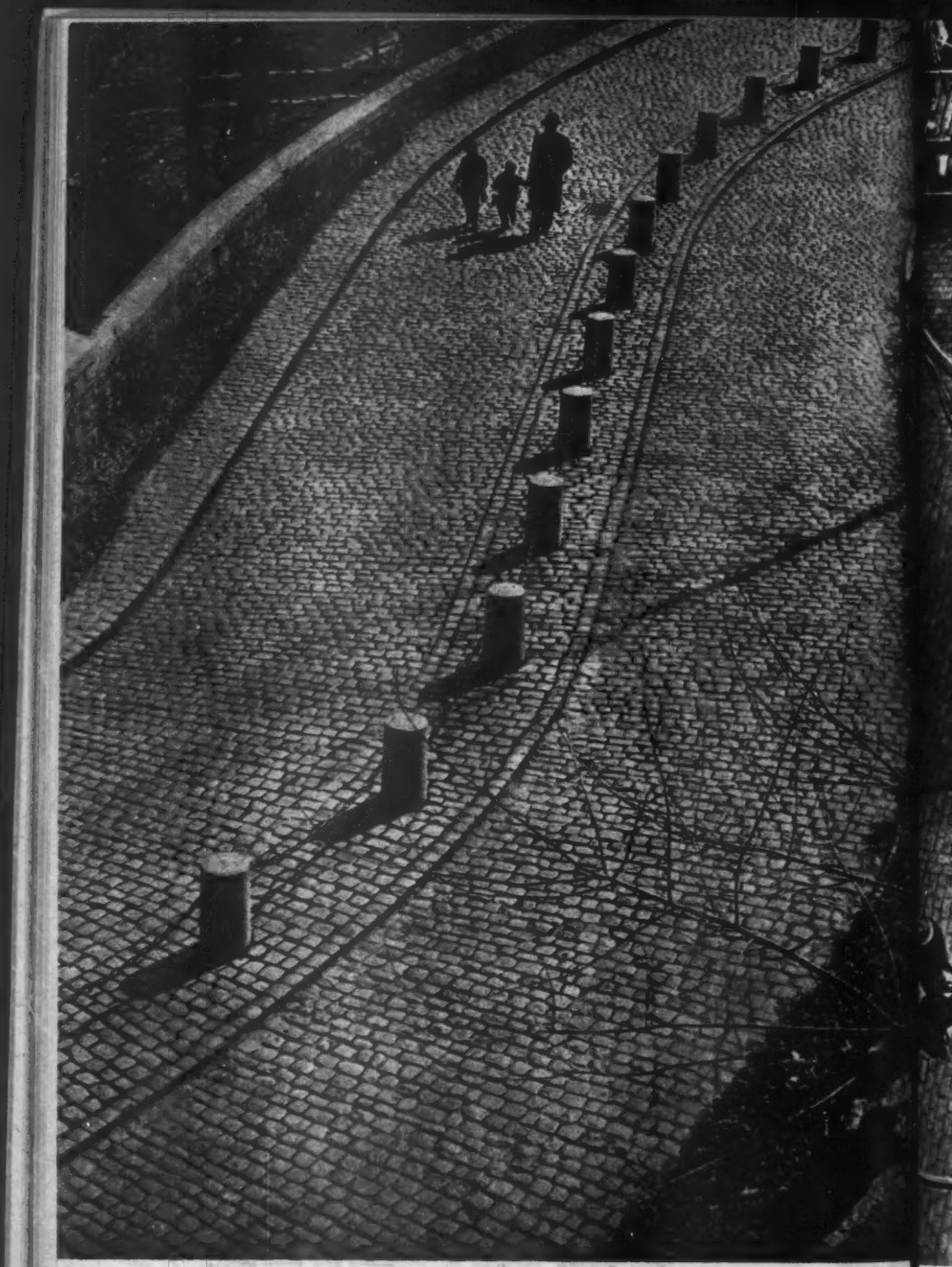


Gallery of Photographs

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One Sunday Afternoon — W. Carl Naylor; New York, N. Y.



N. Y.

Leonard Schreiber; New York, N. Y.

Pattern for Survival



The Quiet Years — F. Roy Kemp; New York, N. Y.



Cameo

Martin Munkacsi: New York, N. Y.



First Hurdle — Ann Rosener; New York, N. Y.



, N. Y.

Carl Mansfield: Bloomingdale, Ohio

Fellow Member



Monument to Time Hans Namuth; New York, N. Y.



, N. Y.

Richard B. Holt; Miami, Fla.

Sorcerer's Apprentice



The Lonely Sea and Sky — John Kabel; Dayton, Ohio



Ohio

George Chaplin; Buffalo, N. Y.

Close to Thee



Button Eye Walter Green; Washington, D. C.



D. C.

Clarence H. Bock; Berkley, Mich.

Mr. Snooze



Big-top Buffoon — Elwood Newhall: Santa Barbara, Calif.



Calif.

Dushan; New York, N. Y.

"Is This the Mighty Ocean?"



Curtains in the Sky — S. Alton Ralph; Springfield, Mass.

by ARTHUR BARTLETT

BILL BENTON: Idea Man on the Run



He's been phenomenally successful in a variety of careers, but people still tab him as the supersalesman of advertising

WILLIAM BENTON USED to be an advertising man. He was, in fact, so sensationally successful as an advertising man that most people still think of him as such. Which just goes to show how hard it is for a man to live down his past.

When the New York *Herald Tribune* recently referred to Benton as a publisher, he was as elated as a teen-ager being addressed as "Mister." For 12 years he has been in the unusual situation of a man struggling to rise above his own success. In the process, he has been an educator, a radio impresario, a film producer, a music dispenser, an economist, a statesman, a patron of the arts and a publisher.

Benton has probably stirred more cultural pots to a boil than anyone else in America—and he has also made several million dollars. But he does not consider the money-making important, for he could have done that as a top-flight advertising man.

Part I of the Benton saga is a fabulous Alger success story. He was the poor boy from the West who came to New York. He was the $25-a-week beginner who skyrocketed to $250,000 a year. He was the young man who started a business on a shoestring three months before the 1929 crash—and pushed it to the top while all old and established companies found it difficult to hold

their own. Finally, the Alger story has an O. Henry ending.

It came in 1936, when Benton was still only 36. He had made money—reputedly a million—but bigger and easier earnings lay ahead. He had become one of the great men of advertising while he still had half a lifetime in which to enjoy his commanding position and profit from it. Instead he sold out and retired from the advertising business. It was time, he announced, to start reaching for higher things.

Currently, he is chairman of the board of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, of Encyclopedia Britannica Films, and of the Muzak Corporation. He is special consultant to Secretary of State Marshall on matters concerning the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), which Benton was largely responsible for vitalizing during a recent term as Assistant Secretary of State.

He is vice-chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, a group of long-range planners in the higher brackets of American economic life, which he helped to form. He also has numerous other interests, but none whatsoever in the thriving advertising firm of Benton & Bowles, from which he retired in 1936. From 1937 to 1945 he was vice-president of the University of Chicago—a longer time, as he points out, than he spent with Benton & Bowles. Yet people still insist on thinking of him as an advertising man.

This insistence is not difficult to understand. Now 48 years old and well-groomed, assured and almost professionally affable, Benton might well be picked by the student of occupational types as an advertising man. Moreover, he is still by nature the archetype of American advertising man—eager, intense, bubbling with ideas, and always under such mental steam pressure that he invariably makes trains with only seconds to spare, and long since stopped using his middle name, Burnett, because it took too much time to write a middle initial.

Characteristically, Benton spent his first day as vice-president of the University of Chicago in preparing a presentation aimed at selling the Rockefeller Foundation on investing $4,000,000 in an educational-film project which he had dreamed up for the university.

At 11 o'clock that night, with an assistant, Benton put the finishing touches on the presentation; then was ready to drop into a night club for a bite of supper. (Incidentally, he didn't get the $4,000,000, but he later launched the educational-film project anyway.)

Benton considers the Ediphone an indispensable tool to record instantly the ideas that are constantly effervescing from his mind. On his first day as Assistant Secretary of State, he indicated where he wanted one of these instruments placed in his office.

"Oh, we never use Ediphones in the State Department," he was told.

"You do now!" said Benton.

This was only the first of many shocks experienced by the staid old State Department during his hectic sojourn in its hallowed halls. In that job, he was officially in charge of Public Affairs, but even this high-sounding phrase failed to convince people that he was not an advertising man. His task was to sell Amer-

ica to the world, and when he resigned, the New York *Times* rubbed it in with well-meant praise:

"It needed an advertising man of Mr. Benton's energy and persistence to tune up and get this new organ going, and to persuade and browbeat a reluctant Congress not to cut the whole overseas program. . . out of the budget."

Benton is obviously proud of his triumphs as an advertising man, but his friends think he is also secretly embarrassed by them. He is a man who likes to be called Bill, and his urge to associate himself with things on a higher plane than soap and breakfast food, they explain, carries with it no parallel urge to wear a high hat, but comes from a feeling somewhat akin to guilt; for Benton comes from a long line of poor but high-minded clergymen and educators, and he was the first in his family for generations to devote any time or effort to getting rich.

BENTON WAS BORN in Minneapolis in 1900. His father, an ex-minister who had become a college professor, could write three degrees after his name. His mother had been superintendent of schools in Otter Tail County, Minnesota, when she married Professor Benton. After his death in 1913, she filed a claim on some free land in Montana, and mother and son lived there four years, proving up the claim. Thus Benton is one of those rare men in America today who experienced the pioneer struggles of a homesteader in his youth.

By 1917, the homestead had been secured, and Mrs. Benton, going back to teaching, set her son's feet firmly on the academic path. A good boyish voice helped him get a scholarship at Shattuck School in Faribault, Minnesota, which had a choir. From there, he went on to Carleton College, also in Minnesota, and then transferred to Yale, where his father and grandfather had preceded him.

Unlike them, he failed to make Phi Beta Kappa; yet as chairman of the board of editors of the Yale *Record*, he demonstrated his own kind of talent by developing an editorial campaign which boosted the *Record's* circulation and profits to a new high, meanwhile earning $1,200 for himself.

One of his classmates was Robert M. Hutchins, a serious-minded young man who later was to become president of the University of Chicago. Three years after him, in 1924, was a young man named Chester Bowles, whom Benton did not know at Yale but who was to become his partner in Benton & Bowles before heading the OPA during World War II.

After Benton retired from Benton & Bowles, the legend grew that he had vowed, while still a Yale student, to make a million by the time he was 35, and then retire. Today he smiles at this story, but admits that by the time he was graduated in 1921 he was thinking definitely of a Big Business career.

Upon departing from New Haven, Benton's first job was selling cash registers, which he carried from store to store in upstate New York in a truck. His mother, however, was still not reconciled to the idea of his becoming a mere businessman. If he was determined not to be a teacher or preacher, like

his forebears, she wrote him in 1922 from St. Louis, where she had become head of a girls' school, he could at least be a lawyer—and she had taken steps to enter him at Harvard Law School.

Until she died in 1942, Benton was devoted to his mother, and her firm view as to his proper future swayed him—at least temporarily. He took a train and started for Cambridge. But when he reached New York, ambition again overcame his sense of family tradition, and he walked into an advertising agency to apply for a job. He was hired—at $25 a week.

From this point onward, the success story moves rapidly to its unusual ending. He began his climb, while still an obscure novice, by offering to talk at the regular weekly conference of the creative staff. By 1928, having had a constant stream of ideas about everything in the advertising business, he was a junior partner in another firm, making $12,500 a year. Then he met one of the seldom-mentioned hazards in the standard success formula. He stepped too hard on the toes of the president, and was fired.

With the self-assurance of the perfect advertising man, he went back to the first agency for which he had worked and landed a job as general manager of the Chicago office. Within six months he was making $25,000 a year.

By this time Benton, only 28, was looked on as a nine-day wonder. Devising questionnaires to be submitted to women all over the country as the basis of sales campaigns for household items, he had given the advertising business a new concept of the value of what has now come to be known as product research.

He helped sign up beauty-shop operators all over the world to endorse Palmolive Soap, and assembled so many charts, statistics, procedures and plans for a proposed advertising campaign that it took all day for Benton to explain them to Palmolive executives—and made old-fashioned advertising methods look amateurish.

Chester Bowles, whom Benton had hired as his assistant at the George Batten agency (later Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn), had also come up fast in the business; and now the two young men decided to form an agency of their own. Benton was then with Lord & Thomas, whose boss offered him $50,000 a year to stay. He declined. It was the summer of 1929, and America was booming.

Benton & Bowles started on $18,000 capital. Three months later the stock market crashed, and business — including the advertising business—began its long dive. Benton, however, ignored the Depression and went after new business with techniques that made even advertising men marvel. He was not interested in small accounts, he announced. Benton & Bowles would take only accounts with a lot of money to spend. This attitude frightened off many prospects, but it worked with some.

"Bill was always a good salesman with about ten people out of a hundred," Bowles reminisced recently, "and that is what counts in the advertising business—to knock one guy over, even if you lose ten others."

It is a point of pride with Benton that the agency took on fewer than 20 clients during the years he was

here, yet business kept going up nd up. By the time he quit, the irm was doing a business of $18,-00,000 gross billings per year, and e was drawing $250,000 a year.

The agency's first account was Certo, and Benton went to New Jersey and Bowles to Connecticut, o ring doorbells and ask house-wives pertinent questions about elly making. After four months, he partners had compiled 533 ages of data, which they used to uch good effect that General Foods, which owned Certo, gave them a lozen more products to handle ithin the next few years.

Benton & Bowles put most of heir clients heavily into radio, tarting such stars as Fred Allen nd Gladys Swarthout on the air. he elaborate hour and half-hour ariety shows which the agency ioneered seemed fantastically ex-ensive—until business got used to he idea and other agencies began oing the same thing.

WHEN BENTON SUDDENLY quit the agency after its meteoric rise, is business associates—and com-etitors—were openmouthed in onder. In explanation, Benton aid he didn't want to get into a ental rut, and saw no reason to o on merely piling up money.

"I was never interested in yachts, r things like that," he declared.

Whether he had made a round illion or not, he had enough so hat money no longer seemed ur-ently important. In the $25-a-eek days, he had paid $10 for oom rent, and had stretched the emaining $15 so thin that his regu-ar breakfast was a chocolate bar, ought on the way to the office. As he grew more prosperous, he drove the agency so hard that copy writers sometimes muttered about its being a sweatshop. Yet he became more and more liberal with salaries, and thought nothing of sending a secretary abroad when he decided she had been overworked.

Old friends who found the going hard during the Depression could always look to him for a stake; and he started his present sizable collection of paintings by his college classmate, Reginald Marsh, by buying them on a picture-a-month basis for a time during the Depression.

In the best-seller, *The Hucksters*, author Frederic Wakeman has his hero express a superbly cocky and contemptuous attitude presumably peculiar to advertising men: "It's only money!" Benton, although he has always had a keen grasp of finances, displays a measure of this confident unconcern. In fact, his wealth has been considerably enhanced by his lack of hesitancy in writing a check when he has confidence in a man.

Some years ago, a friend decided to go into the shoe-manufacturing business. Benton put up $5,000 to help him get started. The Joyce shoe company became so successful that Benton eventually sold out his interest for $125,000.

When the newspaper *PM* was being started in New York, editor Ralph Ingersoll persuaded Benton to serve as consultant, and gave him $7,500 in stock as payment. After the paper had been launched, Benton found himself in disagreement with its policies, and asked that his stock be taken up. Meantime, another friend, Emory Thomason, had asked him to invest in the Chicago

Times, which he was trying to build up. Benton transferred his *PM* check —amounting, with increment, to $7,825—to the *Times*, agreeing, as he had with Joyce, that his friend could buy him out whenever he wished. His interest was eventually taken up for $55,000.

Such investments, however, are not purely casual with Benton. He decided, when he withdrew from Benton & Bowles, to invest in small businesses rather than in the stock corporations. "Big business did not build the wealth of this country," he wrote in a 1944 magazine article. "It was individual, hard-hitting and hard-working men who started small, independent, competitive businesses."

As if to emphasize his break with his past, one of Benton's first investments of this sort was in Muzak, a company which pipes recorded music, without advertising, into restaurants and other subscribing institutions. When the company was still in the idea stage, Benton bought a one-third interest for $30,000. Later he bought another third, and then the rest of it, raising his total investment to $132,500. He has since expanded Muzak into record-making and allied activities, and has been offered more than 20 times what he paid for it.

WHEN HE QUIT THE advertising business, Benton told friends that he didn't know just how he was going to occupy himself, but that he might go into missionary work—a field in which some of his forebears had been active. Instead, his Yale classmate, President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, persuaded him to join the university as vice-president and overseer of publi relations.

Promptly, Benton asked for comprehensive report on researc activities, and when he was hande a sheaf covering about 50 project his mind started popping ideas fas er even than had his question naires about jelly making. Plan for magazine articles, news release and radio programs came forth i a steady stream.

Benton's chief aim was to broad en the university's services as a cul tural and educational force in th national community. The making of educational films was one way t achieve the goal, and although th Rockefeller Foundation failed t respond to his $4,000,000 appeal he arranged the purchase of th Western Electric Company's film facilities and also persuaded th Eastman Kodak Company to do nate its collection of classroom film to the university.

Benton also exploited the radio receiving a $50,000 grant from th Alfred P. Sloan Foundation to build up the *University of Chicago Roun Table*, on which world-famous au thorities tackled political, socia and economic problems. To drama tize research work at the university he also developed a science program called *The Human Adventure*, which was so popular with the public that he was able to turn it over to a commercial sponsor and make money for the university, instead of sharing its production cost.

The program managed to interest radio audiences in such unlikely subjects as chlorophyll, cosmic rays, Pavlov, and blood; and a program on the Einstein theory of relativity, of all things, had to be

rebroadcast by popular demand.

Probably Benton's most effective coup in making the university—and himself—a more powerful cultural force was the taking over of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Many years before, when the *Britannica* had seemed doomed, Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago philanthropist, had bought it as head of Sears, Roebuck & Company. When he offered it to the university, the trustees declined. Under new management, it became a paying property, even though Sears had little interest in publishing or academic research.

After Gen. Robert E. Wood took over the direction of Sears, Benton characteristically reopened the subject of the *Britannica* with the abrupt query: "Do you think it appropriate that a mail-order house should own the *Encyclopedia Britannica*? Why don't you give it to the university?"

Wood looked startled, but a few hours later formally offered to do so. The trustees, however, again balked at using university funds for what they considered a risky venture. Benton, quick as ever with the checkbook, offered to put up an amount said to be $100,000, under a stock deal acceptable to the university. Today, Benton owns all the company's outstanding common stock; and has built the company up so that it now pays the university several times as much every year in royalties as he originally invested in working capital.

The educational-film project was incorporated as a subsidiary, Encyclopedia Britannica Films, into which Benton put a million dollars of Britannica money. He has also branched out into allied publishing fields, with the result that Britannica has a series of educational picture-story books for children, as well as the *Britannica Junior*, the *Book of the Year* and the *Britannica World Atlas*. Soon to appear is a 54-volume set, *The Great Books of the Western World*, on the preparation of which the company has spent $1,400,000.

IN 1945, BENTON WAS appointed Assistant Secretary of State. Since then, he has said that he went to Washington thinking that he was to do a job that everybody wanted done, and found out that hardly anybody was interested. The job involved the liquidation of the old Office of War Information and the Office of Inter-American Affairs, neither of which was popular with economy-minded Congressmen, and the integration of their functions into the State Department.

Benton had to spend most of his time selling his ideas to Congress and, to some extent, to the State Department itself. When he resigned a year ago, President Truman wrote him a "Dear Bill" letter, saying that he knew "only too well the difficulties and frustrations which you have encountered," and praising him for the "solid foundation" which he had laid.

Benton was characteristically busy in Washington, using luncheons, cocktails, dinners and frequently breakfasts as occasions for conferences, and keeping his Ediphone busy far into the night. It came nearer to satisfying his urge to be a high-powered modern missionary, his friends think, than anything else he ever experienced; and many predict that he will soon be back in public service, one way or another.

An indication of his inclinations

in this respect took form last March after he left for a three-month vacation at his winter home near Phoenix, Arizona. Unhesitatingly he abandoned his vacation when he was asked to become chairman of the American delegation to the UN Conference on Freedom of Information, and hastened East to catch a boat for Geneva.

Just how much he would have relaxed, even had he stayed in Arizona, is questionable. His usual routine when sojourning there is to start the day with a swim, then spend most of the rest of it dictating into an Ediphone installed at the edge of the pool.

Benton has been married since 1928, and has four children, and when his mind is on family affairs, it is the same effervescent mind which has created so many sale ideas. Not long ago, he was visiting the home of a friend where the family cat had just had kittens. What a wonderful way for children to see nature reproducing herself, he said; and his little black notebook came out of his pocket for a notation: "Get a pregnant cat."

The cat acquired by his secretary next day turned out to meet the specifications so thoroughly that it had kittens even before it could be introduced into the Benton home. "Perhaps I shouldn't have been in quite such a hurry to put the idea across," said Benton.

It is a habit, however, which the ex-advertising man shows no signs of breaking.



Consciences at Ease

IN SALT LAKE CITY, R. M. Reese, Utah State Treasurer, received through the mails a $10 bill in an envelope postmarked Dayton, Ohio, and containing a note signed, "A Traveler." The conscience-stricken writer explained that while touring Utah several years ago, he had taken two road signs.

• • •

AFTER WORRYING FOR 12 years about $20 he received from the old WPA, a man in Memphis, Tennessee, went to a United States attorney and said he was ready to return the $20, because he had never worked for it.

• • •

THE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT of Wilson County, Kansas, received a check for $75 from a woman whose guilty conscience took more than half a century to catch up with her. With the check was a letter explaining that the sender had cheated in a teacher's examination she took in 1894 and asking that the money be paid to the rural district where she had taught for three months, as reimbursement for her salary.

—T. J. MCINERNEY

HINKY PINKIES

It started in England during the war and spread to the American GIs. Hinky Pinkies! Here's the secret: think of a rhyme—*it doesn't have to make sense*—like "crystal pistol." Then say to your fellow quizzers: "glass weapon." They must produce two rhyming synonyms or equivalents. To get started, try these Hinky-Pinkies. You need only a single word to define each word below.



Answers are on page 126.

FOR BEGINNERS:

1. Self-satisfied ruffian
2. Intoxicated newlywed
3. Noiseless disorder
4. Cryin' horse
5. Emaciated chum
6. Sweet-scented vagabond
7. Most impolite undresser
8. Agile sewing implement
9. Wily substitute
10. Fragile bucket





FOR MODERATES:

1. Thickset servant
2. Concise hospital attendant
3. Angry baby-watcher
4. Yellow furnace-man
5. Tiny specter
6. Hackneyed fairy
7. Stately waiter
8. Cautious leprechaun
9. Wet wood
10. Sticky bulge

FOR EXPERTS:

1. Carthaginian blouse
2. Tangible foot
3. Infernal bird
4. Ductile crayon
5. Inexpert expert
6. Hairy occupation
7. Whirling despot
8. Multitudinous punctuation-mark
9. Stylish chief
10. Pierced vegetable





The Giant Behind Your Telephone



by NORMAN CARLISLE

The fabulous Bell System, a colossus of communications, is still busy dreaming up miracles in its research laboratories

ROARING SEAS SMASH at a fishing craft off the New England coast: it rocks helplessly in the swells, its propeller shaft broken. The helmsman calmly picks up his telephone and says, "Give me the Coast Guard."

A Chicago surgeon is driving along a country road when the phone in his car rings. He hears the words, "Emergency!...Come to the hospital. . ."

In an Oklahoma country school, a little girl realizes she has been left behind by the bus when she went back to get a book. She cries a little, then lifts the receiver and sobs out her story. "Don't worry," the operator at the local exchange reassures her. "You stay right there, honey, and I'll tell your daddy."

In millions of homes, in the nation's offices, factories and hospitals, in the greatest cities and the tiniest hamlets, on the highways and on the high seas, the telephone is the protector of those in trouble. If it did nothing more than help in emergencies, it would still be one of the most valued instruments of our civilization. Actually it is far more than this. It is the mainstay of business, the universal electrical messenger, the priceless link between separated friends and families. Every day 140,000,000 conversations pour into 35,000,000 telephones to speed over voice-ways woven across 3,000,000 square miles of territory.

Behind this fabulous communications system is an equally fabulous organization, known as the Bell System and commonly called "The

Telephone Company." Alexander Graham Bell, who started it all, had an optimistic faith in the future of the telephone, but even he would have been incredulous had he lived to see the growth of this fantastic giant of communications.

In 1877, Bell's backers founded the Bell Telephone Company, which grew into the A. T. & T. Today, from headquarters in an outdated skyscraper at 195 Broadway, New York, the management of A. T. & T. directs a far-flung empire that is one of the seven wonders of the modern world.

At the top of the pyramid is the A. T. & T. itself, a huge company which provides top business-administration leadership for all other units in the empire and runs the Long Lines Department, which handles the nation's interstate long-distance calls at the rate of some 200,000,000 a year.

A little farther down the pyramid is the Bell Telephone Laboratories, a great research organization. For it, some 2,000 scientists and engineers pre-test, design and develop telephone equipment, dream up miracles like "visible speech" and explore such far-off mysteries as sunspots. What they find out about improving phones turns up in the equipment produced by Western Electric, manufacturing unit for the Bell System. In mammoth plants it turns out the millions of phones, billions of feet of wire and countless mechanical wonders that enable you to make a simple call.

At the base of the pyramid are 19 regional companies, like the New England, the New York and the Pacific Telephone Company. These are the units that take care of your local calls and send out your bills.

Measure the sprawling Bell giant by any standards and it's still amazing. Look at its 113,000,000 miles of wire, its 29,000,000 phones, its 8,600 buildings and more than 30,000 motor vehicles, and you get a picture of a business with more physical equipment than any other company on earth. Look at its assets of $7,381,000,000 and you see the largest company—other than financial or insurance—in the world. Look at its stockholders, and you realize that it is the most democratically owned of all enterprises, with some 725,000 stockholders scattered throughout every state of the Union.

THE STORY OF HOW A. T. & T. became a "people's company" is really the story of the men who have sat at the helm of the vast enterprise. One of them was a lean young man who 44 years ago reported for work at Western Electric in Chicago, where he had landed a $10-a-week job by mail. His name was Walter S. Gifford. He eventually became president of A. T. & T. When he became chairman of the board this year, he turned over the presidency to Leroy Wilson.

During Gifford's steady climb in the company he saw such developments as the establishment of the famous pension system for employees, free health advice, extensive recreational facilities, and a host of other benefits. But by the time he had acquired the title of vice-president in charge of finance, he himself was faced with a much harder problem than that of making employees happy.

The company needed money—at least $90,000,000—to buy the new

switchboards and build the new lines that were needed to meet the growing demands for phone service. Offhand, the answer might seem easy: just sell more stock. However, the year was 1921 and the country was in the grip of hard times. Financiers told the company it had better forget its grandiose plans.

"I know a way to sell stock," Gifford told Bell officials. "We'll sell directly to the people. We'll make every phone office in the country a sales agency."

Soon the Bell companies began a great newspaper and magazine advertising campaign to tell their story to the public. Leaflets enclosed with telephone bills poured out by the millions. The idea worked. The stock was sold without brokerage fees, and fortunate people who bought and hung onto it have trebled their money.

A stockholder who wants to convince himself that he owns a stake in a variety of giant enterprises need only visit the 28-story Long Lines headquarters in New York. Here, through nine floors of switchboards, pour more than 100,000 long-distance calls a day. Here is the nerve center of the country-wide networks used by the radio broadcasting industry; out from this building fan the 135,000 miles of wire needed to keep the big networks going.

Here, too, is the pulsing heart of the newspaper world, for Long Lines is responsible for the photographs that flash across the nation as soon as a news-worthy event occurs. Then, too, Long Lines is headquarters for such vast communications setups as that provided for the Government—a total of 575,000 miles of wire, including one teletypewriter system that covers 82,000 miles all by itself.

In one big room of the building is a modern tower of Babel—the overseas switchboards that direct radio phone conversations abroad. Something strange happens to the torrent of words—in English, French, Spanish or any one of a dozen other languages—that go through these massive switchboards. They are spoken into the instruments correctly, but make their long radio trip across the whole world as a weird gibberish. Yet when the words are picked up on the other side and fed through an "unscrambling machine," they reach the listener as they were spoken.

No less amazing are the boards where technicians control the flow of the nation's chain radio programs. When you listen to a network show, the program actually travels most of the way to your radio set over telephone lines. Through complicated wire channels, Bell delivers the network radio program to local radio stations, which in turn hurl it out into the air.

But there's one network program you never hear—a private show put on every night by the technicians. The announcer's "Good-night" is the signal to begin this behind-the-scenes activity. Every bit of apparatus that keeps the network operating must be checked. Over the wires goes a weird assortment of sounds as the New York office pumps different tones over the entire chain. Volume, tone quality and other factors must be perfect before the engineers okay the network for tomorrow's cargo of entertainment.

By day, other technicians listen with a regularity that would make

sponsor swoon with joy. But hey're not listening for entertainment. Ask one of these men at monitor points along the network whether the girl on the last program sang or hummed, and he probably couldn't tell you. But he *could* tell you just what kind of an undesired "hum" or "sing" occurred yesterday afternoon on the Colossal Network, and just how long it took to get rid of it. (Probably a couple of seconds.)

Then there are always the storms —blizzards in the Western mountains. . . hailstorms in the East. . . floods . . . hurricanes. Throughout the U. S. there is a closely knit network of virtually storm-proof cables, but aerial wires still crisscross parts of the country, and it takes four major routes across the Continental Divide to insure contact between the coasts. Cross connections at key bureaus make it possible to redirect traffic around any obstacle.

Sometimes the telephone men have advance warning. A telegraphic flash from an isolated repeater station reports ice forming on the wires, or flood waters rising. The telephone wizards do some fast figuring, pick another route.

At other times there is no warning. A cloudburst or an explosion rips a line somewhere on the transcontinental haul. Perhaps the vigilant listeners work so fast that you don't even know what has happened—just a faint click in your radio or in your phone receiver. Yet a program or phone call that had been reaching you through Denver is now traveling hundreds of miles out of its way, via the northern transcontinental route through Seattle and Minneapolis.

With years of sound broadcasting behind it, the Telephone Company has now embarked on a great venture into a challenging new field. Twenty-one years ago, Bell lab engineers demonstrated the first television transmission by radio, between Whippany, New Jersey, and New York City. Today television is becoming commonplace, and the company is planning a network of new facilities. Already they have 4,000 miles of cable needed for transmission. By 1949, the company hopes television service will reach 40,000,000 people in the U. S.

Recently, Long Lines has had to cope with a tremendous increase in long-distance calls, yet there has been such phenomenal improvement in service that a call which 23 years ago took an average of 8.3 minutes to get through, can now be completed in less than three-tenths the time. And not far distant is the day when you will dial long-distance numbers just as you do local ones, except that ten numbers will be used instead of four to six.

The whole U. S. and Canada will be divided into 80 zones. The first three numbers dialed will tell the mechanical brain in the telephone office that you want to talk to someone in a certain zone, the next three numbers will select the right exchange in that zone, and the last four digits will represent the number of the called telephone.

LOOK AT YOUR TRIM and compact dial telephone and you will hardly believe that it contains 433 parts. Supplying these parts and the 150,000 others necessary to provide telephone service is the job of the Western Electric Company, a vast

A. T. &. T. subsidiary that does for the Bell enterprises what the Service of Supply does for the Army.

In 1869, years before there were any telephones, two farsighted young men, Enos Barton, telegraph operator, and Elisha Gray, college instructor, set up shop in Cleveland to supply precision parts for electrical companies. The little company, having acquired a reputation for quality craftsmanship, attracted the attention of the Bell interests, and in 1882 Western Electric was purchased by the Bell Company. Thereafter, it devoted itself solely to making the many parts needed for telephone systems.

Today Western Electric is a sprawling giant with factories in more than a score of cities. In addition to its manufacturing operations, it acts as purchaser for all the Bell companies, buying everything from pencils to telephone poles. In the Hawthorne Works near Chicago, powerful presses mold plastic powder into the gleaming bases, handles, receivers and transmitter cups of the familiar phone. Here, from hundreds of parts, deft fingers form subassemblies and final assemblies on three miles of conveyors.

At other factories, like the one in Kearny, New Jersey, you can see giant cabling machines in dizzying action as wire races from a battery of spinning reels to form cable units. Eventually, this process creates incredibly complex highways of communication. In 1888, the largest phone cable, considered a miracle of its day, contained 50 pairs of wire. Today, Western Electric can pack as many as 4,242 separate strands into a single cable not much larger than the one of '88.

In still other plants you can s tiny crystals being cut to specifica tions of 1/100,000,000th of an inch You can see coils being wound wit 53,000 turns of wire much finer tha human hair. By way of contras you can watch the assembly of hug and complicated switchboards, job that Western Electric follow up by sending its army of 30,00 technicians into the field to instal the complicated exchanges.

Development of these miraculou dial exchanges required a fantasti amount of research, accomplished by a huge staff of scientists and engineers in the Bell Laboratories i New York City. Yet oddly enough, the scientists' ventures take them into fields seemingly far removed from routine Bell research.

"Sticking to telephones is one o our hardest jobs," they like to tel you. The remark is understandable when you look over their record o achievement, which comprises everything from developing sound movies to such wartime accomplishments as top-secret radar. Some 1,200 other military projects included the development of gun directors, rockets, torpedoes, guided aerial missiles, antisubmarine devices, magnetic mines and other important weapons.

AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, the engineers of BTL know more about your voice than anyone else in the world. They come by the interest traditionally, since long before he even dreamed of the telephone, young Bell was studying the human voice. He and his brothers made a model skull, fitted with a reproduction of human vocal apparatus worked by bellows. They were able

to make their model wail "Ma-ma" in such lifelike imitation of a baby that neighbors once turned out to search for a child in distress.

Bell would have been delighted had he lived to see the amazing tool that Bell engineers have developed for the study of the human voice. Just *listening* to voices wasn't enough, so they dreamed up a means of *seeing* the vocal cords in action. This remarkable feat is accomplished with the Fastax camera, described as a "sort of time-stretching device" which can take up to 10,000 pictures a second! With this supercamera, the scientists learned a lot of interesting things about the way your voice works.

Their pictures of the curtainlike membranes in your throat upset previous notions that the cords vibrate like banjo strings. Instead, they have a wavelike motion, something like that of clothes flapping on a clothesline.

When it comes to applying this knowledge, the engineers have to consider such facts as the one that women's vocal cords are shorter than men's, hence their voices are higher-pitched. That affects the transmission of the female voice by phone since the higher pitches strike the inner ear in only half as many places as men's deeper voices.

In other words, the female voice is harder to hear. The engineers have done their best in designing an instrument to take care of the feminine voice, but even at that, they advise a woman to speak distinctly if she wants to compete with male voices on the telephone.

By a strange reversal of circumstances, their work with the telephone has led to experiments on a new aid for the deaf, as evidenced by the case of a man invited to visit the "visible speech" laboratory. Born deaf, only by great effort had he learned to speak at all, and then so unintelligibly that few people could understand his simplest words.

The scientists explained to him the purpose of their experimental device—a machine that records speech sounds, sends them through an analyzing device where they are translated into visual patterns, and then throws the pattern onto a fluorescent screen.

Communicating with the man by writing, they told him to say, "How do you do?" He did, and a pattern appeared on the screen. A scientist spoke the same phrase and the pattern was different.

The deaf man was told that he could learn to speak correctly by making his patterns conform to those of normal speech. He practiced at the laboratory every day for two months, and at the end of that time he was able to carry on a conversation.

ALTHOUGH THE BELL engineers pride themselves on advances in fundamental research, like those in physics that won a Bell scientist the Nobel prize, they never forget the practical day-to-day business of improving telephonic equipment. For example, take the problem of deciding the right size for a telephone instrument. If it is to function properly, the mouthpiece must be in front of your mouth and the receiver at your ear.

But people's facial proportions are different. The Bell engineers solved the problem by measuring hundreds of heads, large and small,

broad and narrow. Then they arrived at a compromise that literally fits everybody.

Or consider the task of making a telephone instrument durable enough to take all the punishment that subscribers can devise—which is plenty. A New York businessman, for example, was given to rages, during which he would jerk the phone loose and hurl it across the room. While the procedure is hardly approved by the telephone company, servicemen who came to reinstall the instrument reported that several such cases of violence had failed to injure it.

In Washington, D. C., a woman used a telephone to hit a holdup man on the head when he tried to keep her from calling the police. The blow knocked out the robber, but didn't hurt the instrument.

One of BTL's proudest achievements is the mobile telephone service. In certain areas you can now pick up a phone in your car and reach 96 per cent of all subscribers in the world. Yet Bell engineers hardly look upon this as a miracle, pointing out that they are old hands at the radio business, having set up regular radio-telephone service back in 1920 between Catalina Island and the California mainland. Today, they are speeding completion of plans for transmitting and receiving stations that will eventually enable them to offer auto-phone service anywhere in the U. S.

The BTL men all have a singular devotion to their work. This may be attributed partially to the way in which their employer looks after their welfare with an astonishing variety of services. It may also be attributed to the large annual budget that gives the scientists almost any equipment they desire. But most of them have a deep conviction that their work is really important to the welfare of America and the world at large.

You will find more of the same spirit in evidence throughout the vast and far-flung organization of the Telephone Company. You will find it in the switchboard girls who have stuck to their posts through fire, flood and hurricane. You will find it when linesmen go out to fight blizzards, ice and darkness to keep the wires open.

Important as technical developments may be, the A. T. & T. never forgets the words of Walter Gifford: "The people who work for us are the biggest asset we have. It is only because of them that America leads the world in telephone service!"



Working Is Easier

A COUNTERFEITER WHO makes nine cents the hard way is reported in South Dakota. The police said they were looking for someone who splits a dime and a penny, then glues half of one coin to half of the other and passes both as dimes. The counterfeiter thus gets back 20 cents on an 11-cent investment. —*United Press*



JIMMY DURANTE AT 18.

AS WE WERE

THIS IS AN ALBUM for every American. On these pages are the faces of people who today are as well known to you as members of your own family. But in their youth they were touched by destiny. They became great names in American entertainment. Now, in stories written especially for Coronet and in pictures from their own albums, they take you back to the days before they were famous, to the days when they were just the kids down the street.



Papa Bought the Instruments

—*by* GUY LOMBARDO



Twelve was a wonderful age to be. We lived in London, Ontario, then, and Papa had finally bought me the fiddle I wanted. He had also bought a little flute for Carmen and a set of drums for Lebert. Under Papa's guidance—and stern looks—we practiced every day. The boy next door, Freddie Kreitzer, played a piano—so some days Carm, Leb and I would do our practicing at his house. Then brashly we volunteered to play for a social affair at Mama's church. It wasn't a big engagement, but that was the day the music bug really bit me. We went on from there—adding boys to the band, getting bigger bookings, until finally we outgrew Canada and came to the States.



Nursery Rhymes Came First

—*by* KATE SMITH



They tell me I was full of mischief when I was three years old. Our rambling house in Washington, D. C., used to resound with the clatter I made running up and down the stairs. Even at that age I liked to sing, and though the songs were mostly nursery rhymes—usually delivered at the top of my voice—I made up in enthusiasm what I lacked in variety. I was about seven when I began taking part in church socials, but my first real engagement came the following year, 1917, singing in the Liberty Bond drives of World War I in the national capital. My small share in the color and excitement of those crowded days is one of my fondest memories of childhood.



The Day Words Failed Me

—*by* FRANK SINATRA



This picture was taken at a Christmas party that our neighborhood kids gave when I was about three years old. My mother still likes to tell about the song I had to sing at that party. I had rehearsed it for weeks, but on the Great Day the worst happened: I got through the first lines without any trouble, and then I forgot the words. I tried again and still the words wouldn't come. The audience had started to laugh when a little girl poked her head through the curtain behind me and loudly whispered the forgotten lines. All dignity, I turned to her and said, "Don't try to help me. *I know the words.*" Then while the audience roared with laughter, I finished my song.



Confessions of a Pharmacist

—*by* EDDY DUCHIN



If mother hadn't made me practice the piano when I was six, I would be filling prescriptions today. I didn't particularly want to be a pharmacist—I wanted to be a baseball player, a fireman—anything but a piano player. However, mother made certain that I practiced an hour every day. Later on I studied pharmacy and got a job as an apprentice pharmacist at $10 a week—but only four hours' work with our little dance band every Saturday night paid the same. This didn't add up. Besides, I really enjoyed playing now. So I mentally thanked mother for all the piano practicing I had done, hung up my pharmacist's smock and began making a living from music.



My Life as George Washington

—*by* LAUREN BACALL



This picture was taken while swings and I were inseparable. A short time later, when the rope gave way, I was grounded for good. I was then six, but I had already discovered the fun of dressing up. I don't think I had any notion, at that age, about being an actress. I just liked to pretend. In those days mother's green-felt hat magically changed me into George Washington. With a tablecloth thrown dramatically over my shoulders and a sandbox for a boat, I would cross the Delaware, grim, dauntless, unafraid. Of course, the inevitable happened. When I forgot to put the hat back, mother found it buried in the sandbox. Washington was never allowed to cross the Delaware again.



My First Trip to Africa

—*by* JIMMY STEWART



I remember those Buster Brown collars. The suit was all right—it was the collar that bothered me. I was about nine then—the year when I decided to become a wild-animal hunter. My father helped me to plan the trip to Africa. We were really going to bring 'em back alive. He had even gone into the back of his hardware store with me and picked out wire for cages. Then we set a date for the trip and I packed all my stuff. Did we ever go to Darkest Africa? No. Father got out of it by taking me to Atlantic City. On the way we passed a train wreck and I remember the way he convinced me that if it wasn't for the wreck, we'd have gone on our wild-animal hunt.



The World's Worst Juggler

—*by* FRED ALLEN



When this picture was taken I was known as "Freddie James, the World's Worst Juggler," and had just returned from a vaudeville tour of Australia. I had really started out to become a serious juggler, but I decided that no one ever got anywhere working with his hands. You can see how bad my juggling was—I had to add a dummy named Jake and a bit of ventriloquism to liven the act. To give you an even better idea of what I was doing, the act began with a spotlight playing on a card reading, "Mr. Allen is deaf. If you care to applaud, please do so loudly." From there I went on to explain my baggy pants: "They were made in Jersey City—I'm a bigger man there."

Uncle Sam's Air-borne Chauffeurs

by IVIN WISE

Members of the select SAM risk their lives willingly on their errands of mercy

THE TWO MEN NEAR the operations building stared upward into the murky night. The drivers of the crash truck and the ambulance stepped into their cabs and drove slowly through the thin fog to a forward position near the runway. The mechanic stood in front of the hangar, looking up.

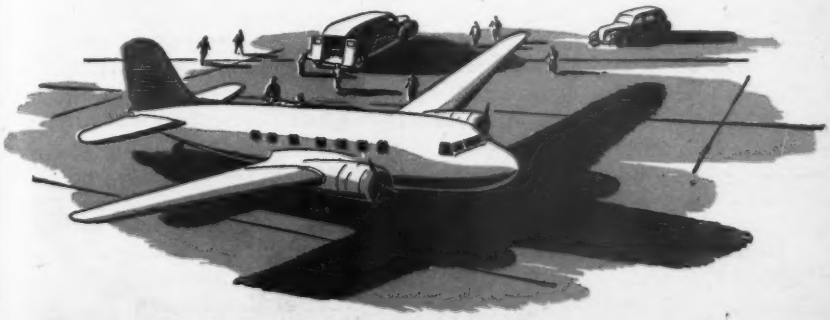
Somewhere in the soup above was a plane which had to land at this field. Suddenly over the loud-speaker came a penetrating voice: "Hello, Philadelphia, this is SAM 934 over cone at 4,000. Am I clear for a letdown into your field? Go ahead Philadelphia . . ."

"Philadelphia tower to SAM 934, you are clear for a letdown. Ceiling less than 200 with light ground fog. Use extreme caution. . . ."

The drone of the motors came through to the small group tensely waiting on the ground as the pilot started his blind descent. What fool would be attempting a landing under such conditions? Why didn't they instruct the pilot to go to a fog-free field?

The operations clerk spoke up. "That's a plane from the SAM outfit. They're bringing a little girl in here. She's got an open safety pin lodged in her lung and they want to operate as soon as they can get her to the hospital. That ambulance outside is from the hospital."

And what is the SAM outfit? "Oh,



that's an Air Force group called the Special Air Mission detachment. They come in here every once in a while, bringing in generals or Cabinet members, or maybe an emergency case like tonight's flight."

The plane came over the field and the pilot started his glide. Soon he set the two-engined C-47 on the main runway, although he was invisible from the ground until he was virtually down. Gentle hands lifted the little girl into the ambulance, and another SAM mission was completed. The child went under immediate surgery and is alive today, thanks to the flight by First Lieut. E. O. Stillie of the SAM squadron based at Marietta, Georgia.

Headquarters of SAM is at Bolling Air Force Base, Washington, D. C., where the outfit is officially known as the 16th Special Air Mission Group. Present commanding officer of the unit is Lieut. Col. Joseph W. Barron of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic young man of 32 who once was personal pilot for former Secretary of State Stettinius. A reserve officer who expects to return to civilian life within the next few years, Barron has been with SAM since its organization in 1945.

"Actually, most of us have been doing this specialized type of flying for some time," the Colonel explains, "but in March, 1945, the 16th, then known as the 35th Air Force Base Unit, was formed to correlate all the activities of individual crews flying dignitaries. For example, the personal pilot for General Marshall has been with him since 1942, but was transferred to the 16th for administration and operational control.

"Having one 'mother' unit guarantees uniform training as well as greater efficiency and standardization of equipment."

Unlike any other military unit, SAM is a hand-picked group of some 500 officers and enlisted men. Only pilots able to pass the Air Force's most grueling examinations are accepted. But before final acceptance, each is personally interviewed by the directors of personnel and operations, and then must be approved by Barron.

"We insist on this careful screening since each air-crew member will come in close contact with VIPs, meaning very important people," Barron explains. "First we assure ourselves of the applicant's flying ability. Then we gauge him as an individual. Bad habits, slovenliness, brashness and instability will kill his chances."

The purpose of the 16th is described as carrying out "special air missions assigned by the Vice-chief of the Air Staff and not ordinarily performed by regular Air Force units." Headquarters and "A" Squadron are located in the nation's capital. Other squadrons are based at Mitchel Field, New York; Hamilton Field, California; Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Orchard Place Airport, Park Ridge, Illinois; and Marietta Army Air Field.

Last year the SAM flew more than 3,500 missions, involving 20,000,000 passenger miles. Despite hazardous flights and strict schedules, the unit has never had a serious accident or lost a passenger.

Typical of the top pilots is Capt. Charles I. Bennett, Jr., of Jacksonville, Florida, operations officer for "A" squadron and formerly pilot for General Eisenhower. The huge

four-engined converted transport plane, generally made available to top military men and government dignitaries, compares to the finest civilian air liner. It has bunks for nine, hot and cold running water, a fully equipped kitchen and permanently installed electric shavers.

While the special gadgets of the "Sunflower 2nd" differ from those in regular aircraft used by SAM, an enlisted steward and galley, plus steaks and fried chicken, go with many of the craft used by VIPs, who pay for their meals.

Capt. James Bridwell of Edwardsville, Illinois, a flight leader of "A" Squadron and pilot for Field Marshal Montgomery when the Britisher visited America in 1946, recalls how the entire crew received a special briefing before picking up the famous passenger. They were warned that absolute schedules had to be maintained and that no crew member would be permitted to smoke in Monty's presence.

Later, after Monty became friendly with his crew, he explained the reason for the no-smoking rule. "I don't consider smoking wrong," he told them, "but smoke irritates my throat and causes uncontrollable coughing spells."

After several days out, Bridwell stepped back into the cabin to confer with Lieut. Gen. J. Lawton ("Lightning Joe") Collins, who was accompanying Monty on his tour. Instead of finding his passengers reading or asleep, Bridwell found Monty and "Lightning Joe" on their hands and knees in the aisle, shooting dice. Collins was teaching his interested charge the fine points of the game—and was ahead by three cigarettes and five toothpicks.

While some passengers indulge in horseplay to pass the time, most of them reflect usual habits in their behavior as SAM guests. Secretary of the Army Royall often reads his speeches aloud to some member of the crew or to one of his staff. George Marshall takes advantage of every minute by working between stops, often dictating letters to his secretary. General Hoyt Vandenberg, himself a command pilot, has "sweated out" a flight by standing between pilot and copilot during instrument flying.

WHILE FLYING DIGNITARIES is an important part of SAM's functions, the most dramatic portion of the 16th's history involves emergency or mercy flights. A few hours after the disastrous Texas City explosion in 1947, the SAM squadron at San Antonio took off with doctors, nurses and hospital equipment. They maintained constant flights in and out of Texas City, keeping the hospital units supplied with blood plasma, serums and additional nurses.

During the New England forest fires last year, the Marietta squadron flew professional fire fighters and specialized equipment from Georgia into the burning region. Previously, SAM had flown portable water-purifying units to New England towns isolated by floods.

Not long ago, someone walked off with an important Congressional bill ready for the President's signature. A substitute for the original (the Anti-inflation Bill) was hurriedly found and flown by the 16th to Massachusetts for Speaker Joe Martin's signature. The following morning, the second bill was on the

President's desk, awaiting the usual formalities.

Then there is the almost-tragic story of an Army general who refused the offer of an oxygen mask while flying at 10,000 feet, saying he was used to altitude, having been a mountain climber in his youth. He went aft to shave and the pilot started a climb to get the plane over a cloud bank. When the craft reached 19,000 feet, the steward suddenly remembered the mountain-climbing general. They found him in a state of collapse; but he quickly recovered when they applied the mask.

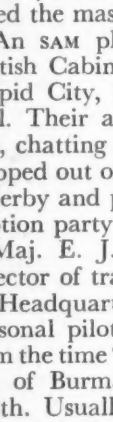
An SAM plane flying a visiting British Cabinet member landed at Rapid City, South Dakota, to refuel. Their absent-minded passenger, chatting with a crew member, stepped out of the transport clad in a derby and pajamas to meet a reception party of civic officials!

Maj. E. J. Theisen of Detroit, director of training and operations at Headquarters of the 16th, was personal pilot for General Stilwell from the time "Vinegar Joe" walked out of Burma until his untimely death. Usually, enemy shellfire or snipers' bullets failed to ruffle the slight, gray-haired man in muddy Army fatigues. But on one occasion the General was stretched out asleep on an air mattress in his plane. Theisen had to climb to pass over high terrain.

Suddenly, as the transport reached 17,000 feet, there was a terrific explosion in the cabin. The pilot rushed aft and found the General cursing and kicking the deflated mattress. At high altitude the mattress had expanded and blown up under the sleeping Stilwell.

Several years later, the original crew of Stilwell's plane had a strange reunion at a California air base. One morning they stood at attention in front of a C-47 and received a silent honor guard. The crew accepted a small box, placed it gently aboard the plane and took off on a westward course. When they were well over the Pacific, Theisen turned the controls over to his copilot and walked aft to participate in a strange ceremony.

Picking up the box, he opened it and, while the rest of the crew stood bareheaded, threw the contents into the slip stream. The box had contained the ashes of their beloved commander and friend, General Stilwell, who had requested that his remains be cast upon the Pacific.



Plain Party Politics

A YOUNG MAN was making a pre-election canvass of his town. One door was opened by a gaunt, stern woman who said curtly, "Well?"

"Is Mr. Jennings in?" he asked.

"No, he's not. What do you want of him?"

"Well, I—I just wanted to know what party he belongs to," the young man stammered.

The woman drew herself up, put her hands on her hips, and said, "Take a good look at me, young man; I'm the party he belongs to."

—LOU KUSHNER

It Began as a Cartoon

NEVER HAD SO MANY PEOPLE crowded before the Cleveland art dealer's show window. Proprietor J. F. Ryder was pleased, for it was he who had discovered the attraction, a dramatic cartoon drawn in 1875 by Archibald M. Willard, a wagon painter of Wellington, Ohio.

One onlooker read the caption and repeated slowly, "Ya-a-n-kee Doodle." Then he snorted: "Nothing comic about that!"

"No," agreed another. "It seems more patriotic to me."

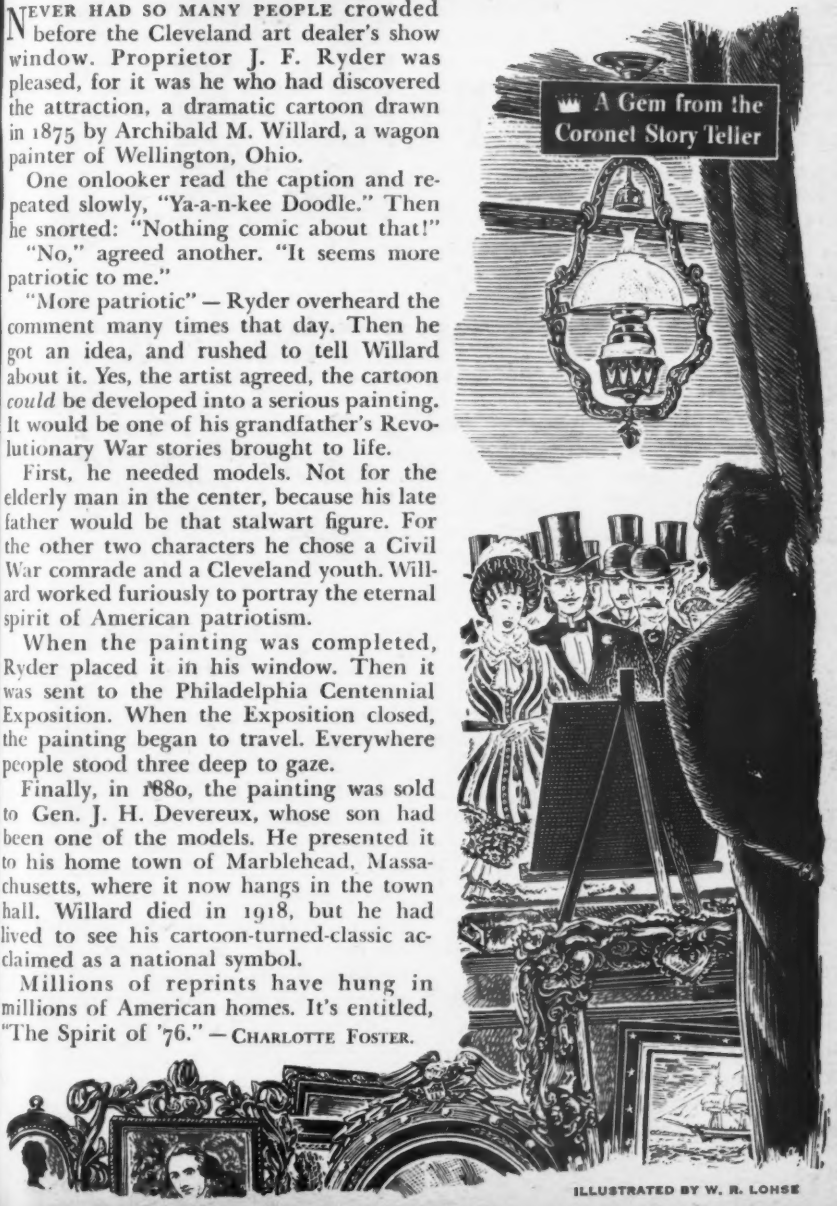
"More patriotic" — Ryder overheard the comment many times that day. Then he got an idea, and rushed to tell Willard about it. Yes, the artist agreed, the cartoon *could* be developed into a serious painting. It would be one of his grandfather's Revolutionary War stories brought to life.

First, he needed models. Not for the elderly man in the center, because his late father would be that stalwart figure. For the other two characters he chose a Civil War comrade and a Cleveland youth. Willard worked furiously to portray the eternal spirit of American patriotism.

When the painting was completed, Ryder placed it in his window. Then it was sent to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. When the Exposition closed, the painting began to travel. Everywhere people stood three deep to gaze.

Finally, in 1880, the painting was sold to Gen. J. H. Devereux, whose son had been one of the models. He presented it to his home town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, where it now hangs in the town hall. Willard died in 1918, but he had lived to see his cartoon-turned-classic acclaimed as a national symbol.

Millions of reprints have hung in millions of American homes. It's entitled, "The Spirit of '76." — CHARLOTTE FOSTER.



ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LOHSE



LEVITT Licks the Housing Shortage



by JOSEPH M. GUILFOYLE
and J. HOWARD RUTLEDGE

Undaunted by high costs and other barriers, a resourceful young builder is putting up thousands of homes for vets

LESS THAN AN HOUR'S commuting distance from the heart of bustling Manhattan, a young Long Island builder, late of the U. S. Navy's Seabees, is showing how to go about solving America's critical housing shortage.

Builders around the nation scream about barriers that stand in the way of putting up homes for veterans at a reasonable price. Local code restrictions, union featherbedding and exorbitant material prices, they say, make home construction a next-to-impossible task.

Forty-one-year-old Bill Levitt of Manhasset, Long Island, has found ways to climb over these barriers. Today, he is "the nation's biggest home builder."

Most contractors think of home construction in groups of four or five dwellings. Levitt thinks in terms of thousands. "At peak operating speed," he says, "I can complete one house every 20 minutes."

These are one-family dwellings priced to sell at $7,990. But veterans don't have to buy them. If they prefer, they can rent one of the four-room houses for $65 a month. Already 3,900 of the homes have been built; another 2,100 will be com-

pleted before the end of this year.

Levitt likes to talk about the community which he has unblushingly named Levittown: "Two years ago, it was rolling farm land in the heart of the potato country. Before Christmas, it will be a community of 25,000 people—complete with free swimming pools and ultramodern shopping centers."

How good are the houses? "I challenge any builder in the New York area to duplicate them for less than $9,500," says Levitt.

How does he do it? The story begins on a spring morning in 1947, when 1,200 veterans jammed the town hall at Hempstead, Long Island. They were in a grim mood. The community had banned basementless houses—and this ban stood between the men and the chance for shelter at a price they could pay. Shouting down the opposition of local property owners, the vets steam-rollered the town fathers into lifting the ban.

Reminiscing about the meeting in his oak-paneled office at Levitt & Sons, Bill Levitt says: "You don't think that protest meeting evolved out of thin air, do you? We told the boys that if they really wanted homes they would have to get out and fight. We spread the news by ads and word-of-mouth among veterans' groups. The boys did the rest at Town Hall."

Building homes without basements helps Levitt save about $1,000 per dwelling. And he insists that the three-inch concrete base which he installs under homes provides as much insulation from cold and dampness as any cellar.

During the most critical phase of the lumber shortage in 1947, Levitt, like other builders, was faced with the problem of paying gray-market prices if he wanted to keep going. But to do this, he would have had to increase the price of his homes. Characteristically, he found an unorthodox Levitt solution. Buying a 40 per cent interest in a Seattle lumber mill, he got 40 per cent of the output—at regular prices.

Costly? "Not at all," says Levitt, swinging in great arcs in his swivel chair and tapping cigarette ashes over the Oriental rug in his plushy office. "Including the money I paid for the interest in the mill, the lumber still cost me less than I would have had to pay in the gray market. A lot of other builders could have done the same thing."

Builders complain that union featherbedding runs up costs and that unions tend to prohibit such cost savers as paint spray guns. Many lathers, who used to nail 55 bundles a day, now knock off after finishing 35. Bricklayers lay only half the number of bricks they did before the war, builders assert.

Levitt is one builder who has no trouble with union regulations. His 3,000 construction employees belong to no union. How does he get away with it?

"For one thing," he says, "we pay our men the regular union scale or more. How much a worker gets depends on how hard he works under our incentive system. But the average mechanic makes about $90 a week. And we offer him what few other builders can—steady, year-round employment."

Oddly enough, Bill Levitt is not a builder by training. He is a lawyer, just as is his father. The elder Levitt—Abraham—started the

firm in 1929 and is still fairly active in the business. So is Bill's brother, Alfred, who is largely responsible for the fact that the Levitt homes do not have a monotonous sameness of appearance. At Levittown, there are five basic designs of houses—all products of Alfred's drawing board.

In the decade before the war, the company put up several thousand homes on Long Island, mostly in the $15,000 to $20,000 price range. After the war, Bill took over the reins and conceived the mass-building approach which is the hallmark of the firm's present operations. He was also responsible for directing the firm's attention toward the low-priced field.

"Everybody was talking about housing for the vets," he relates. "We decided to do something about it. But don't misunderstand me. We're not philanthropists. We're in business to make a profit, like everyone else—and we're doing it."

The first postwar houses were priced at $10,000. Some 1,000 of these attractive two-story, six-room dwellings were put up for veterans, sited on landscaped plots along winding roads.

Veterans stampeded to buy the houses but, recalls Levitt: "There were many who turned away feeling glum. They just couldn't afford the $80 monthly payments required to carry the houses."

So was born Levittown—a new community of basementless houses. Within a few months after announcing plans, the Levitt firm was swamped with 50,000 applications from veterans. Thus, the more than 6,000 homes which will be completed by the end of this year will only dent the potential demand.

The basementless houses have radiant heating, four good-sized rooms and space for two additional rooms and a bath in the attic. They sit on 60-by-100-foot plots, completely landscaped.

Like all Levitt dwellings, they come equipped with refrigerator, washing machine, electric range and Venetian blinds. With understandable pride, Levitt declares: "I'm a kind of General Motors of the building industry."

His analogy is not farfetched. He manufactures half his own materials. He operates his own supply center—the North Shore Supply Company — through which he bought $15,000,000 worth of other materials last year. Thus he eliminates the markup that other builders must pay to distributors.

In his own factories, he preassembles walls, roofs, stairs and plumbing units. Nails are the hardest-to-get items, but he solved this problem by making his own.

A while back, realizing that the nail shortage was going to last, Levitt bought a number of second-hand nail-making machines, purchased a building to house them, and put a half-dozen employees to work on the machines. As a result, he is now getting enough nails to meet 95 per cent of this year's requirements.

Levitt long ago gave up his interest in the Seattle lumber mill. He wanted a mill of his own—one big enough to meet all lumber needs. So he built his own mill in California last year, and from it he gets 600,000 board feet a week—enough for 100 homes.

Levitt moans about the prices he has to pay for other materials and

equipment. "All plumbing fixtures are billed from manufacturer to distributor to dealer to builder. Each makes a profit, and yet on all fixtures we receive, the shipment comes direct from the manufacturer to our own siding."

This round robin of markups is typical not only of plumbing fixtures but of heating equipment as well, he declares. But he recently drove a wedge into this hard front. "We found a manufacturer of heating equipment who was willing to ship direct from the factory and charge the factory price. Now we save 33 1/3 per cent."

Levitt thinks there will be more of this sort of thing as competition becomes keener among manufacturers. He says: "The heating-equipment manufacturer whom I dropped has come knocking at my door again, offering me a better deal on his product if I give the business back to him."

ON THE BUILDING SITE, Levitt's operation resembles industry's assembly line. But there is one essential difference: the product doesn't move. Instead, the men move from job to job. At the site, trucks drop the complete "package" for each house—not a nail more or less. Assembly crews move from site to site and erect the houses from the "packages."

Watching the hundreds of his field staff in operation is like trying to follow a dozen three-ring circuses. As many as 600 houses are under construction at one time. Here a crew is running up walls; another group is installing staircases; still another is putting in window casements.

Normal building procedure consists of 26 operations. Under the Levitt method, these are broken down still further—to 100. A carpenter, for example, doesn't hammer staircases into place and then move to hanging doors. He does just the one job; another carpenter does the other.

Bricklayers are assigned to finishing the identical section of masonry in each house. Plumbers are delegated to fit the same connections in house after house.

A couple of men do nothing but caulk windows. But there are enough dwellings under construction to keep both hopping all day. Everything is done on a split-second basis. Completion of the houses follows a timetable.

Levitt, of course, is not the nation's only mass builder. There are others, including the Kaiser Community Homes, headed by Henry Kaiser, who put shipbuilding on a mass-production basis during the war, and Fritz Burns, veteran California developer. Out of Washington, D. C., the Byrne Organization runs a kind of road-show building operation. It has portable factories which it moves to different cities for large-scale building projects. From these factories—they are actually big Quonset huts—come entire walls and roofs, sheathed and shingled, ready for the building crews to fasten together.

Levitt's successful business formula is a mixture of diplomacy and the mailed fist. He plied both in the field of human relations when a group of dissident veterans protested the change in name of his community from Island Trees, as it had been known, to Levittown. But Bill

Levitt was adamant. "I wanted the new name as a kind of monument to my family. And, by gosh, I wasn't going to brook any interference," he explains.

The diplomacy showed up when he appealed to what he calls the "fair play" of the insurgents. He asked leading questions: "Aren't you happy? Where else could you get a home for as little? Haven't I solved your housing problem at a most critical time?"

That weakened some of the group. But others remained firm. That was the signal for Levitt to uncover the mailed fist.

"The Levitt Company owns the property," he told the veterans. "We can call it anything we like. If you don't like it, you don't have to stay here."

The truth is, most residents are quite happy about everything concerned with Levittown. They are rapidly becoming a self-sufficient community with shopping centers. For summertime enjoyment, the inhabitants can bathe free in two big swimming pools, set amidst spacious lawns and clipped flowers. There is a fine air-conditioned movie house, and bowling alleys for handy recreation.

The Levitt fame is spreading rapidly across the country. The city of Atlanta would like him to build a Southern version of Levittown within its borders. Madison, Wisconsin, has also extended a bid to bring his mass-building technique to that place.

But Bill Levitt will probably remain in his own back yard of Long Island. He says: "There's enough building demand in the New York metropolitan area to keep me busy for years to come."

Wise and Otherwise

No horse can go as fast as the money you bet on him.
—Oscar Sattinger

It's not difficult to meet expenses these days. You meet 'em every time you turn around.
—H. J. Higdon in *Walker Log*

A foot on the brake is worth two in the grave.

When a man is running for Congress you are a friend. When he is elected, you are a constituent. When he is legislating, you are a taxpayer. —*Phoenix Flame*

Ring Lardner's description of a young baseball player in love: "He'd give her a look you could pour on a waffle."—*Tales of Hoffman*

Money may buy a fine dog, but only love will make him wag his tail. —*Thoughts While Shaving* by Neal O'Hara, *Waverly Housz*

Yesterday is a canceled check; tomorrow is a promissory note; today is ready cash; spend it—wisely. —Dennis Forger

If "clothes make the man," why are lifeguards so popular?
—Henry Hasse

IN THE LINE OF DUTY—NO. 3 OF A SERIES

by HENRY LEE

The Cop Who Wouldn't Shoot First



In a desperate gun duel aboard a crowded bus, a gallant young officer joined the ranks of New York's greatest heroes

EXCEPT FOR ONE disquieting thought, life seemed rich and safe and peaceful to young Patrolman Daniel B. Murphy. He was only 28 and very much in love, and after coming out of the Army unscathed, he knew he had much to be thankful for.

As he sauntered along the Avenue of the Americas in New York, he thought of his young bride, blonde, blue-eyed Viola. Daughter of a dead policeman, she spoke a cop's language and had learned, from her mother, how to be a good wife to a cop. Now, she'd just told him, she expected a baby. Murphy's mind, racing years ahead, thought of the old cops who proudly hand on their low-number shields to their sons...

Unnoticed by Murphy, a swarthy young man in a powder-blue suit strolled into a jewelry store at West 43rd Street and the Avenue of the Americas...

Besides everything else, Murphy thought, he was attached to the smart, alert Midtown Squad composed of personable young policemen. And he'd even beaten the housing shortage!

After weary months of pounding the apartment beat, while they lived with Viola's mother in Brooklyn, he had at last found a small apartment. Viola had already given up her office job to become a full-time wife and mother. This was Monday. In four more days, on Friday, they'd have a home of their own . . .

In the jewelry store, the swarthy youth

was pretending to examine a diamond ring with a jeweler's magnifying glass...

Only one thing bothered Murphy. Some place near him in crowded midtown, a gun-happy bandit had been operating. Recently he'd held up a pedestrian on Fifth Avenue in daylight. Then, brandishing his gun, the bandit had fled through a terrorized department store and made his escape by commandeering a bus.

It was the same flight path used by the "Mad Dog" Esposito brothers, two of New York's most vicious criminals. They, too, had once escaped through the same store and had jeopardized the lives of passers-by with wild shots. But they'd been caught and dragged, frothing in fright, to the electric chair—for the murder of a cop, Murphy remembered grimly.

He wouldn't particularly like to go up against their successor in crime, he thought. Especially during this pleasant July lunch hour when so many innocent people were strolling, window-shopping and feeding the pigeons in prim little Bryant Park. Too many of them might get hurt.

Impatiently, Murphy dismissed the thought. A good cop doesn't borrow trouble. He just keeps himself prepared to meet it...

IF, A FEW MINUTES LATER, their destinies hadn't collided with such finality, Policeman Murphy might have found he had a lot in common with the swarthy youth in the powder-blue suit.

Like him, Joseph N. Fernandez, 23, had been a soldier. During the Pacific fighting he'd been wounded. Like Murphy, he had a pretty young wife, brunette Dolores, 20, who worried about him a great deal. He, too, had just learned that he was to become a father.

There the similarity between the two men ended. While the Murphys were house hunting, Fernandez had come up from Florida to try his luck in the big town. He carried with him two guns, a blackjack, a large trench knife and a second knife fashioned from a bayonet. Dolores didn't know that.

Fernandez had a long record of arrests back home for rape, hijacking, assault and larceny, but Dolores had married him three years before—over the objections of her parents—thinking that she could reform him. And she thought that she was succeeding...

And then something happened suddenly, on this July day of 1947...

Fernandez pawed a tray in the jewelry store, grabbing a $10,000 diamond ring. Then he fled into the Avenue of the Americas, shouldering the crowds. Behind him came the two owners of the store, yelling "Holdup!"

Murphy was less than a block away when he saw the running figure in the powder-blue suit. From this safe distance, he might have brought Fernandez down with his service revolver, but he didn't dare shoot because of the noontime throngs. Instead, he sprinted after the fugitive.

Fernandez darted across the Avenue of the Americas between heavy traffic. Murphy, dodging trucks and taxis, pounded after him, closing the distance.

On 42nd Street, a bus had stopped to take on two more women passengers. Fernandez leaped aboard,

and one of the women went sprawling in the aisle.

Murphy hurled himself into the bus. Guns out, cop and fugitive stood five feet apart in the narrow aisle, but Murphy still held his fire. Trapped in there with him were 40 frightened passengers. One of them was a young mother with a baby in her arms.

Murphy decided to take Fernandez the hard, dangerous way. With his left hand, he chopped Fernandez' gun arm, and the .22-caliber pistol dropped harmlessly to the floor of the bus. As Fernandez staggered, Murphy hauled him out the door. Then Fernandez pulled out a second gun.

"I'm going to let you have it!" he cried.

The bus seemed suddenly to explode into sound. Passengers screamed in fright, cowering under their seats, and the driver leaned desperately on his horn to summon help. The .32-caliber revolver roared four times. Firing point-blank, Fernandez put three of the slugs into Murphy's chest...

"I smelled smoke and felt sharp pains," Murphy says simply. "I thought I was done for."

His hold loosened and Fernandez backed away swiftly, hoping to escape by the center door. Now, Murphy knew, he had to shoot.

His face jerked in pain and his gun arm shook. He steadied himself slowly. Then he knew it was no good. He couldn't fire without hitting a passenger.

Murphy got out of the bus and walked alongside it to the center door. He spotted the bandit and fired through the window at him. Somehow, he climbed up the steps and came face to face with the desperate gunman.

By now, Murphy was sagging in weakness, but his gun hand didn't waver. He fired his last two bullets, then he sank to the floor. Fernandez, drilled through the head and chest, died instantly.

A sight-seeing guide carried Murphy from the bus, and policemen in a radio car raced him to Roosevelt Hospital. The frightened passengers tumbled out of the bus, leaving hats, pocketbooks and shopping parcels, and disappeared into the crowd of 10,000.

Said a girl who had boarded the bus before Fernandez: "I was pushed to the floor, and everybody began to scream. When I got up, my skirt and stockings were torn, and I saw blood. Everybody ran, and so did I. I just want to forget it, like a bad dream."

Said another woman who had boarded at the same corner: "I sat next to the woman with a baby in her arms. The bandit stopped right at my elbow and began shooting. It was the most awful experience I have ever had."

FOR MURPHY, THE FIGHT wasn't over. He remained on the operating table three hours, and for a while surgeons didn't know whether he'd pull through. In all, he spent 27 days, including his 29th birthday, in the hospital; but some of them, he thinks now, weren't so bad because even the biggest, busiest city in the world will take time out to applaud selfless courage.

Right after the shooting, Police Commissioner Arthur W. Wallander, head of New York's 17,000 cops, visited his bedside. Eight days

later, when Murphy could sit up, Wallander came back with an important visitor.

While Wallander beamed, Mayor O'Dwyer gave Murphy a certificate of commendation for "gallantry in action." Then he pinned a detective's badge on the policeman's bed jacket. The promotion to Second Grade Detective carried with it a $500 yearly raise, making Murphy's salary $4,400.

Then Murphy was named 306th winner of the Hero Award sponsored by the *Daily News*, and while his mother, Mrs. Frances Murphy, looked on, Wallander came back to the hospital to hand the newspaper's $100 check to Murphy's wife. A radio show, *Call the Police*, gave him a heroism award, and the bus company presented him with a wrist watch and his wife with a $100 government bond.

From Tampa, Florida, Viola Murphy received a telegram that made her cry a little. The message read: "We wish to express our deepest regrets for the tragedy caused by our son and to convey our sincere hopes for the complete and speedy recovery of your husband."

It was signed by the father and mother of the man Murphy had so reluctantly killed. In return, he wrote them a simple, consoling note to say that a priest had been near the scene and had given conditional absolution to their son.

But the thing Murphy has treasured most is the understanding praise of Mayor O'Dwyer, who once pounded a beat himself as a New York cop.

"As an old-time policeman, I know what you were up against, Dan," ex-cop O'Dwyer told Murphy. "There was no time for reasoning. It was a split-second decision guided by your instincts—and you have the instincts that make a truly great policeman!"

Piscatorial Landlubber



THE SMITHSONIAN Institution has known for some time that the *clarias batrachus* of Siam is a mighty queer fish. When he gets bored with the water, he goes gallivanting around on land.

This fish's dry-land activity is so pronounced that the natives call him *pla duk dam* which, when translated literally, means dull-colored wriggling fish.

The natives are referring to the fish's gait while it is traipsing about on the land. For the *pla duk dam* has been seen going down dusty roads, across well-kept lawns, even on busy thoroughfares.

One of these fish was found walking around in Bangkok. The late Dr. Hugh McCormick Smith of the Smithsonian Institution, who was living in those parts, took the fish home and placed it in a jar of water. The next morning the jar was empty. The fish had gotten out, dropped from a table to the floor, passed through a short corridor, traversed a large exhibit room, gone down a hallway, and was at the front door when Dr. Smith discovered it. Dr. Smith let the *pla duk dam* out. He felt it deserved its freedom.—HAROLD HELFER



IS RIGHT RIGHT OR IS LEFT RIGHT?



Do you know your right hand from your left? Do you know what's right, what's left from right, what's left if right is right? As you look at the following you have one choice—"left" or "right." Count ten points for each correct answer. Sixty is fair, up to eighty is good and over eighty is excellent. Answers on page 126.

1. On shipboard, which side is starboard when you face the bow (front) of the ship?

2. Remember the little monkeys that speak no evil, hear no evil and see no evil? Which one *speaks* no evil?

3. In which hand does the Statue of Liberty hold her torch?

4. In a book, the odd numbers are always on what side?

5. Which way does the buffalo on a buffalo nickel face?

6. In baseball, a "southpaw" is a player who uses which hand?

7. On which side of a pay telephone is the coin-return box?

8. Cowboys know the answer to this one: on which side of a horse should you always mount?

9. Any schoolboy knows that Venus de Milo's arms are missing. But which one is gone altogether?

10. If your geography is good, you'll know where Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama are on the map. But where among the three is Georgia?

11. Superstition requires that you throw salt over which shoulder when you spill it?

12. Man or woman, do you know on which side of the wearer is the ribbon bow on a man's hat?

13. Farmers will find this one a snap: on which side of a cow do you sit when milking her?

14. On which side of a railroad locomotive's cab does the engineer usually sit?

15. Husbands and wives, what's the answer to this one: on which side of the bride does the groom stand at the altar?

Sudden Death from the Sky



by MADELYN WOOD

Our planet is being bombarded daily by millions of meteorites capable of destroying man's proudest cities with a single blow

DISASTER CAME WITHOUT warning. A frightful roar filled the air and the skies above New York City were suddenly lit with ghastly radiance. A moment later there was the titanic scream of a huge missile dropping onto the helpless city.

The shattered remains of skyscrapers leaped into the air. Giant spurts of flame burst from a thousand different spots. A wall of searing air raced outward, smashing ships at sea, leveling buildings in New Jersey and Connecticut.

In Chicago, in London, even in far-off Sydney, the seismographs indicated a major earthquake. Meanwhile a stunned world heard the news: not a human being left alive in the flaming ruins of Greater New York—tens of thousands more injured within a 50-mile radius.

In Washington, the President hurried to the microphone to reassure a panic-stricken people. This was *not* the start of a dread atomic

war. No human had launched the monster against New York. It was a bomb from the blue, a giant from space, a supermeteorite. . . .

Yes, disaster *could* happen that way. A great piece of rock and iron could come screaming out of space to smash Manhattan into rubble. Science knows such monsters have already slammed into our planet. But they did not create the greatest holocaust in history because they landed in uninhabited places, or before the earth was as populous as it is now. Look, for example, at what happened in Siberia in 1908.

In that year, a stolid, unimaginative Siberian farmer, S. B. Semenov, became an actor in one of nature's most terrifying dramas. While resting on his porch he suddenly became conscious of a great light. The heavens seemed to be on fire.

Then the light disappeared, and great darkness came over the sky, accompanied by a weird, brooding silence. Semenov was vaguely conscious that the silence became an earth-shaking roar and that he was being hurled from the porch. When he regained consciousness, all the windows in his house were broken, and a great strip had been torn out of the ground.

About 40 miles away, the greatest meteorite of modern times had crashed into the wilderness between the Yenisei and Lena Rivers. At the scene a herd of reindeer had been grazing peacefully; in a moment they had vanished, leaving only a few charred carcasses as mute evidence of the holocaust. In a ring about 25 miles in diameter, all the trees in the dense forest were snapped like matchsticks. In that ghastly circle, not a living thing, plant or animal, survived the onslaught by the incandescent mass from space.

Cataclysmic as was the event, it was a long time before the world had an inkling of its magnitude. In Jena, Germany, more than 3,000 miles away, and at other places, seismographs indicated an earthquake. In England, strange disturbances in air pressure showed up on barographic records. People all over Europe marveled at the strangely beautiful sunsets, some a brilliant green, some golden-red, some bright yellow. Scientists did not know at the time that they were caused by dust from outer space.

Science gradually realized that a great meteorite had struck. But it was not until 1927, 19 years later, that a full-scale scientific expedition set out to find the crater. These men fought their way through hundreds of miles of wilderness and finally stood awe-struck at the scene of destruction. What they found was not one crater, but many. Some of the damage had been done by fiery-hot gases which surrounded the meteorite and started fires when it hit the ground.

Today, buried behind the Iron Curtain of the Soviets, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of meteorites that could have destroyed any of the great cities on earth had they chanced to strike the right spot.

EVERY 24 HOURS A FANTASTIC number of meteors flashes into our atmosphere. Fortunately, only a few of the millions of daily visitors from space actually reach the earth. Most of them come hurtling into the blanket of atmosphere at speeds up to 158,400 miles an hour and

burn themselves out high in the air. But a few are so big, or are moving so "slowly," that they escape this fate and smash into the earth.

Furious as is this daily bombardment from space, the chances that any inhabited spot will be struck are pretty small. However, there are cases on record, such as the one which occurred in 1860 in Ohio. One day at noon, the citizens of New Concord saw peculiar black specks overhead. There was a roar, a puff of smoke, then explosions that sounded like cannon fire. Scores of black stones showered down over the countryside.

Near Cabin Creek, Arkansas, in 1886, a housewife cooking a meal heard a tremendous roaring sound. In her fright she ran from the home. Seventy-five yards away, the top of a large pine tree fell to the ground. Later, a 107-pound meteorite was dug up at the spot.

In 1890, a Kansas farmer napping under his wagon was aroused by a brilliant flash, followed by a roar like thunder. He rolled from under the wagon in time to see a huge black object hit the ground a few feet away, spraying dirt over his body. He found a 188-pound meteorite embedded in the soil.

Strangely enough, most of the meteorites that get through the earth's atmosphere are cold when they hit the ground. For untold centuries, they have been wandering through the stark, ultimate cold of outer space. Yet they spend only a few seconds in their dash through the atmosphere—not long enough to get hot all the way through.

What are meteorites made of? Scientists put meteorites into three broad groups: the stony, the iron and the stony-iron. Platinum, copper, carbon, magnesium, chromium and cobalt are just a few of the substances contained in meteorites. But despite stories of precious metals and diamonds, no quantity of metal of any commercial value has ever been found, and the diamonds are so small they can be seen only with a microscope.

Where do these blazing visitors come from? The accepted theory is that meteors travel close to or as part of the nucleus of comets. Sometimes, in their dash through space, they become separated from the comets. As they near the earth, gravity draws them into our orbit.

Since seven-eighths of the earth's surface is water, some of the biggest meteorites have plunged into the seas, never to be found. In 1913, residents of Saskatchewan saw the sky lit up by a brilliant procession of huge fireballs, which went racing eastward over Ontario, getting brighter as they went. There were strange earth tremors and violent explosions as they passed. Oddly enough, the meteors weren't seen as they soared across the United States. They were last observed over Bermuda, racing out to sea.

GETTING METEORITES into museums and other places where they can be studied by scientists sometimes involves superhuman labors. A striking example is the story of Admiral Peary's mighty battle with three Cape York meteorites. In 1894, when he visited North Greenland, the famous polar explorer heard of the "Iron Mountain." The Eskimos showed him tools made of pieces chipped from the "mountain." When Peary per-

suaded them to take him to it, he recognized it as three huge meteorites, weighing 38 tons.

Peary returned to civilization determined to find a way of bringing this great trophy back to aid the cause of science. The next year he brought back the two smaller ones. Three years later he returned for the largest. Somehow his ship had to get close in, then a bridge had to be constructed from shore to deck. And always there was the problem of surging tides.

Using giant timbers and railroad rails, the undaunted Peary and his men built the bridge. Then, with block and tackle, they began to move the huge mass. At last it was aboard ship, but during the long loading process a new menace had appeared. Ice was forming offshore.

"Try to smash through," Peary commanded.

The ship rammed full-speed into the ice, shuddered from stem to stern, then stopped.

"Again," said Peary.

Finally the floes gave way and the ship plunged through, while huge blocks of ice tumbled onto the deck. The Cape York meteorites are now in the Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, where millions of visitors have viewed them.

Scientists have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars exploring the biggest meteorite treasure-trove—the great crater in Arizona. There are no written records of it, but undoubtedly there were men in Arizona when a giant from space came hurtling out of the void to rock the whole earth. There was a tremendous mass of flame, a roaring sound that could be heard for miles around, then a violent, earth-shaking crash, followed by withering flame and rising clouds of dust.

Today you can walk over this spot of destruction, between Winslow and Flagstaff. What you see is an immense crater, nearly a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep, a grim monument to what can happen when a meteorite strikes.

Scientists have assumed that what hit this spot was not a single giant stone, but a swarm of them, traveling close together. Altogether they weighed millions of tons, and struck with enough force to bore through more than 2,000 feet of solid rock, turning it to power.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST meteorite or cluster of meteorites to be indicated by evidence thus far found may have fallen in the area that is now North and South Carolina, perhaps including parts of Georgia and Virginia.

Evidence of this startling event was discovered a few years ago by Dr. F. A. Melton, a geologist of the University of Oklahoma, who was studying aerial photographs taken for a timber survey. What showed up in these photographs was a collection of huge elliptical depressions in the surface of the coastal plain. Seen from the ground, they had always appeared to be natural formations, but from the air they had the appearance of large impact scars, some of them more than two miles across.

That was enough for Dr. Melton and an associate whom he invited to help solve the problem—Dr. William Schriever, a physicist of the University of Oklahoma. Promptly they hurried East, and when they

had pieced the puzzle together they had a vivid picture of what may have happened one terrible day thousands of years ago.

Thundering out of the skies above the Pacific came a brilliant ball of fire, growing larger and larger until it looked brighter than the sun itself. As it passed eastward, screaming over the Rocky Mountains and then over the Western Plains, it was so large that it filled the sky with a lurid, roaring flame. Traveling at something like 150,000 miles an hour, it crashed into the earth.

The whole planet reeled. Forests were flattened and burst into flames. Through a vast region, all life perished, consumed by fire, withered by heat, crushed by shock waves or shattered by a hail of hot rocks. Perhaps 100,000 square miles were turned into a frightful inferno of death and destruction.

Is that the way it happened? Scientists don't know for certain. Mankind can only hope that, rushing through the remote depths of space, there is no such giant remnant of a dead star which, in the cosmic scheme of things, bears the label, *Target: Earth.*

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Order, Please! (Quiz on page 63)

1. d-a-c-e-b; 2. e-b-d-c-a; 3. e-a-b-d-c; 4. b-a-c-d-e; 5. d-b-c-e-a; 6. e-b-a-d-c; 7. e-a-d-b-c; 8. a-c-b-e-d; 9. d-e-a-c-b; 10. e-d-a-c-b; 11. c-a-d-e-b; 12. a-e-d-b-c; 13. e-c-a-b-d; 14. e-d-c-b-a; 15. e-c-b-d-a; 16. e-d-b-a-c; 17. c-d-a-b-e; 18. b-c-d-a-e; 19. d-b-a-c-e; 20. c-b-a-d-e.

Hinky-Pinkies (Quiz on page 91)

For Beginners: 1. smug thug; 2. fried bride; 3. quiet riot; 4. sobbin' dobbin; 5. bony crony; 6. fragrant vagrant; 7. rudest nudist; 8 nimble thimble; 9. foxy proxy; 10. frail pail.

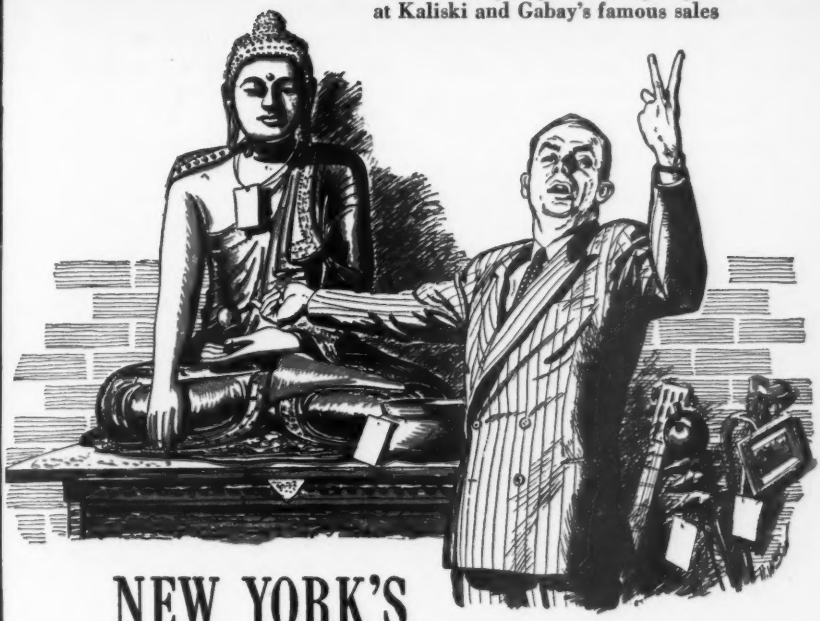
For Moderates: 1. chunky flunky; 2. terse nurse; 3. bitter sitter; 4. ochre stoker; 5. bantam phantom; 6. trite sprite; 7. majestic domestic; 8. wary fairy; 9. (a) dank plank; (b) moist joist; (c) damp ramp; 10. (a) viscous meniscus; (b) gummy tummy.

For Experts: 1. punic tunic; 2. tactile dactyle; 3. stygian pigeon; 4. tensile pencil; 5. inept adept; 6. hirsute pursuit; 7. gyrant tyrant; 8. myriad period; 9. chic sheik; 10. gored gourd.

Is Right Right or Is Left Right? (Quiz on page 121)

1. right; 2. right; 3. right; 4. right; 5. left; 6. left; 7. left; 8. left; 9. left; 10. right; 11. left; 12. left; 13. right; 14. right; 15. right.

There's always a good show going on at Kaliski and Gabay's famous sales



NEW YORK'S Fantastic House of Auction

by CLIVE HOWARD

TO THE AUCTION FAN, the house of Kaliski and Gabay is the equivalent of Madison Square Garden to the boxing enthusiast. Every year for the past 40 years, this Manhattan firm has been knocking down to the highest bidder more than $1,000,000 worth of merchandise, ranging from moose heads to mink coats, and including an enormous brass Buddha which contained a fortune in hidden jewels.

Kaliski's is often compared to Christie's of London, the most famous auction room in the world. Like Christie's, the New York firm shuns such modern appurtenances as engraved catalogues, uniformed attendants and swank trappings. Kaliski's is one of the few remaining auction rooms where the walls are still painted brick-red, trademark of the old-time auction house.

Under Kaliski's hammer have gone the estates of President Wilson and theater magnate David Belasco, as well as the furnishings of the historic United States Hotel at Saratoga, New York. Even on the dullest week the barnlike first floor at

88 University Place becomes filled with a queer and exotic collection of items. There will be secondhand egg beaters, Oriental rugs, paper-backed novels, rare paintings and tapestries, television sets and used juke boxes.

On Fridays and Saturdays, up to 500 people crowd the auction room, including customers who have to stop bidding when the price reaches $3 and wealthy collectors who are prepared to go into the thousands. Leon Kaliski, the tall, sturdy young man who has inherited the post of chief auctioneer, tries to keep the bidding paced so as to sell 100 items an hour. The action is fast and furious, with amateurs shouting their bids from all over the floor.

Probably the chief thing that lures auction fans to Kaliski and Gabay is its complete informality. Some old customers have formed the Kaliski Club, which meets for lunch before the Saturday auctions. Like inveterate fishermen, they talk about the number and quality of bargains they have wrested from one another at Kaliski's.

For as long as the oldest customer can remember, Richard Gabay, a courtly Southerner who is one of the original partners, has been standing near the front door greeting customers. Just before the auction stand is a gentle-faced little man known only as Richie, who has been selling apples and chocolate bars at Kaliski's almost from the day it opened.

When Kaliski's is assigned to sell the fittings of a bankrupt business firm, or the household furnishings of an estate, it puts every item up for sale exactly as found. Nothing is polished or even dusted before it goes on the block. Thus the buyer never really knows what to expect of a purchase. A dusty painting may turn out to be an old master or just something splashed together by a grade-school boy. A violin may be a Stradivarius or it may have a tone like an angry cat.

Customers are forever finding odd items in the drawers of furniture they buy at Kaliski's — old coins, old watches, bridgework, love letters. The most sensational find of all resulted from the sale of a brass Buddha, 12 feet high and weighing about a ton. In trying to maneuver his prize through the narrow door of his shop, the dealer who bought it disturbed a secret compartment which flew open and revealed a fortune in gems.

Another customer, a physician, once gambled $12 on a portrait which bore the signature of the British artist Sully. Since no such painting was listed among Sully's works, the physician was well aware of the possibility of fraud. However, he located Sully's granddaughter, who owned the artist's diary, and in the book was mention of the painting. It was a working model of a portrait that Sully had planned of Queen Victoria.

On the spot, the granddaughter offered the physician $1,500 for the portrait. He turned it down. More recently, he received an offer of $7,500. But the portrait still hangs in the physician's home—his most prized possession.

The biggest sale ever conducted on Kaliski's Manhattan premises involved the Belasco estate, which in storage occupied 65 warehouse rooms. Even larger was the sale of the United States Hotel furnishings,

conducted at Saratoga. It took four days to auction off the four miles of carpeting, plus all the items from several hundred rooms.

IN THE AUCTION BUSINESS, it is axiomatic that a firm's success depends on the personality of its chief auctioneer, who must combine the talents of actor, salesman and psychologist. Arthur Kaliski, who founded the company with Gabay in 1906, was one of the best-known auctioneers of his time. He believed that a man didn't belong in the auction business unless he had a great love for fine things.

To keep the auction customers entertained and in a buying mood, Kaliski often injected light sarcasm into his running talk. After growing ecstatic over the gifted technique of an artist whose painting was up for sale, he would tell the buyer:

"That painting is not worth a cent to anyone—except the artist or maybe his mother."

Whenever a piano was up for sale, everyone who entered the bidding had to strike a few notes, no matter how badly he played. This unorthodox procedure attracted hundreds of people who came to be entertained. As one old customer said, "Vaudeville isn't dead, it's just hiding out down at Kaliski's."

In large part, Arthur Kaliski was responsible for the number of antique shops which have sprung up in New York. In his son's office is a carton brimming with the uncollected accounts of many of the people who run these shops. Although auction is a cash business, Arthur carried many of these accounts for years, refusing to take any legal action to collect.

"We're casting bread upon the waters," he liked to say. "Some day it will all come back to us."

The customers at Kaliski's are as interesting as the items for sale. One is a sculptor who specializes in prints. Picking them up for a dollar or two, he often finds an original which can be resold for as much as $50. The profit is pin money compared to his income, but he says, "Buying at auction provides a double thrill. You get something for a lot less than its original cost and you get it by winning a contest of wills with other bidders."

Recently a woman bought an Oriental rug of unusual design for $75. When it was delivered, she decided she did not like her bargain and, in accordance with Kaliski's policy, the rug was returned.

Next Saturday, it went up for sale again. Again the woman was in the audience, but she paid no attention until someone called a bid of $75. When the bidding passed $100, she raised her hand for the first time. From that point on, she was an aggressive bidder and finally got the rug back for $150.

Leon Kaliski, who presides on the auction block today, was predestined to follow in his father's footsteps. In his childhood, practically everything he owned, including the net on the family's tennis court, came from the auction house. During vacations he prowled through the musty old buildings, and by the time he was 20 he could recognize good period furniture, distinguish original paintings from copies, and tell by looking at a book how much it would bring at auction.

Leon has an abiding enthusiasm for certain types of period furniture

and for native American art, and on occasion his taste has cost the firm money. Once he paid a high price for a shipment of period furniture which he thought was so beautiful that his customers would take it off his hands at a big profit. The customers, however, did not share his enthusiasm.

IN LEON'S BUSINESS, luring buyers is the least of all problems. The big job is getting material to sell. Kaliski and Gabay are pledged by tradition to hold two sales a week. By Thursday morning, when everything is on display for people planning to attend the Friday and Saturday sales, there must be at least 1,000 items on hand. By Saturday evening every item will have been sold, regardless of price, and the job begins all over again.

To accomplish this requires the services of Leon Kaliski and six buyers. For small lots (anything from an old trunk to the furnishings of an apartment) they depend on free-lance tipsters who canvass door to door. For the big assignments—the contents of an estate or the fittings of a bankrupt business—they usually have to compete with other concerns. The auctioneer who makes the highest estimate gets the job.

Mostly, Kaliski's depends on friendly dealers for information about the whereabouts of salable goods. A telephone call from an antique dealer recently sent Leon to San Francisco where he contracted with a lighting manufacturer for the sale of thousands of lamps and fixtures. In the same week, one buyer was in Washington, D. C., arranging to auction the office equipment of a doctor who was retiring. A dealer had referred the doctor to Kaliski's. Another buyer was in Boston, where a dealer had told Kaliski's about a private art collection that was for sale.

In some cases, the helpful dealer's name is represented in the carton of uncollected accounts in Leon Kaliski's office. Thus, the bread that Leon's father cast upon the waters of the auction business years ago returns to the premises of Kaliski and Gabay.



Thoughts to Live By

Your education has been a failure—no matter how much it has done for your mind—if it has failed to open your heart.

• • •

Show me a young man lost in his work and I will show you a man who has found his future.

• • •

It requires courage to admit that our accomplishments are not entirely due to our own abilities.

—From *Thoughts To Live By*, by J. A. ROZENKRANZ, *Abingdon-Cokesbury Press*



Picture Story

The Thirst for Knowledge

MAN HAS CONSTANTLY sought food and warmth, freedom and beauty – the elusive intangible called contentment. Linked inseparably to this search has been his never-ending hunger for knowledge – the same insatiable hunger that once guided a courageous navigator beyond the earth's last known horizon to the discovery of a whole new world – America. Today, we are the inheritors of that world – free to learn, to experiment, to seek the truth that has made America great. Though we look back with pride on yesterday's conquests of the unknown, our endless search has given each of us a feeling of personal enrichment, a keen anticipation of what tomorrow will bring. Now, in the inspiring photographs on these pages, Coronet records the unquenchable thirst for knowledge that will be a part of us as long as we live.





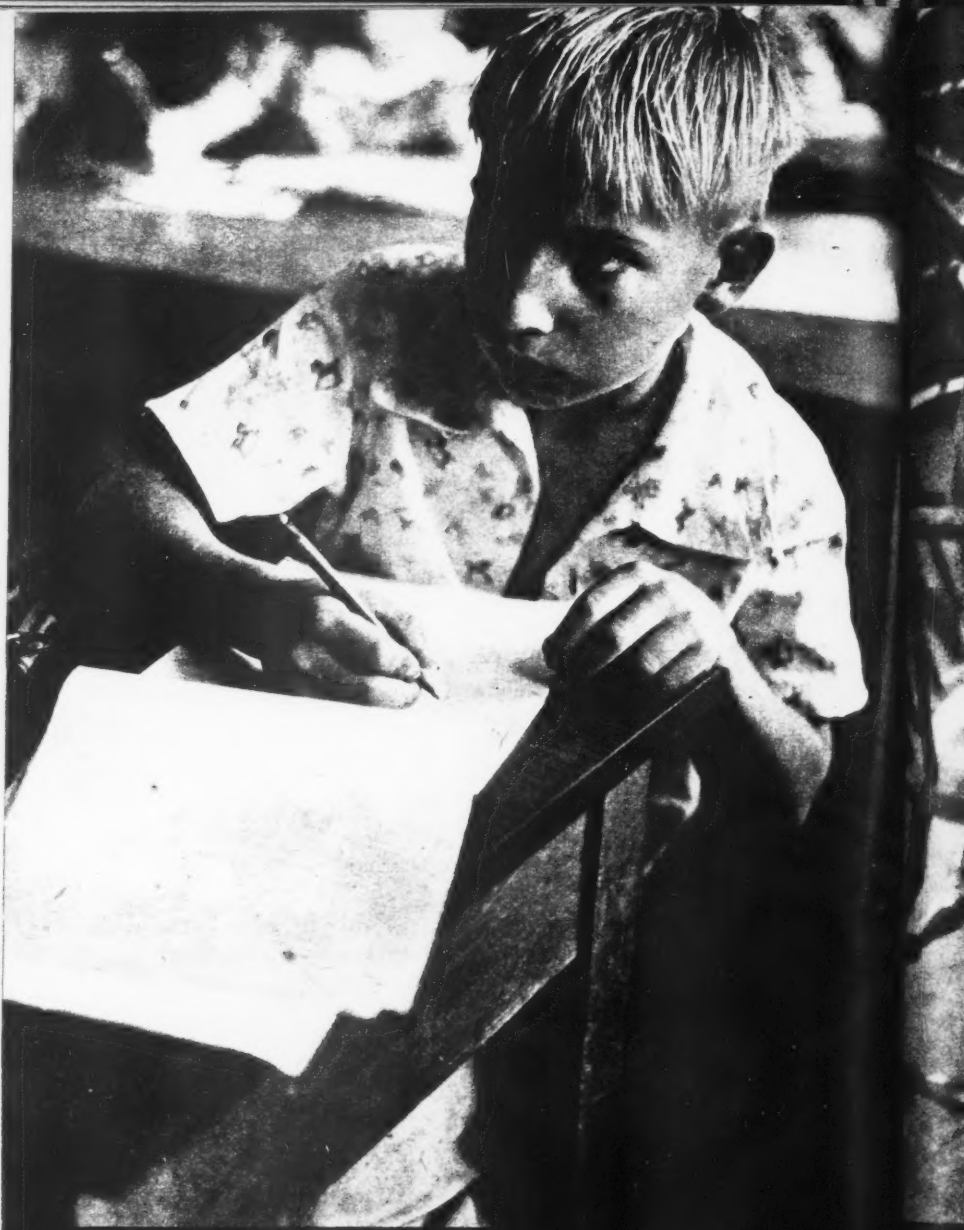
Before we are old enough to give it a name, the thirst for knowledge is urging us on to discovery. It is born of a child's wide-eyed curiosity about pictures, animals, all the incredible wonders of life.



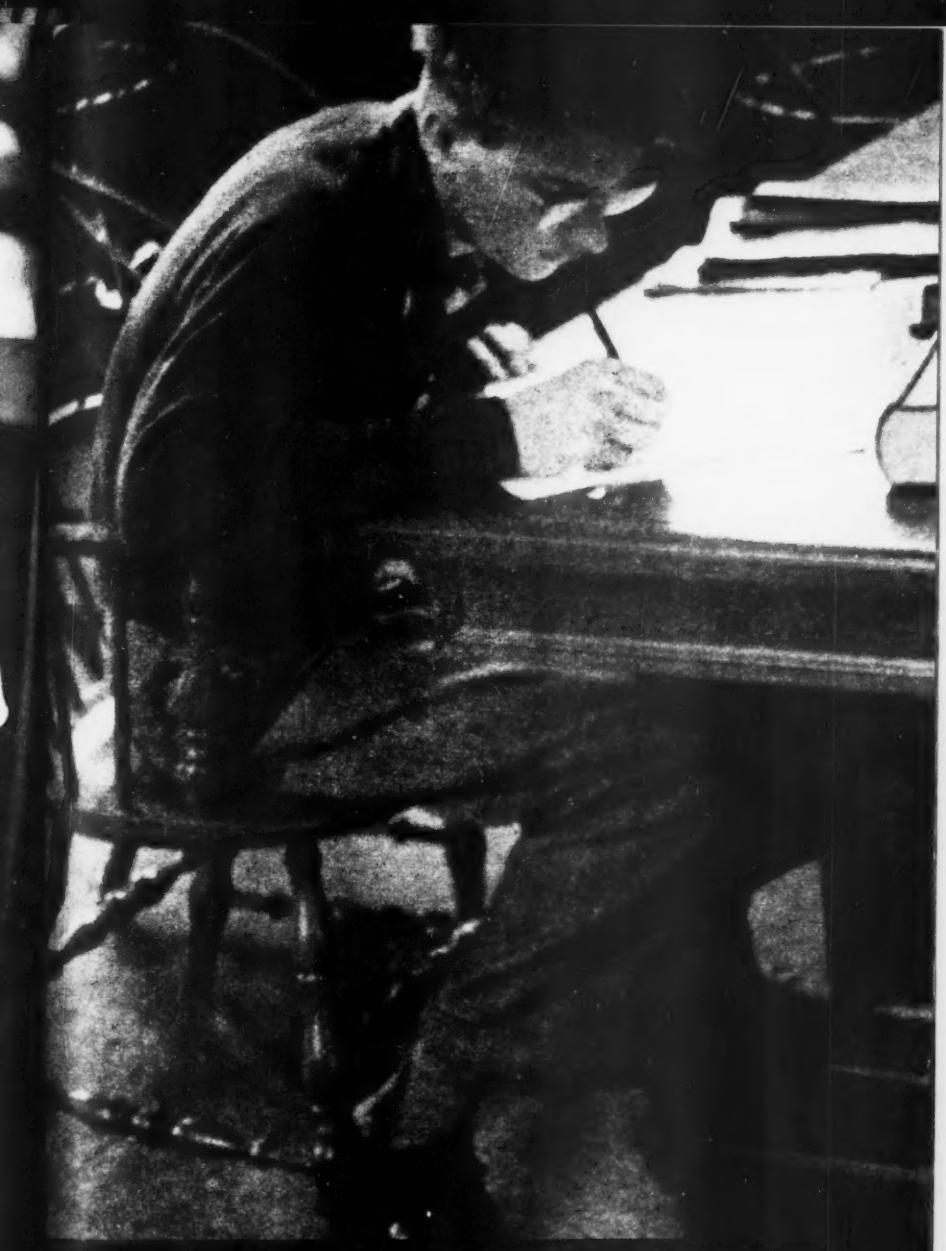
It is the sparkling reaction of a small girl to the marvel of a pencil on paper. For when we are young, each new object is a challenge, each picture a glittering adventure in understanding.



Guided and molded by the wisdom of patient elders, the thirst for knowledge lies deep in the soul of every towheaded boy. Its reward is the thrill of learning, the unbounded joy of achievement.



And so, through the early years, our imagination is fired by the limitless miracles of science, by the magic of far-off places, by a whole world teeming with mystery . . .



...then, roused by the ability to learn and to understand, tomorrow's men begin patiently to seek out the answers to numberless riddles, old and new.



The thirst continues. In our nation's colleges, leaders in the making are spurred by the recorded learning of yesterday, the research of today. To them, knowledge is the priceless tool. It is their future.



Today, the hunger to learn knows no limits. No longer bounded by the fireside and kitchen of grandmother's day, America's women march alongside men, exploring all the human paths to knowledge.



Yet the need to know leads beyond the college class. It is everywhere. By the light of the sun and the lamps of 35 million homes, America's newspapers stimulate us with news of all the world.



America's libraries, too, are a fountainhead of enlightenment. Here, the scholar, the idle reader, the dreamer sit side by side in the quiet of 7,000 years of recorded history.



Here men and women spend long hours, pondering, seeking, ferreting out the truth. Here new discoveries and new ideas are born and nourished.



And the quest for truth, for understanding and light, is never satisfied, though it impels us through a lifetime. No matter how old we grow, the printed word retains an ever-fresh fascination. And as long as our minds are unclouded, as long as there is strength in our bodies, we will go on consuming the knowledge and information that is everywhere, available to everyone.



For in America neither intellect nor youth nor riches has a monopoly on the inborn desire to know. Knowledge is everywhere – in the fiery splendor of autumn leaves, in the grace of an airliner far above us, in the story of the evening sky where a host of stars parade nightly. No longer confined to musty volumes, the wisdom of the world belongs to all mankind.



In America's concert halls, warmed by swelling chords of great music, we find an understanding far beyond the frontier of facts and figures.



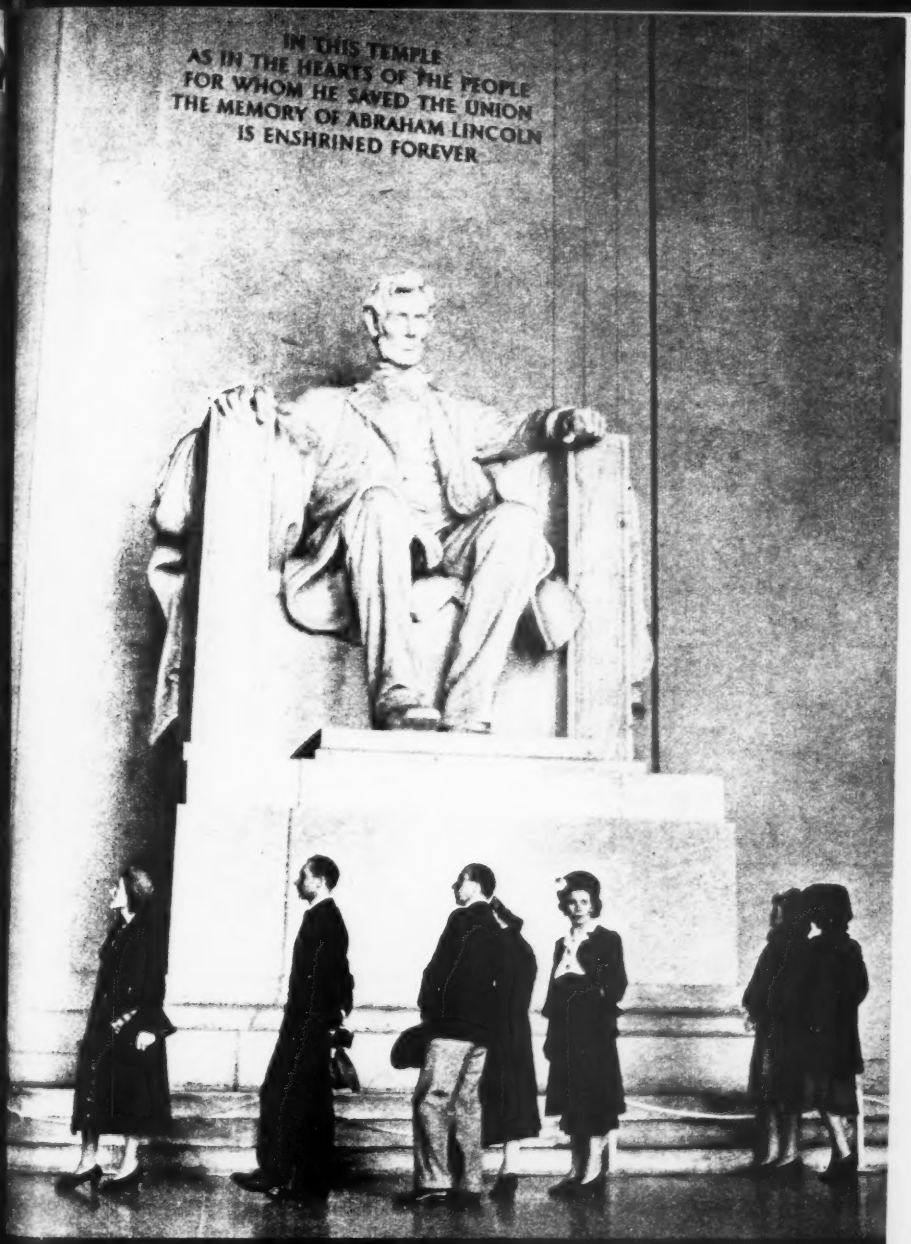
This is the art of creative men – vivid interpretations of the inexpressible. Here we find a sense of unity, a certainty that in the light of centuries of creation we are ever young.



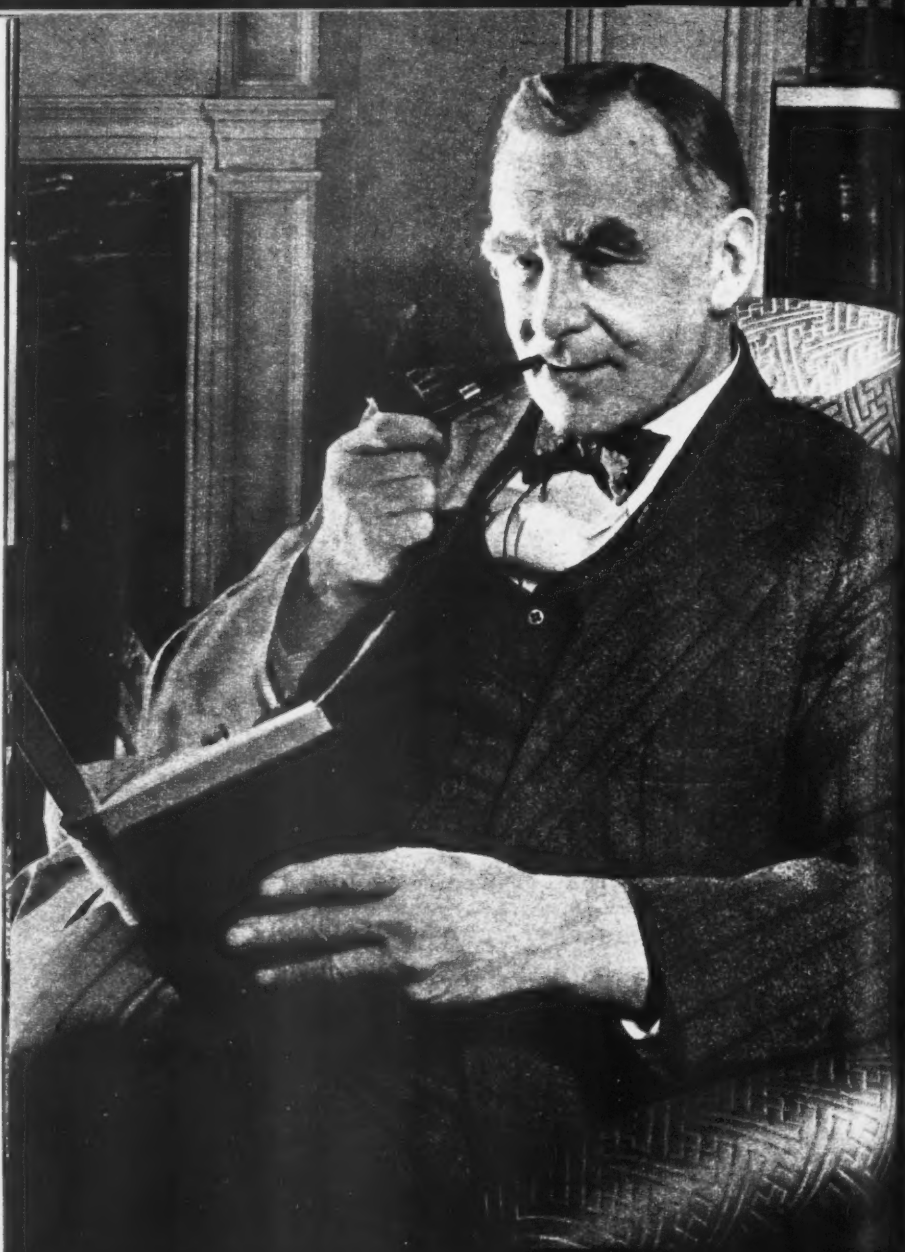
Today, though the world around us grows ever more complex, somehow we find the precious hours to satisfy our need to know, to seek enlightenment about man's slowly accumulated treasures.



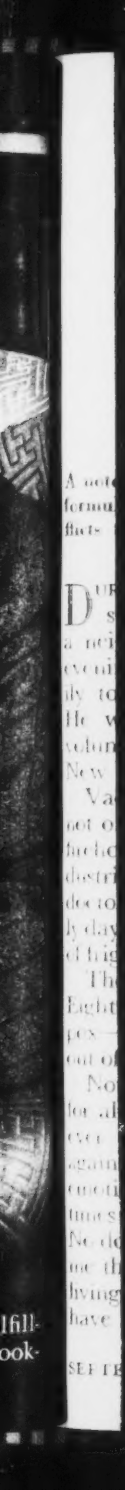
And we discover that it is never too late to continue the quest for the magic key of knowledge. Within reach of all, it is more valuable than gold in its ability to open new doors of understanding



Yet it is more than learning that has stirred and nurtured us. It is our freedom to seek truth, an American inheritance of 200 years spent in the pursuit of liberty, that has made our nation great.



Here, then, is the goal of our thirst for knowledge – peace, fulfillment. And still we go on, building on the lessons of our past, looking towards the brighter world that knowledge offers all of us.





by DALE CARNEGIE

My Sure Cure for WORRY

A noted author offers his common-sense formula for routing the emotional conflicts that wreck health and happiness

DURING THE SMALLPOX scare that swept the country not long ago, a neighbor rang my doorbell one evening and urged me and my family to be vaccinated immediately. He was just one of thousands of volunteers ringing doorbells all over New York City.

Vaccination stations were opened not only in all hospitals but also in firehouses, police stations and industrial plants. More than 2,000 doctors and nurses worked feverishly day and night, vaccinating hordes of frightened New Yorkers.

The cause of all this excitement? Eight people in the city had smallpox—and two had died. Two deaths out of a population of eight million!

Now I have lived in New York for almost 40 years and no one has ever rung my doorbell to warn against the plague of worry—an emotional illness that causes 10,000 times more damage than smallpox. No doorbell ringer has ever warned me that one person out of ten now living in these United States will have a nervous breakdown — induced in the vast majority of cases by worry and emotional conflicts.

I once spent a vacation motoring through Texas and New Mexico with the late Dr. O. F. Gober, then chief physician of the Santa Fe Hospital Association. We got to talking about worry, and he said:

"Seventy per cent of all doctors' patients could cure themselves if they only got rid of their fears and worries. I refer to such illnesses as nervous indigestion, some stomach ulcers, heart disturbances, insomnia, some headaches, and some types of paralysis.

"Fear causes worry. Worry makes you tense and nervous, and affects

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Dale Carnegie was born on a Missouri farm 60 years ago and had spent a number of successful years as salesman, lecturer, author and instructor of public speaking before 1937, when his famous book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* appeared. To date, more than 3,000,000 copies have been sold, making it the most popular nonfiction book of our time, and making Dale Carnegie's name a household word. This article is taken from his new book, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*, published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., copyright, 1948, by Dale Carnegie.

the nerves of your stomach. This actually changes the gastric juices from normal to abnormal and often leads to ulcers."

Dr. Harold C. Habein of Mayo Clinic made a study of 176 business executives whose average age was 44.3. He reported that slightly more than a third of these men suffered from one of three ailments peculiar to high-tension living—heart disease, digestive-tract ulcers and high blood pressure. Think of it—a third of our business executives are wrecking their bodies before they reach 45. What price success!

The famous Mayo brothers have declared that more than half our hospital beds are occupied by people who are suffering from nervous troubles. Yet when the nerves of such people are studied under a microscope in post-mortem examinations, they are in most cases apparently healthy. The "nervous troubles" are caused not by a physical deterioration of the nerves, but by emotions of futility, frustration, anxiety, defeat, despair.

Doctors have estimated that one American in every 20 now alive will spend part of his life in an institution for the mentally ill. One out of every six of our young men called up by their draft boards in World War II was rejected as mentally ill or defective. What causes mental illness? No one knows all the answers. But it is highly probable that in many cases fear and worry are important contributing factors. The anxious and harassed individual who is unable to cope with the harsh world of reality breaks off all contact with his environment and retreats into a private dream world of his own making, thus solving his worry problems.

I can look out a window of my home and see a house where a man worried himself into a case of diabetes. This neighbor took the stock market into his blood stream. When the market went down, he almost killed himself.

Worry can put you into a wheel chair with rheumatism and arthritis. Dr. Russell L. Cecil of Cornell University Medical School has listed four of the commonest conditions that predispose for arthritis:

1. Marital shipwreck;
2. Financial disaster and grief;
3. Loneliness and worry;
4. Long-cherished resentments.

Naturally, these four emotional situations are far from being the only causes of arthritis. There are many different kinds of arthritis—due to a large variety of causes. But among the commonest conditions that bring it on are the four listed above by Dr. Cecil.

To cite a specific example, a friend of mine was so hard hit during the Depression that the utilities company shut off his gas and the bank foreclosed the mortgage on his house. His wife suddenly had a painful attack of arthritis—and, in spite of medicine and diets, the arthritis continued until their financial situation improved.

Worry can even cause tooth decay. Dr. William I. L. McGonigle tells of a patient who had perfect teeth until he began to worry about his wife's sudden illness. During the three weeks she was in a hospital, worry upset the calcium balance of the husband's body and he developed nine cavities!

Have you ever seen a person with an acutely overactive thy-

roid? He trembles; he shakes; he looks half scared to death. The thyroid gland—the gland that regulates the oxygen consumption of the body—has been thrown out of kilter. It speeds up the liver—the whole body is roaring away like a furnace with all drafts open. If this isn't checked, by operation or treatment, the victim may "burn himself out" and die.

Recently I went to Philadelphia with a friend who had the disease. We visited a famous specialist who had been treating this type of ailment for many years. And what advice do you suppose he had hanging on the wall of his waiting room?

> The most relaxing recreating forces are a healthy religion, sleep, music, and laughter. Have faith in God—learn to sleep well—love good music —see the funny side of life— and health and happiness will be yours.

The first question he asked my friend was this: "What emotional disturbance brought on your condition?" He warned my friend that if he didn't stop worrying, he could get other complications: heart trouble, stomach ulcers, diabetes. "All of these diseases," said the eminent doctor, "are first cousins."

If you are a chronic worrier, you may be stricken with one of the most excruciating pains known to man: angina pectoris. If that ever hits your heart, you may scream with agony. Then you will say to yourself, "Oh God, oh God, if I ever get over this, I will never worry about anything—ever!"

Do you love life? Do you want to live long and enjoy good health? Then listen to these wise words from Dr. Alexis Carrel: "Those who keep the peace of their inner selves in the midst of the tumult of the modern city are immune from nervous and organic diseases."

Can *you* keep this peace of inner self? If you are a normal person, the answer is an emphatic "Yes." Most of us are stronger than we realize. We have inner resources that we have probably never tapped. As Thoreau said in his immortal book, *Walden:* "I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by conscious endeavor. If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."

TO SOLVE OUR WORRY problems, we must first learn the three basic steps of problem analysis:

1. Get the facts.
2. Analyze the facts.
3. Arrive at a decision—and then act on that decision.

Let's take the first rule: Get the facts. Why is it so important? Because unless we have the facts, we can't even attempt to solve our problem intelligently. The late Herbert E. Hawkes, Dean of Columbia College, Columbia University, put it this way:

"Half the worry in the world is caused by people trying to make decisions before they have sufficient knowledge. For example, if I have a problem which has to be faced at 3 o'clock next Tuesday, I refuse even to try to make a decision until next Tuesday arrives. Meantime, I concentrate on getting all the facts that bear on the problem.

"I don't worry, I don't agonize, I don't lose any sleep over my prob-

lem. I simply concentrate on getting the facts. And by the time Tuesday rolls around, if I've gathered all the facts, the problem usually solves itself!"

I asked Dean Hawkes if this meant he had licked worry entirely.

"Yes," he said, "I think I can honestly say that my life is now almost devoid of worry. I have found that if a man will devote his time to securing facts in an impartial, objective way, his worries will usually evaporate in the light of his newfound knowledge."

But what do most of us do? If we bother with facts at all, we hunt like bird dogs for facts that bolster up what we *already* think—and ignore the others! We want only the facts that conveniently fit our wishful thinking and justify our preconceived prejudices!

André Maurois said: "Everything that is in agreement with our personal desires seems true. Everything that is not puts us into a rage."

Is it any wonder, then, that we find it so hard to get at the answers to our problems? Wouldn't we have the same trouble trying to solve a second-grade arithmetic problem, if we went ahead on the assumption that two plus two equals five? Yet a lot of people in this world make life a hell for themselves and others by insisting that two plus two equals five—or perhaps 500!

What can we do about this? We have to keep emotions out of our thinking. That is not an easy task when we are worried, but here are two ideas I have found helpful when trying to see facts in an impartial and objective manner:

1. I pretend I am collecting the information not for myself but for some other person. This helps me to take a cold and clear view of the evidence.

2. Sometimes I pretend I am a lawyer preparing to argue the other side of the case. In other words, I try to get all the facts that I don't like to face. Then I write down both sides of the case and generally find that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremities.

However, getting all the facts in the world won't do any good until we analyze them. I have found through costly experience that merely writing the facts on a piece of paper and stating the problem clearly goes a long way toward achieving a sensible decision. As Charles Kettering puts it: "A problem well stated is a problem half solved."

Let's take the case of Galen Litchfield, one of the most successful American businessmen in the Far East. Here is his story:

"Soon after the Japs hit Pearl Harbor, they came swarming into Shanghai, where I was manager of the Asia Life Insurance Company. They sent us an 'army liquidator'—he was really an admiral—and ordered me to assist him in liquidating our assets. I could cooperate—or else. And I knew the 'or else' was certain death.

"I went through the motions of doing what I was told, but I left one block of securities, worth $750,000, off the list I gave the admiral. They belonged to our Hong Kong office and had nothing to do with Shanghai assets. All the same, I feared I might be in hot water if the Japs found out what I had done. And they soon found out.

"I wasn't in the office when the discovery was made, but my head

accountant told me that the admiral flew into a rage, called me a thief and traitor. I had defied the Japanese Army! I knew what that meant. I would be thrown into the Bridgehouse—torture chamber of the Japanese Gestapo. Friends of mine had killed themselves rather than be taken to that prison!

"What did I do? I suppose I should have been terrified. But for years, whenever I was worried, I had always gone to my typewriter and written two questions—and the answers to these questions. So on that Sunday afternoon in Shanghai, in my YMCA room, I wrote:

" '1. What am I worrying about?

" 'I am afraid that I will be thrown into the Bridgehouse tomorrow morning.'

"Then I typed out the second question:

" '2. What can I do about it?'

"I spent hours thinking out and writing down the four possible courses of action:

" '1. I can try to explain to the admiral. But he 'no speak English.' If I try to explain through an interpreter, I may stir him up again. That might mean death, for he is cruel and would rather dump me in the Bridgehouse than bother talking about it.

" '2. I can try to escape. Impossible. I'd be captured and shot.

" '3. I can stay here in my room and not go near the office again. But the admiral will become suspicious and throw me into the Bridgehouse without another word.

" '4. I can go to the office as usual Monday. There is a chance the admiral may be so busy that he will not think of what I did. If this happens, I am all right. Even if he does bother me, I'll still have a chance to explain.'

"As soon as I thought it all out and decided to accept the fourth plan, I felt immensely relieved. When I entered the office, the admiral glared at me as he always did —and said nothing. Six weeks later —thank God— he went back to Tokyo and my worries were ended.

"If I hadn't thought out my problem and come to a decision, I would have been frantic with worry all Sunday. I would have gone to the office Monday with a harassed and worried look. And that alone might have spurred the admiral to act. Then I would have died in the Bridgehouse."

Why is Litchfield's method so superb? Because it is efficient, concrete and goes straight to the heart of the problem. On top of that, it is climaxed by the third and indispensable rule: *Do something about it.* Unless we carry out our action, all our fact-finding and analysis are a sheer waste of energy.

Once you have made a careful decision based on facts, go into action. Don't stop to reconsider. Don't hesitate and retrace your steps. Don't lose yourself in self-doubting which begets other doubts.

Why not apply Galen Litchfield's technique to one of your problems right now?

WHAT ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS worries? Would you like to know how to eliminate at least half of them? If you are the average businessman, I can hear you saying:

"Ridiculous! I have been running my business for 20 years; I know the answers if anybody does. The idea of anybody trying to tell

me how I can eliminate 50 per cent of my worries is absurd!"

Well, let's be frank: maybe I won't be able to help you eliminate 50 per cent of your business worries. But what I *can* do is show you how other people have done it—and leave the rest to you!

My first story is not about a vague "Mr. X" but about a very real person—Leon Shimkin, a prominent New York publisher. Here is his experience in his own words:

"For 18 years I spent almost half of every business day holding conferences. Should we do this or that—or nothing at all? We would get tense; twist in our chairs; walk the floor; argue in circles. When night came, I would be exhausted.

"I fully expected to go on doing this the rest of my life. Then, finally, I devised a plan to eliminate three-fourths of all those conferences, plus three-fourths of my nervous strain. It sounds like magic—but like all magic, it is simple when you see how it is done.

"First, I stopped the conference procedure that began with my associates reciting all the details of what had gone wrong, and ended up by their asking: 'What shall we do?' Second, I made a rule that everyone who wished to present a problem to me must first submit a memo answering these four questions:

"Question 1: *What is the problem?* (In the old days we used to work ourselves into a lather discussing troubles without ever bothering to write out specifically what our problem was.)

"Question 2: *What is the cause of the problem?* (As I look back over my career, I am appalled at the hours wasted in worried conferences without ever trying to find out the conditions which lay at the root of the problem.)

"Question 3: *What are all possible solutions to the problem?* (Formerly, one man would suggest one solution. Someone else would argue with him, and tempers would flare. At the end of the conference, no one had written down all the various things we could do to attack the problem.)

"Question 4: *What solution do you suggest?* (I used to go into conference with a man who had spent hours worrying about a situation, without once thinking through all possible solutions and then writing: 'This is the solution I recommend.')

"Today, my associates rarely come to me with problems. Why? Because they have discovered that in order to answer those four questions, they have to get all the facts and think their problems through. And after they have done that, they find, in three-fourths of the cases, that they don't have to consult me at all, because the proper solution has already appeared.

"Even when consultation is necessary, the discussion takes a third the time formerly required, because it proceeds along an orderly, logical path to a reasoned conclusion."

FRANK BETTGER, a successful insurance salesman, not only reduced his business worries but nearly doubled his income by employing a similar method. "Years ago," says Bettger, "when I first started to sell insurance, I was full of boundless enthusiasm for my work. Then something happened. I became so discouraged that I think I would have quit—if I hadn't got the idea,

one Saturday morning, of trying to get at the root of my worries.

"First, I asked myself, '*Just what is the problem?*' It was this: I was not getting high enough returns for the staggering number of calls I was making. I did well at selling a prospect, until the moment came for closing the sale. Then the customer would say, 'Well, I'll think it over, Mr. Bettger. Come and see me again.' It was the time I wasted on follow-up calls that was causing my depression.

"Second, I asked myself, '*What are the possible solutions?*' For the answer, I got out my record book for the last 12 months and studied facts.

"*I made an astounding discovery!* Seventy per cent of my sales had been closed on the first interview. Twenty-three per cent had been closed on the second interview. And only *seven per cent* on the third, fourth and fifth interviews! In other words, I was wasting one-half my working day on business which paid only seven per cent! The answer was obvious. Immediately I cut out all visits beyond the second interview, and spent the extra time building up new prospects. The results were unbelievable. Soon I had raised the cash value of every visit from $2.80 to $4.27 a call!"

Now, if Leon Shimkin could eliminate three-fourths of his time-wasting conferences, and if Frank Bettger could almost double his income, isn't it possible that their formulas may be the answer to some of *your* troubles?

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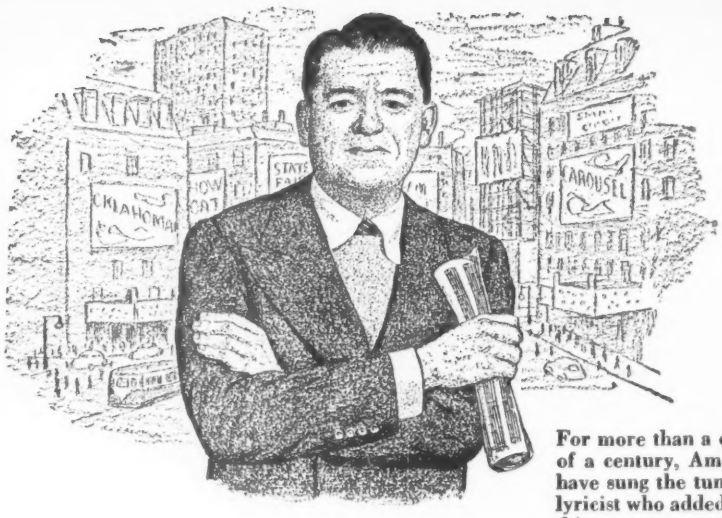
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For more than a quarter of a century, Americans have sung the tunes of a lyricist who added something new to song writing

The Hammerstein Haze Over Broadway

by STANLEY FRANK

Oh, what a beautiful mornin'
Oh, what a beautiful day,
I got a beautiful feelin'
Ev'rything's goin' my way.

WITH THE WARM SIMPLICITY of these lines, a name almost forgotten in show business leaped from obscurity into bright lights on the magical night of March 31, 1943. Sung off stage as the curtain went up on *Oklahoma!*, these 19 words heralded something more eventful than the most successful musical play in theater history. They reaffirmed the mastery of Oscar Hammerstein II as America's greatest lyricist, the man who has put together words that have been heard, repeated and memorized by more people than the words of any writer since Shakespeare.

Perhaps it is presumptuous to compare Hammerstein, collaborator on more than 1,000 song hits, with the imperishable Bard, but surely it is not preposterous. The works of both have endured for an

identical reason. Both find eloquent expression in the vivid imagery and the metrical language that is the essence of pure poetry.

Most popular tunes can be whistled or hummed, but the songs that Hammerstein has helped to create sound incomplete unless they are actually sung from beginning to end. The melodies woven around his lyrics by Jerome Kern and Richard Rodgers are among the best ever composed, yet the music alone does not convey the delicate mood or sentiment that only words can project. That is, only Hammerstein's words.

Without getting too stuffy about it, it can safely be said that no one since Walt Whitman has captured the spirit of America better than Hammerstein has. Like the scope of his talent (he has had more long-run hits on Broadway and more successes at the same time than any playwright), his affection for America has encompassed every section of the country.

The locale of *Show Boat*, which is commonly regarded as our classic native musical, was the romantic South. *Oklahoma!* dealt with the pioneer Southwest, and *Carousel* with New England.

Hammerstein found the inspiration for *Carmen Jones* in the Negroes of the Deep South and then, without so much as drawing a breath, turned his attention to the Midwest in *State Fair*, the movie. In *Allegro*, his latest play, the action shifts between a typical small town and the false pretensions of modern society in a big city.

The strange part of the whole thing is that Hammerstein himself did not realize the geographical range of his works until he was asked whether they conformed to a prearranged pattern.

"Even if it were true—which it isn't—I'd be an awful ham to admit I had laid out such an ambitious program," he smiled. "Only a genius can afford the luxury of planning a long-range project in the theater. Like most writers, I just happen to work on what seems to be a good idea at the time.

"I've never been to most of the locales for my plays except to pass through as a tourist. Research on the history and attitudes of the people fills in what I lack in experience. As for duplicating the characteristic speech of the times, I like to write in dialect because that's the way most people talk.

"There's an advantage in having a small vocabulary. You're forced to use plain words that are far more eloquent than fancy speech. *Ol' Man River* wouldn't be nearly as expressive in formal English as it is in the natural, unaffected language of the Negro.

"I find it impossible to sit down and deliberately write an isolated popular song. To me, lyrics must interpret the mood of a character or the atmosphere in an integrated play. It's part of the book, a continuation of the dialogue."

HAMMERSTEIN'S INABILITY—or refusal—to dream up a song that does not serve a purpose is the most remarkable aspect of his career. Of his thousand-odd lyrics, only one was not part of a show. It was *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, done with Jerome Kern after the fall of France in 1940. All the other songs he has written in the last quarter-century

kept the plots of his plays moving and mounting.

The most rigorously edited list of the timeless hits he has helped to fashion must include *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin', If I Loved You, People Will Say We're in Love, It Might as Well Be Spring, June Is Bustin' Out All Over, The Surrey with the Fringe on Top, Bill, Ol' Man River, Why Do I Love You, Only Make Believe, All the Things You Are, The Song Is You, Lover Come Back to Me, Who, Sunny, Don't Ever Leave Me,* and *Indian Love Call.*

He once had three numbers on the Hit Parade at the same time, and there has seldom been a week that Hammerstein's songs have not totaled at least 100 performances on major networks.

This imposing list of credits has cast a bright, golden haze on Broadway—and the Hammerstein bank account. Any estimate is a sheer guess, but it is believed that he has earned $5,000,000 from his creative output since 1922. Friends, however, are more awed by his unfailing modesty and courtesy than by his practical talents.

Although he was once acclaimed as the boy wonder of Broadway, success has never turned his huge, shaggy head—and 11 years of agonizing failure did not sour his disposition. And he is remarkably unlike most song writers, who will, at the drop of an unguarded hint, leap for the nearest piano and run through their repertoire until everyone is stupefied with boredom.

A big (6 feet, 2 inches) man with a rugged, weather-beaten face, Hammerstein usually is the most notable celebrity at any social function he attends, yet few people are aware of his presence. Invariably he loses himself in a corner, where those who engage him in conversation must strain to hear his low, modulated voice.

Getting Hammerstein to accept an invitation is a rare achievement for a hostess who collects social lions. He has few prejudices, but cocktail parties and night clubs rate at the top of his list. "I've never been young enough to enjoy more than 20 minutes in an upholstered cellar," he says.

Although he owns a fine house on the fashionable East Side of New York, he prefers his farm at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, where he runs a mixed but happy household. Hammerstein had two children by his first wife, whom he married during World War I. They were divorced 12 years later. His second marriage was to Dorothy Blanchard, an Australian beauty who also had two children by a first marriage and subsequently bore Hammerstein a son. The five offspring get along in perfect harmony when they gather for a reunion at the farm.

Hammerstein's shyness and his consideration for underlings are legendary in a business where arrogance often is mistaken for ability. When *Show Boat* was first produced in 1927, there was difficulty casting the role of Steve opposite Helen Morgan's Julie. During early rehearsals Hammerstein read the lines so diffidently that Miss Morgan, thinking he was a struggling young actor, said to the stage manager: "Why don't you give that nice young fellow a chance? He seems to know the part better than anybody around here."

The only time anyone ever saw

Hammerstein lose his temper was during auditions for the second revival in New York of *Show Boat*, two-and-a-half years ago. For two days he squirmed in silence as aspirants for singing roles mangled his lyrics. Finally, when one girl performed a vivisection job on *Bill*, Hammerstein stood up.

"Please stop!" he cried. "Those aren't the words I sweat over."

The most arresting contradiction that appears throughout Hammerstein's work is his deep, poetic feeling for the simple virtues. There was nothing in his background, however, to instill an affection for the land and the homely rural characters he portrays so well. For years his world was inhabited by the fast-talking cynics of show business. Yet he is capable of communicating an almost mystical understanding of nature, as in the lines from *Carousel:*

You can't hear a sound—not the turn of a leaf,
Nor the fall of a wave, hittin' the sand.
The tide's creepin' up on the beach like a thief
Afraid to be caught stealin' the land.

And the maybe-baby, love-above rhymesters of Tin Pan Alley who are baffled by Hammerstein's perennial popularity would do well to study the charm he poured into this verse from *State Fair:*

I keep wishing I were somewhere else,
Walking down a strange, new street,
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I've yet to meet.

HAMMERSTEIN WAS BORN into a famous theatrical family in New York in 1895. His father was manager of one of the leading vaudeville theaters in the country, but the clan's dominant figure was his grandfather, Oscar the First, most flamboyant showman of his time. The old gentleman made several fortunes discovering theatrical stars and then, promptly and regularly, went broke building opera houses in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and London.

"It's no great trick to make money," Oscar I always insisted. "All I have to do is give up opera."

Surprisingly enough, Oscar's father frowned upon the frivolity of the theater, and the youth was reared in a thoroughly middle-class environment, matriculated at Columbia University and then conformed to his father's wishes by going to law school. Until that time, he had no important connection with the stage other than the varsity show, *Home, James*, which he wrote in his last year at college. The opus was no better, or worse, than the usual run of such efforts.

The family assumed that Oscar was safe from the blandishments of the stage, but his marriage at 22 changed his plans abruptly. Weighing the practically nonexistent salary of a law clerk against the brighter if more precarious rewards of the theater, he went to his uncle, Arthur Hammerstein, a well-known producer, and said that he wanted to learn how to write plays. His uncle put him on the pay roll at $20 a week as an assistant stage manager, after first extracting a promise that his nephew would not attempt to write until he had served a year's apprenticeship backstage.

This training period was invaluable in teaching him the mechanics of playwriting—but it was not apparent for several years. His first effort, a serious drama entitled *The*

Light, got no closer to Broadway than New Haven, where it flopped miserably. After three more abortive starts, Hammerstein in 1922 launched his Broadway career, which falls into four phases.

In the first, he turned out four fast hits (*Wild Flower*, *The Desert Song*, *Rose Marie*, *Sunny*) before he was 30, and gained recognition as an arrived new talent in the theater. They were pleasant, conventional shows of the period, strictly in the *Alt Wien* tradition of European light operettas that adhered to a formula as rigid as a dime novel.

"I was fed up with conventional claptrap after my first show," Hammerstein says. "I always considered it an affront to the audience's intelligence. My only excuse for contributing to that sort of nonsense was that I was learning how to put a show together."

The second period was launched with *Show Boat*, which Hammerstein calls "my big emancipation." Breaking with tired clichés, he seized upon Edna Ferber's novel as a springboard for introducing a freshness and vigor never before associated with musicals. The quality that made *Show Boat* a minor masterpiece can be summed up in one word—realism.

Jerome Kern's magnificent score, plus memorable performances by Helen Morgan, Norma Terris, Howard Marsh and Paul Robeson, captivated audiences, but the utter simplicity and sincerity of Hammerstein's libretto and lyrics were the principal ingredients that made the play a rare experience in the American theater.

Then suddenly, Hammerstein, the man with the golden touch who could do no wrong, could do nothing right. After turning out a hit a season for ten successive years, Hammerstein in 1932 went into perhaps the strangest and longest slump that has afflicted a first-rate talent in recent times. Eight straight Broadway shows flopped badly. Eight movies done in Hollywood added grease to the skids.

"Those 11 years are what I like to consider my formative period," Hammerstein says with a grimace. "I was groping to be a playwright without realizing it."

The drought ended with *Oklahoma!*, which was received with almost hysterical raves by the critics and customers. Hammerstein would have been richly rewarded for 11 years of futility had he demonstrated his old mastery only in that one play, but the all-time box-office champion among musicals set off a chain reaction of success that is still expanding.

Until Hammerstein tore up the book, it had always been customary to plant the best song in a show just before the end of the first act. Hammerstein opened *Oklahoma!* with the hit number, *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*, and wrote a principal role for a degenerate.

In *Carousel*, he blandly ignored tradition by stopping the stage action for nine minutes for a soliloquy set to music. In *Allegro*, his latest and most unorthodox play, the opening scene shows a mother in bed with her newborn child. It goes on from there to blast the phony standards of modern society that turn doctors into money-grabbing charlatans.

The most striking example of Hammerstein's originality was *Car-*

men Jones. He outraged purists—until they saw and heard the finished product—by taking Bizet's opera *Carmen* and throwing away everything but the music and the basic story. He transplanted the setting from Spain to the United States, and had the happy inspiration to substitute Southern Negroes for the gypsies who were the protagonists of the opera. Hammerstein rewrote the libretto and lyrics in tough, lusty English, and the result was an exciting musical drama.

"Most people thought the whole thing was just a stunt," he says, "but I was trying to prove a valid point. As an opera fan, I was always annoyed that I didn't know what was taking place on the stage. In *Carmen Jones*, I knew that Americans would go for opera if it was presented with a sense of showmanship and phonetic, singable lyrics that gave the audience half a chance to enjoy it."

WHILE WRITING LYRICS is the most important aspect of Hammerstein's work, it is only one of three major activities. He has written the libretto, or book, for more than 30 musical plays. In the last five years, having branched out as a producer of plays written by other people, with Richard Rodgers he has presented four smashes, *I Remember Mama*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Happy Birthday*, and *John Loves Mary*.

Two years ago he established an all-time record by having six successful productions on Broadway during the same season. In addition, the London company of *Oklahoma!* has played to standing room in England, while the receipts from *Annie Get Your Gun* in London and Australia have further complicated Hammerstein's tax problems.

It is significant that Hammerstein's best work, with the exception of *Show Boat* and *Rose Marie*, has been done in the last six years, since he began to collaborate with Richard Rodgers. The team reverses the formula generally observed by most other composer-lyricist combinations. The fellow who dreams up the melody usually establishes the pattern the versifier must follow in fitting words to the rhythm of the composer's music.

With Rodgers and Hammerstein, the libretto comes first. This arrangement is a tribute to the talents of Rodgers, who had a formidable roster of hits before he joined forces with Hammerstein. It also is tacit recognition that Hammerstein sets the mood and pace of a show.

"Oscar suggests a lot of songs to me by the perfect construction and the variety of his verse forms," Rodgers says. "He has a wonderful change of pace that stimulates a song writer."

Both men can go into high creative gear in a manner that dismays competitors. Last February, Hammerstein was reveling in the luxury of having no commitments for the first time in 25 years. "I always thought I could be a graceful tramp," he said, "and I'm going to try it now. You know, there's a lot in what George S. Kaufman once quipped when I told him I could just sit on my porch the rest of my life and think of nothing.

" 'Yeah,' Kaufman said, 'it's hard to think of something.' "

Five days later, the Rodgers-Hammerstein idea factory was going full blast, working on an adaptation of James Michener's Pulitzer-prize

book, *Tales of the South Pacific*, to be presented late this fall. They like the project so much that they are producing their own show for the first time. Previously, the Theatre Guild staged their plays.

The one flaw in an otherwise perfect partnership is the radically different work habits of each man. Hammerstein is a notorious "bleeder," who suffers extensively in the throes of composition. He does all his writing at an old-fashioned, stand-up bookkeeper's desk so that he can be free to pace the floor, clutch at his hair and utter harrowing cries of anguish.

A fanatical craftsman, he works on a line interminably until he is satisfied with it. The chorus of *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'* contains only 19 words, yet it took Hammerstein three weeks to write them.

Rodgers, who has an astonishing facility for whipping up a tune that will sweep the country, composed the melody in six minutes by the watch. Hammerstein labored over the soliloquy in *Carousel* for almost two months. Rodgers produced the music in two hours.

"I'm getting slower and more critical as I grow older," Hammerstein groans. "The process is awfully painful, but it's a safeguard against sloppiness. If there's one thing I'm afraid of, it's that I might fall into a rut. At my age, I should start to imitate the kids."

Hammerstein never will see that day, however, for his work has an enduring quality that resists time and changing fashions. He will continue to command deserved recognition as America's popular poet as long as people remember his words with their hearts rather than heads, as long as they cling to the hope that there are many beautiful mornings yet to be enjoyed.

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Silver linings

Amid the turmoil of a modern world, these true stories provide proof that faith, hope and charity are still an endless source of human inspiration

TODAY I WATCHED the little children in my second-grade class study and play. Their arrival is always a happy one, with a bright "Good Morning" and a smile from each child.

As I watched them I thought of thousands of grownups I have seen at work. Few faces begin the day with such eager joyousness.

At this age they love to do each task assigned to them. Give them a new word to learn, a new problem to do, a new song to sing. It matters not what it is. They will try, and be happy while trying. Most of them will succeed; a few will fail, but they all approach a new task with anticipation, joy and zest. How blessed they would be, could they stay like this!

A small child isn't anxious for the day to be over, as many adults wish each morning. To him each golden minute is life to be lived. A child seems to sense how precious and fleeting time really is. But he doesn't mourn about it. He uses it.

Take a few minutes each day and watch little children play and work. You'll find that their eagerness and joyousness are contagious. To be exposed to this is to catch it. And when you do, you'll have learned the secret to happy working, playing and living.

—MRS. KATHERINE BENION

ONE NIGHT, TRAVELING from Chicago to Buffalo, I sat in the Pullman smoking room reading a novel. There was just one other person there, a man who sat looking out of the window into the night rather glumly, it seemed to me.

"I wonder," I said to myself, "if this man may not be more interesting than the novel I am reading."

I shut the book. "You don't look as though you were enjoying this trip," I said.

"No," he replied, scarcely looking up. "I get fed up with travel."

I thought that was the end of it, that he had slammed the door in my face. But in a few seconds he added, "I'm a traveling engineer."

"What might a traveling engineer be?" I asked.

"A sort of trouble shooter," he explained. "They send me out in the cab when the engineer on a run can't make the time called for on the schedule. Or when they're working out the running time for a new train. I'm rolling most of the time."

"I'm very much interested," I said. "Tell me more."

He squared around so he was facing me, with one leg up on the leather cushion, and for two hours

he related his experiences. He told me of wrecks he had been in, and of the unbelievable speeds he had traveled on test runs of locomotives. He was bound for New York where he was scheduled to test, with empty Pullmans, the new streamlined Twentieth Century Limited, in anticipation of reducing its running time between New York and Chicago from 18 to 16 hours.

When we parted his face was aglow with pleasure—and so was mine. We had both passed a thoroughly enjoyable evening. I had learned many interesting things about railroads, and have taken greater pleasure in railroad travel ever since. And I have a hunch that he has enjoyed his work more.

When we give a fellow man a fresh appreciation of the interest and importance of his job, are we not doing him a fine service? I did not finish the novel I was reading that night; perhaps I shall never finish it. Only the best novels, I have discovered, are as interesting as the experiences and hobbies of people around us, if we but take the trouble to give them our interest.

—*Try Giving Yourself Away* by DAVID DUNN



ON A DAY MEMORABLE to me, as I boarded a tiny tugboat that I used often in crossing a Southern river, I saw that we had a new Negro engineer. He sat in the doorway of the engine room reading the Bible. He was fat and squat, but immaculate, and in his eyes was the splendor of ancient wisdom and peace with the world.

As I paused to talk with him I noticed that the characteristic odors that had always emanated from the engine room were no longer there. And the engine! It gleamed and shone; from beneath its seat all the bilge water was gone. Instead of grime and filth and stench I found beauty and order.

When I asked the engineer how in the world he had managed to clean up the old room and the old engine, he answered in words that would go far toward solving life's principal problems for many people.

"Cap'n," he said, nodding fondly in the direction of the engine, "it's just this way; I got a glory."

Making that engine the best on the river was his glory in life, and having a glory, he had everything. The only sure way out of suffering that I know is to find a glory, and to give to it the strength we might otherwise spend in despair.

—From *It Will Be Daybreak Soon* by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, *Fleming H. Revell Co.*



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Those Women in the White House

by A. MERRIMAN SMITH

LESS THAN 60 YEARS AGO, the only women allowed in the White House offices were relatives of the staff, occasional sight-seers and the cleaners who crept in at night with mops and brooms. Today the place is like a harem, with women far outnumbering men.

The mere thought of having someone in skirts on the White House pay roll was shocking and subversive until the time of President Harrison. Woman's place still was in the home, and men did all the stenographic and typing work. Most executives would have been distinctly

uncomfortable dictating to women.

When radical feminists suggested bringing women into the President's offices, the graybeards who made up the budget and hired the help shook their heads. Then along came Harrison and his social revolution. Although there were baleful forecasts among his staff, he sent to Indianapolis for a stenographer who had worked for him before he became President. This first woman employee at the White House, Alice B. Sanger, was an attractive young woman of 26. An old ledger shows that she was given the title of clerk and paid $1,400 a year—not bad for a girl in those days.

Today, the ladies have indispensable parts in the routine work of the Chief Executive. Every President now has a Girl Friday who knows more state secrets than his wife. She handles his most important phone calls; she types secret documents; she knows far in advance whether he will seek another term or who will be the new ambassador to Great Britain. She knows the size of his bank balance and runs his checking account for him. And her tenure of office is in direct ratio to her ability to keep her mouth shut.

Each top member of the President's staff—the three Presidential secretaries, the aides and the administrative assistants— has a similar Girl Friday who supervises his appointments, mail and phone calls. Usually she does a lot more. She keeps her boss stocked in cigarettes; she pays his bookie on Friday if he happens to follow the ponies; she remembers his wedding anniversary and family birthdays; she keeps his scrapbook and reminds him when he needs a haircut.

And in comparatively recent administrations, a secretary has been assigned to the President's wife to help with her heavy correspondence and many engagements. Mrs. Truman uses her secretary, Reathel Odum, as her spokeswoman with the press, although the present First Lady does not hold news conferences as Mrs. Roosevelt did.

All these are in addition to the women who run the Presidential household, like the housekeeper and the social secretary with her assistants. These are the women who work mostly with the President's wife in seeing that the Chief Executive and his family live as comfortably and serenely as possible.

But functionally, there is sharp division between the women whose

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In October, 1941, political reporter A. Merriman Smith received one of the prize assignments in American journalism: he became White House Correspondent for the United Press. Since then, as reporter-shadow of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, Smith has gained a clear picture of the day-by-day events in the Chief Executive's official residence during some of the most exciting years in U. S. history. His behind-the-scenes observations are the basis of his book, *A President Is Many Men*, recently published by Harper and Brothers at $2.75, from which this article is excerpted. Born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1913, Smith became a newspaper man upon graduation from Oglethorpe University. After working on several papers, he joined the United Press as a sports writer. He later was assigned to the Atlanta Bureau and then to Washington. The only press-association reporter assigned continuously to Roosevelt from before the war to his death, he is still on the job covering President Truman.

duties are primarily household or social, and the ladies of the office staff. They work in two highly different spheres—one of parties, meals and household problems; the other, the man's world of political decisions and vast administrative problems.

The confidential, personal secretary was exemplified during the New Deal by Marguerite Lehand, F.D.R.'s beloved "Missy," who lived in the White House with the Roosevelt family; and her quick-witted Irish successor, Grace Tully, who could play gin rummy most of the night with a reporter or an ambassador without letting slip a single bit of information—except the score of the game.

Truman has his Rose Conway, who is so rarely seen outside of her tiny office next to the President's that she seems like a stranger when she strolls out the White House driveway at the end of the day.

THESE WOMEN OF THE White House invariably deny that they are powerful, but that is just so much modest hokum. Of course, they do not actually influence big decisions of state, but they can be very helpful in getting ideas before the President at the most favorable time.

Miss Lehand, for example, did not tap her well-manicured finger on Roosevelt's desk and say, "Look here, Boss, how about naming Hugo Black to the Supreme Court?" But a politician lucky enough to have Missy on his side was three bases on the way home if she thought his recommendation deserved Presidential attention.

Along with Marvin McIntyre, Steve Early and other members of the White House inner circle, Missy was party to most of the important Presidential conferences and decisions until illness forced her into semiretirement in Boston.

Miss Lehand's principal talent seemed to be her ability to sense Roosevelt's moods—his "executive mood," when his Dutch was up and the time inadvisable for conversation or recommendation; his easy-going, good-humored mood in the morning at staff conferences or during the "children's hour" in late afternoon when the staff reviewed the lighter side of the day's events.

On the material side, she got little out of it. Most of the time she worked for Roosevelt, her salary was less than $3,000 a year. Socially, she could have had far more return from her job than she received. What desire she had for partying was well satisfied in the White House itself; there, as a living-in member of the official family, she was included in all of the Roosevelts' entertaining. She rarely accepted outside invitations.

When Missy became seriously ill and had to leave, there could not have been a better successor than Grace Tully, the blue-eyed Irish girl from New York who in her girlhood could throw a baseball farther than any kid on the block. Grace worked as Missy's assistant from 1928 onward, after leaving her Manhattan job as secretary to Cardinal Hayes.

To some current officials of government who open up at the sight of a Martini olive, Grace was a wonderful object lesson in quiet discretion. She just would not talk, despite a barrage of clever blandishments. She learned quickly the type of friend she could enjoy and who

still would not pester her for the "inside."

Grace was Franklin Roosevelt's alter ego during the most trying years of his life—the war years. She knew things for which the Nazis would have paid handsomely—had they known where and how to get the secrets out of her. Many times while Grace sat in the crowded little room off the President's big office, she was pressed to tell just a few little secrets, just a few harmless anecdotes about the man in the big, high-backed chair.

"Even if I knew," she said, "I wouldn't tell."

THE PLEASANT, WAVY-HAIRED woman who now serves as Girl Friday to Truman is the envy of every female in government service. Rose Conway is not a long veteran of government service nor of the Presidential staff. In fact, she had been working for Truman only four weeks when he was suddenly elevated from the Vice-presidency to the White House.

Her career may lack the color of Missy's, but there is no better example in the government of quiet, efficient service. Probably of all the Truman staff, Rose Conway is the most retiring. And she knows practically everything there is to know about the inner workings of the Presidency.

Rose, whose home is Kansas City, Missouri, worked for years in that area as secretary to executives. In 1944, she came to Washington as Vice-president Truman's new secretary. She started in at the White House the day after Roosevelt was buried at Hyde Park.

It was a little bewildering at first. All that Sunday she coped with the deluge of telegrams and letters pouring in upon the new President. She also had to type draft after draft of his first message to Congress, which was to be delivered the following day. Since that fateful beginning, she has typed the reading copy of every Presidential speech.

Her day begins about 6:30 A.M., summer and winter, when she fixes her own coffee in her small apartment not far from the White House. She reaches the White House at 8 o'clock, usually to find the President hard at work on papers that she and the chief clerk left for him the previous day. She flits in and out of the President's office all day, bearing armloads of letters to be answered or signed, and to take the President's dictation on a stenotype machine.

The President usually leaves his office about 5 P.M., but that does not mean Rose is through with her work. She must see that the most pressing correspondence is completed for the day, and then she must lay out early-morning work for the President. If she gets away by 6 o'clock, she's lucky.

During the course of a day, Rose naturally hears a lot of important secrets, but once she is away from her job she forgets them. One time I asked her if she found it difficult to keep secrets.

"What secrets?" she asked with a smile.

The work of the Missy Lehands and the Rose Conways, however, is decidedly different from that of the women who rarely enter the office wing of the White House. The housekeeper, for example, confines all her work to the four floors of the White House proper. Her chief task

is to see that the meals and general conduct of the house conform precisely to the wishes of the President and his wife.

Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt was probably the best-known of the housekeepers in recent administrations. She served through the stay of the Roosevelts and remained after the death of F.D.R. until the Trumans got used to their new surroundings.

Mrs. Nesbitt got her job by knowing the Roosevelts in Albany and Hyde Park before F.D.R. went to the White House. Yet no other housekeeper in White House history had as many "problem" guests during her tour of duty. For 12 years the White House was a virtual hotel for royalty, politicians, athletes, actors, writers and just about anybody who interested any member of the President's family.

Feeding Roosevelt was a much more exciting job for Mrs. Nesbitt than feeding Truman is for the present housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Sharpe, wife of a local businessman. Roosevelt was a gourmet, and loved things like cold pheasant for breakfast, squab broiled over Smithfield ham for dinner, and maybe a clear Chinese soup for lunch.

Truman, on the other hand, cares little for fancy food, but delights the cook he brought from Missouri because he will eat anything. No cold quail or kippered herring for the Truman breakfast. The President prefers orange juice, oatmeal and a glass of milk or cup of coffee.

Mrs. Sharpe, the Truman housekeeper, is probably the most anonymous member of the presidential household or staff. She refuses to be interviewed, nor will she give the first detail of the Trumans' private life as she sees it. She was in White House service as an assistant to Mrs. Nesbitt shortly before Roosevelt died, and was retained by Mrs. Truman.

THE WHITE HOUSE social secretary, who has control over the most-sought-after invitations in Washington, is Mrs. Edith Helm. The widow of Admiral James M. Helm, she has been a Washington social adviser since 1908. She was social secretary to the second Mrs. Wilson, and was brought back to the White House in 1933 by Mrs. Roosevelt. As she did with most of the Roosevelt staff, Mrs. Truman kept Mrs. Helm to supervise the almost-continuous social functions at the White House, ranging from simple afternoon teas to huge evening receptions.

Mrs. Helm, who lives in a small apartment not far from the White House, knows the ins and outs of Washington society as well as any living person. She knows all the phonies and lets them down as gently as possible when they try to edge their way into a White House function. She is a slave to the State Department protocol list and consults it frequently when making up dinner lists.

Mrs. Helm is the pleasant, half-smiling but very dignified woman in conservative evening dress whom you can always spot around the edges of any formal White House function. Actually, most of her labors are done before the party begins, for her most important work lies in preparing for the affair. Someone once asked Mrs. Helm how she ranked people for dinner when the guests were outside the government and not on any protocol list;

"I just go eeny, meeny, miney, mo," was her answer.

Another important White House female is a smiling, vivacious New Yorker, Louise Hachmeister, who made history when she became the first woman telephone operator at the Executive Offices in 1933. "Hackie," as she is known to her friends and hundreds of top figures in national and international politics, served as chief operator all through the Roosevelt regime and was retained in the same post by President Truman.

Hackie plays her big switchboard like a theater organ, never missing a note and rarely referring to the music. Her memory is astonishing. Not only does she recognize hundreds of voices on the phone, but she keeps as many numbers in her head. During the war, she handled virtually all the top-secret calls made by F.D.R. She could have eavesdropped on history's biggest secrets, but never would Hackie commit such a breach of trust.

Pressed for stories about her work, Hackie has brushed off interviewers with "there's nothing about me that would interest you—I'm just another 'hello' girl."

The White House switchboard, which really consists of five boards or positions, handles more than 2,000 calls a day, but only a small percentage of these actually involve the President. Crank calls are relayed to the Secret Service; playful youngsters are warned firmly that Mother might find out about shenanigans on the telephone.

One of the most famous calls to the White House did not come through Hackie, but through one of the pay phones off the lobby of the Executive Offices.

A definitely dusky voice asked to speak to Mary Lou. The White House policeman answered sharply: "There's no Mary Lou here—this is the White House!"

"Gawd, Mister President," said the voice at the other end, "I sho' didn't mean to bother you."



Primitive Prowess

THE GREAT APOSTLE of the Northwest, Father Pierre-Jean DeSmet, had traveled to a large Indian encampment. Certain younger braves wanted to show other tribesmen they were superior to the Blackrobe by displaying physical prowess and endurance. Some did this by handling hot irons, others by competing to see who could make the largest indentures in wood with their knuckles, or by other daring feats.

Father DeSmet knew that, in order to save face and impress the Indians, he would have to equal or surpass these acts of prowess. It was a difficult moment, but he rose to the occasion. Knowing the Indians had no knowledge of the white man's dentistry, he reached into his mouth, tugged mightily and jerked out his upper plate, turned it around in his fingers and put it back in his mouth. He then walked away, leaving the young braves dumfounded. —*Calumet*



JOLLY TRIO. Famous New Jersey "model" mother Pat Boyd spends a fun-day in the park with cute son Brucie. Look at those sparkling mother-and-son smiles! For Pat knows the value of this prized Ipana dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.* Head for a "model" smile yourself with Ipana . . . it's recommended and used by more dentists than any other tooth paste (recent nationwide survey). Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. Get stimulating, refreshing Ipana today!

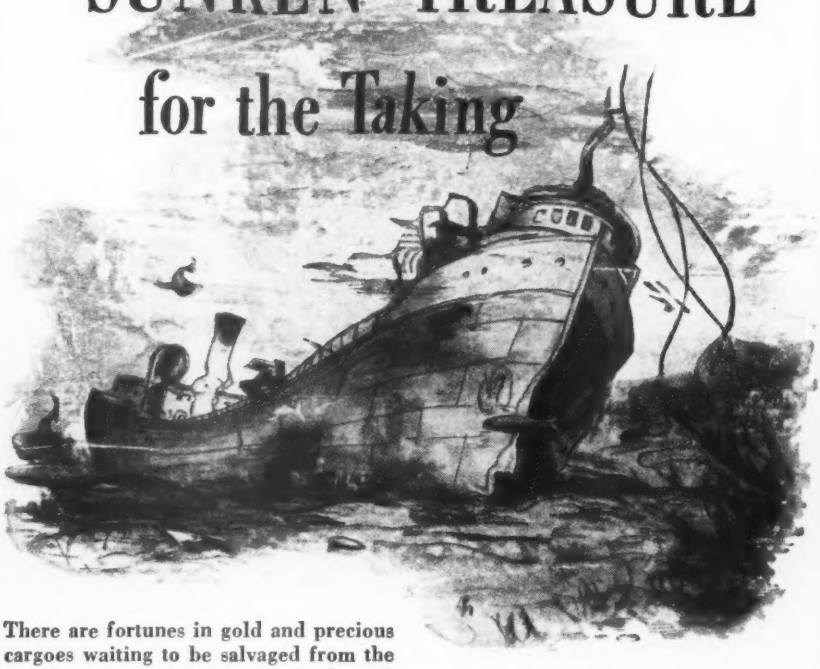


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FOR HEALTHIER GUMS, BRIGHTER TEETH

SUNKEN TREASURE for the Taking



There are fortunes in gold and precious cargoes waiting to be salvaged from the treacherous waters of our "inland seas"

by **A. J. CUTTING**

IF YOU HAVE NEVER quite outgrown that boyhood urge to hunt for hidden treasure, you can satisfy it any time you please without ferreting out some ancient pirate hide-out.

All you need do is go to the shores of any one of the Great Lakes, hire a sturdy tug and diving outfit, and start looking. Millions of dollars in sunken treasure are scattered on the bottoms of our "inland seas." They lie in the rotting hulls of some of the 15,000 ships gobbled up by the cantankerous waters of these misnamed "Sweet Water" lakes.

Parts of this fortune consist of gold, silver and jewels locked in strongboxes, but almost as valuable are cargoes of iron and copper ingots, machinery and other merchandise in the holds of ill-fated vessels, including quantities of well-mellowed bourbon that would bring a fortune in today's market.

Some of the Great Lakes' treasure has been retrieved. A few years

ago a salvage party headed by a Detroit businessman set out to look for the freighter *W. H. Stevens*, sunk in Lake Ontario off Buffalo. The treasure hunters located the vessel and brought up a copper cargo worth $100,000.

Not all hunters, however, are so fortunate. In 1946, people in the vicinity of East Tawas, Michigan, watched with mild interest while a 71-year-old merchant from Ohio, a college physics professor and two metallurgists cruised in Saginaw Bay. Armed with electronic sounding devices, they were trying to tune in on the hulk of a freighter which sank in 1870, carrying 500 tons of copper.

When the indicator on one of the devices "went crazy," Julius F. Roth, the elderly Ohioan, jubilantly declared that he had located the prize. In 1947, Roth secured an ancient sand sucker, hired a salvage crew and began to remove sand from the sunken object. But Lady Luck was looking the other way. The sand sucker gave in to old age and plunged to the bottom.

Numerous treasure-laden ships have never been spotted, despite the fact that the general location of their watery graves is known. One of the more famous is the steamer *Westmoreland*, which went down off South Manitou Island in Lake Michigan a century ago. On her last trip of the season, she encountered a wild storm that sent her to the bottom, reportedly carrying $100,000 in gold specie and 350 barrels of bourbon.

Between Detroit and Cleveland in Lake Erie is the *Clarion*, which sank in 1909 with a cargo of locomotives. In the same lake is the *Young Scion*, wrecked in 1881 with a valuable cargo of railroad iron. There, also, are the *Dean Richmond*, which carried a fortune in pig zinc, and the *Kent*, with a goodly sum of gold in her strongbox.

The *New Brunswick*, wrecked off Erie's Point Pelee, was loaded with oak and walnut which would bring big sums today. The schooner *Fay*, lying on the bottom of Saginaw Bay in Lake Huron, has $200,000 worth of steel billets in her hold. But the most fabulous prize of all is a nameless vessel lying near Poverty Island in Lake Michigan. Reputedly the steamer has $4,500,000 in gold bullion in her safe.

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE that cargoes under water for as much as 70 years are still in good condition. Lake veterans claim that the pure, cold "Sweet Water" lakes preserve almost anything except human beings. Divers exploring one 50-year-old wreck found skeletons still clothed in silks and laces, and discovered cheese, beef and other edibles intact in the galley. Dredging operations in Lake St. Clair, between Huron and Erie, brought up casks of meat and whiskey, unharmed by years beneath the waves.

One treasure ship which long defied fortune hunters was the *Pewabic*. Steaming off Thunder Bay Island in Lake Huron in 1865, she was rammed by another ship and almost cut in two. When she plunged to the bottom 20 fathoms down, with her went about 80 terrified souls and 300 tons of copper ingots. For years, various treasure-seeking parties tried to reach the *Pewabic*. At least ten divers are said to have lost their lives in the

search. Finally it took a woman to do the job.

In 1916, Mrs. Margaret Campbell Goodman, a salvage expert, tackled the *Pewabic* with improved diving equipment and retrieved the copper. "The job took two years," she said. "But it was worth it."

One of the most complicated and profitable salvage operations was the raising of the 600-foot ore freighter *George M. Humphrey*. Passing through the Straits of Mackinac in June, 1943, it collided with another vessel and went down in 74 feet of water. All hands were saved, but the ship and her 22,000 tons of iron ore were an enticing prize.

Capt. John Roen, Norwegian-born seafaring man, undertook to snag the *Humphrey*. His project had the enthusiastic blessing of the government, for the ship's pilot house was only 15 feet below surface, constituting a menace to navigation.

After digging some 14,000 tons of ore from the hold, Roen finally pumped air into the ship and raised her—his prize being the balance of the cargo and a costly ship which could be reconditioned.

But despite such salvage operations, the vast treasure-trove has scarcely been touched. Locations of some vessels have appeared on charts prepared by the Navy's Hydrographic Branch, but only as long as they remained a menace to navigation. The Navy isn't concerned with treasure hunting; it only wants to keep shipping lanes safe.

Many of the ships lie in relatively shallow waters of Lake Erie, where soundings show a maximum depth of only slightly more than 200 feet. Others, on the murky bottoms of the bigger lakes, are at much greater depths. But with radar and other modern scientific equipment for detecting wrecks, and improved diving equipment for reaching them, many hulks that were inaccessible a few years ago are within salvage range today.

Polly Wants a Concerto



I SHALL ALWAYS believe that Cockey Roberts, a parrot which used to come regularly to my room when I was practicing, was really interested in my playing. If I had closed the door, he would knock sharply with his beak. I would keep very quiet, and he would knock again, a little harder. "Who is there?" I would call out. An angry voice would answer, "Cockey Roberts." "Who?" I would say, pretending not to understand, and that angry, shrill little voice would come again: "Cockey Roberts! Cockey Roberts!"

Of course I had to let him in after that, and he would walk straight to the piano and perch on my foot for hours; the pedaling —and my pedaling is strenuous—did not disturb him in the least. He would sit on top of my foot, and from time to time would say in a loving and scratchy voice, "Oh, Lord, how beautiful! How beautiful!" Ah, it was touching.

—From *The Paderewski Memoirs, Scribners*



Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex* is America's favorite tissue. With Kleenex, you pull *just one* double tissue at a time—and up pops another!

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Hurricane Fighter



Here is a "storm sleuth's" exciting account of his battle with a weather monster high over the sea

by **ROBERT H. SIMPSON**
with DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

DAYLIGHT IS BEGINNING to wane. Spasmodic showers have stopped. The afternoon's towering clouds have almost vanished and overhead the sky flames with a red brilliance. Something ominous and mysterious hangs in the air.

During the night and early next morning, the wind is fitful. By midmorning, low clouds have moved in. The heavens are a murky, dull gray. Rain begins in showery torrents, and with each downpour the wind increases.

Hour by hour the sea level climbs faster and faster. Out over the ocean, long low swells approach the coast

line and break with a resounding roar on the beach.

Now the rain comes down harder. The giant breakers increase their crescendo. The wind picks up speed —50, 60, 75 miles per hour! The barometer nose-dives.

Hurricane! . . .

It was like that along the Florida coast last September, when one of the biggest hurricanes in two decades roared in from the Atlantic. Red-and-black weather flags spotted the coast line like an outbreak of measles. From Miami to Melbourne Beach, store fronts were boarded up, shelters made ready. Evacuation trains chugged inland, carrying thousands of refugees. Cars, lined up for miles, snaked away from the storm area. Ships bedded down at their docks. Planes took off in flocks for safer nesting places.

Yet a few hundred miles away, a little group of us were making feverish preparations to fly out and meet the monster. As Uncle Sam's "storm sleuths," this was part of our job.

Flying into the center of a tropical storm was just one of a hundred different explorations now in progress to unscramble the whole weather picture. And the idea of flying out to meet the weather was nothing new. It was forced on us during the war. Under wartime restrictions, ships at sea couldn't report their positions and give weather information, so the only alternative was to take planes up and fly in all kinds of weather — fogs, thunderheads, showers, typhoons, hurricanes. Out of all this came the weather reconnaissance squadrons.

Today, three large agencies, the Air Forces, the Navy and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics—plus a host of other organizations, including some of our top manufacturers and universities —have joined with the Weather Bureau in an extensive flight-research program. Our object: to learn as much as possible about what makes good and bad weather.

HOW SAFE IS OUR WORK? Admittedly, on that gusty morning in September, 1947, as we climbed aboard the big specially equipped B-29 at the Bermuda base of the 53rd Weather Reconnaissance Squadron, all of us were shaky. In a few hours we would be face to face with Nature's own atomic blast, the hurricane. Nobody was quite sure exactly what would happen. But we had been waiting a long time to get a scientific crack at a real weather giant—and this was it.

We were anxious to point the big plane's nose into a hurricane's center—and perhaps for the first time find out what makes it beat and pound with such destructive force. If we succeeded, there would likely never be another catastrophe such as hit New England a decade ago.

We knew the storm was coming; it was first reported by a ship west of the Cape Verde Islands three days before. We had followed the whirling mass of air—hour by hour, almost mile by mile—as it lumbered across the southern Atlantic. We even had a name for it.

Just before the take-off, Lieut. Mack Eastburn, veteran pilot of the 53rd Weather Squadron, reminded me of the storm's code name. "Okay," he said, "here we go to keep that date with *Emma*."

Briefly, our plan of attack was this: we were going to approach the

storm from the north, then climb to 30,000 feet where we hoped to top most of the cloudiness. Then we were going to fly diagonally through the storm center, first from north to south, then west to east, measuring changes in temperature and pressure from 10,000 to 30,000 feet in each of the storm's four quadrants. It was like slicing a giant pie into four pieces, and sampling the crust and filling of each.

Our B-29 was a meteorological station on wings. Every inch of space was crammed with test instruments and recording devices. Thermometers stuck out from the fuselage like porcupine needles. There were more cameras at strategic observation spots than you would be likely to find on a Hollywood set. We felt like a bunch of doctors with bulging kits of tools, rushing in a flying ambulance to an emergency clinic.

Robert H. Simpson had more than a nodding acquaintance with hurricanes when he made the dramatic flight into the heart of a storm which is described in this article. Born in Corpus Christi, on the Gulf Coast of Texas where hurricanes are not unknown, he joined the U. S. Weather Bureau at Brownsville, Texas, in 1940 after a five-year stint as a science teacher. In 1943 he began a year of study and research in meteorology at the University of Chicago, and was then stationed at Miami as hurricane forecaster. After helping set up a school of tropical meteorology in the Panama Canal Zone for the Army Air Forces, he returned to his Miami post. Currently Simpson is assigned to the Office of the Assistant Chief of Bureau for Operations in Washington, D. C. His collaborator, Douglas J. Ingells of Dayton, Ohio, is a well-known magazine writer whose work has often appeared in Coronet and other magazines.

As official observer for the U. S. Weather Bureau, I had a grandstand seat just behind the pilots, so I could look forward and down and see what we were running into, and between the engineer and navigator, where I could peer through the astrodome on top and see the heavens. Right beside me was a precious radar scope whose screen presented an ever-changing picture of the cloud formation and precipitation for scores of miles around us.

Now, as I study my notes, I can piece together what happened in the next few hours. We came upon the storm gradually, after seeing it slowly rise on the horizon. At 10,000 feet we slipped in beneath a milky canopy of cirro-stratus cloud after miles of flying in fine weather.

"It's warm and comfortable inside the plane," I wrote. "We've been climbing for 40 minutes. We're using oxygen since the pressurization system isn't adequate at extreme altitudes. The altimeter registers 30,000 feet—almost six miles up.

"The canopy of clouds is a beautiful sight, like a gigantic white fluffy mushroom—Emma's umbrella. Here are beauty and majestic splendor, and you experience the same thrill as when seeing the snow-capped Rockies for the first time. . .

"There's plenty of trouble downstairs, though. The sea is raging, with mountainous waves peaking and crashing and stirring up a wild foam. In the very middle of the boiling vat is a big tanker steaming right for the center of the storm. In that direction it is black and ugly-looking, with all clouds slowly descending and merging into a shapeless, rainy mass . . .

"Eastburn just yelled over the in-

terphone, 'Look off to the left! I certainly wouldn't want to stick the nose of this baby into that.' Dimly through the ice crystals, less than a mile off our course and towering high above us, is a giant cumulus cloud, full of violent gusts and turbulence, enough to throw even this giant plane into a spin and dive us into the sea.

"There's another one, only not quite so big. Straight ahead. We can't miss it . . . Wham! . . . We're in it now. All hell has broken loose. One instant the plane leaps up as if somebody had just exploded a bomb under it, the next second it's over on one wing. Now the other wing is down.

"I can look right down at the raging sea. Now we're climbing, now diving. Up, down, sidewise—shake, tremble, jerk. Things are flying around the interior, bouncing off tables, rolling across the floor.

"I don't know whether I'm standing on my head, sitting down or doing a somersault. I think I have swallowed my stomach a dozen times. Maybe Emma isn't a lady, but we tip our hat to her powers. . .

"Now we're flying level again, down a canyon of tall clouds that look dark and sinister, like the sides of a mountain. But you couldn't ask for smoother flying. The magic of radar is guiding us between the towering walls like a phonograph needle spiraling in the grooves of a record, closer and closer, in diminishing circles toward the center, in this case the eye of the hurricane.

"Even Eastburn, for all his hours of flying, is impressed. He just said to me: 'This is the most incredible thing I've ever witnessed!'. . .

"Almost unbelievably smooth. But it is dark and scary, and there is rain. It peppers the sides of the plane like machine-gun fire. The noise it makes is worse than in a boiler factory.

"Up, up, up, higher we go until the altimeter says 36,400 and the big plane staggers to get another foot of altitude. At last we break out on top, and now we see a startling thing of beauty. The sun has implanted in Emma's silvery hair a solar halo of rare brilliance and color, virtually a golden crown for the Queen of Hurricanes. I never expect to see anything like it again —almost a perfect rainbow. . .

"Back into the dark center again and here another mysterious phenomenon. The plane is losing speed, dropping closer and closer to its stalling point and a new danger. The reason: ice forming on propellers and wings. Our scientific facts were crazy because they told us this kind of ice wouldn't form in quantity at temperatures lower than 30 degrees. But we are flying in air 35 degrees below and colder! . . .

"Up in front I saw Eastburn fighting to hang onto the controls. The plane was flopping like a wounded bird. It seemed almost to stop and stand still, then a big chunk of ice would come crashing back against the fuselage and she would stagger on. It was like that for what seemed like hours.

"And there was more trouble. Just as we headed 'in,' hoping to make a final thrust at the very eye or calm center of the hurricane, a crew member shouted 'Fire!' over the interphone. The outboard engine was burning.

"Flames shot back like from a blowtorch, fanning closer and closer

to the 1,000-gallon gas tanks. I guess we had all had enough by then. We turned back and headed for land. Eastburn cut the burning engine and the plane fought out the storm on only three engines. I don't know how we did it, but somehow we got back to a field near Tampa and came down safely..."

WHAT DID WE LEARN from all this? How will our findings be used to benefit mankind? What lies ahead as the possible outcome of this kind of air research?

Well, for one thing, we discovered that much of our dope about how high a storm of this magnitude extended was all wrong. Furthermore, it was evident that we were dealing with a real giant whose inner workings were too intricate to explore fully even with a squadron of planes. It may be necessary in the future to use rockets to obtain more conclusive data, launching a number of them high into all sectors of the storm, each equipped with instruments to broadcast and televise the results back to home base.

Another thing: the use of airborne search radar proved that we could locate a storm center without actually entering the hurricane's eye. The radar plotted the center for us with a high degree of accuracy. Along with other information, this enabled us to get a clear picture of the storm's energy and its current movements, so that we could accurately predict its force, intensity and direction.

What we learned, in my opinion, put us years ahead in weather research. In the future, it can mean more exact forecasting, permitting us to warn people of approaching peril many hours, perhaps even days, before danger strikes. It can provide forewarning of dangerous high-water effects. It can suggest new methods of building construction especially resistant to high wind velocities.

Perhaps we shall never see the day when it will not be necessary to board up and take other steps to safeguard property in the path of a hurricane. But on the strength of what we are learning about storms, we will most certainly know how best to protect ourselves and our homes. That in itself is sufficient reward for the airmen who are risking death these days to solve the storm secrets of the skies.



Fully Qualified

A FIRM ADVERTISING for a male stenographer received this reply from a Chinese applicant:

"Sir: I am Chinese Bung Ho, but can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is it. My last job left itself from me for simple reason that big man has dead. It was on account of not my fault. So, honorable sirs, what of it? If I can be of big use to you I will arrive on same date as you can guess."

—WILLIAM E. WELCH


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Life Bras alone lift, mold, correct, hold—all at once . . . 4 separate actions necessary to give you the new bustline glamor.
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"Darkest Ontario" is dark no longer, thanks to the rolling classrooms which reach its remotest areas

CANADA'S Amazing School-on-Wheels

by JACK MOSHER

IN THE DESOLATE "outback" far beyond Lake Superior, seven venerable coaches of the Canadian Pacific, Canadian National and Ontario Northland Railways are enjoying an exciting second childhood. For it is their job, in their old age, to help kids take trips to Treasure Island and to King Arthur's Court. They also help them to get over the hurdles of the multiplication table and to master the spelling of tricky words like "sauerkraut."

The kids who take journeys to wonderland—without leaving the nearest siding or spur—are the sons and daughters of the section men, trappers, prospectors, half-breeds and Indians inhabiting a region once known to educators back in the provincial capital at Toronto as "Darkest Ontario."

The seven coaches, comprising probably the only schooling system of its kind in the world, make regular one-week stops at each of 31 isolated points between North Bay, Fort William and the shores of James Bay. In the forward half of each coach, passenger seats have been replaced by desks, and blackboards line the walls. There are also the usual devices required to teach the movements of sun and



moon and the mysteries of the stars. Near the teacher's desk is a well-stocked library.

But the magic does not stop at that. The adjoining big-city bathroom has brought a fresh outlook to many a scruffy youngster who has been dunked there. And in the modern, stainless-steel kitchen beyond, the schoolmaster's good wife not only conducts cooking classes but, during winter blizzards, frequently serves meals for an adopted family of half a dozen or more, whose faces reveal as many different nationalities.

Thus, while the Battle of the Three Rs is being waged by her husband in the classroom out front, the schoolmaster's wife, back in her kitchen, is also playing an important part in the war to make good citizens.

These Schools on Wheels, as they are officially called, cost bush kids and their parents nothing. Financed jointly by the Ontario Department of Education and the railroads, the first two coaches to wear cap and gown took to the rails in 1926. But the idea for this inspired system began to germinate shortly after the turn of the century, when one Jim MacDougall mushed into the never-never land of Ontario from North Bay. As prospectors go, Jim

was different. Actually, he was Dr. James B. MacDougall, graduate of Queen's University, and instead of the usual geologist's hammer and maps, his pack was filled with textbooks and readers. He had hit the trail when he discovered, while principal of North Bay Collegiate, that there were only four schools of any kind between there and the North Pole.

"I'd like to go up there," he told officials back at the Provincial Department of Education in Toronto, "and stake out a few more."

While he was using tents and tarpaper shacks to keep up with what has since proved the most rewarding "gold rush" of all, Jim MacDougall fell in with some strange trail mates—men who had come from the ends of the earth to make their fortune in the New North.

He remembers how the mining town of Cobalt was born, almost overnight, in a blinding silver flash. He saw George Bannerman, one of the first to discover gold in Ontario, bring in samples of ore from his find north of Porcupine Lake, near where Hollinger now stands.

But the occasion Jim MacDougall remembers most clearly was the morning, nearly 40 years ago, when he came into a hotel lobby in Cochrane to find five of his heavily bearded mining pals warming their hands around a stove.

"We've got a line on something mighty good," Noah Timmins told him. "Come with us today and we'll make you rich for life."

For a moment, Jim was tempted to join them. Then, as he stood there, lightning seemed to strike. "Gosh, I'd sure like to," he told them, a note of regret in his voice, "but I guess I'd better be getting on with my head count."

And so, as the history of the mining country relates, the Timmins brothers and their pals went south into the fabulously rich Porcupine area, to find their pots of gold and become multimillionaires, whilst MacDougall, who had a rainbow of his own to guide him, went north to blaze the Three-Rs trail.

Actually, it was like hunting for thousands of needles in millions of haystacks. "Every time I'd come to the beginning of a trail, I'd start up it," he recalls. "And sometimes I'd find a cabin at the end—sometimes not."

After a while, Jim MacDougall got to be quite good at using the sign language, then having the mother count off her brood on her fingers. But more frequently, in this section of the world compared with which Africa is thickly settled, he was met at the cabin door by a trapper, who held him at gun's point while the wife and children hid in the back room.

On these occasions he had to estimate the size of the family by the number of small shirts he saw on a clothesline or by counting the barefoot tracks he found beside a nearby creek. And when he had finished his survey, nearly 15 years later, Jim MacDougall made one of his rare trips down to Toronto and stalked into the Provincial Department of Education.

"I counted 3,000 of them," he said, flinging his report in front of the startled officials.

"But we can't build more schools," wailed one.

"It's up to the churches," declared another. "Besides," objected

a third, "we'll never get those kids to go to school away back there in the wilds."

Seeing the hopeless expressions on the faces of his fellow educators, MacDougall was again sorely tempted to throw in his lot with the gold hunters and make himself a millionaire. Then, as he thought of those kids he had counted back there—kids who might never have a chance to make anything of their lives unless men like him did what they knew was right—the same lightning that had struck in Cochrane years before struck again.

"Gentlemen!" he rasped. "You've heard the story of Mohammed and the Mountain. Well, if we can't bring those kids to schools, we'll take the schools to *them*. And the railroads are going to help us do it!"

A few days later Jim left for Ottawa, to begin his fight with the railroad men who had opened up Northern Ontario's mineral land. He argued that it was their responsibility to help educate the children of Europeans they had brought to the New World, then dumped, like human ballast, beside a Godforsaken right of way along which fast transcontinental trains streaked.

Finally, in 1925, he persuaded two big lines to put a car each at his disposal. Then, despite grumbling about costs from his own department heads, he proceeded to equip them for his purposes. And in September the following year, he sent them on their way, with pioneer schoolmasters Ed McNally and Fred Sloman in charge.

The results were electrifying. As fast as telegraph and bush grapevine could carry it, word flew along 5,000 miles of steel rail and even greater lengths of river and forest trail. The enthusiasm with which the school cars were received is illustrated by the Indian boy who, on hearing the big news, packed a week's supply of grub and set out for the spur's end where one was due to arrive. When his canoe was frozen in after he had covered only half the distance, the boy took to snowshoes and covered the remaining 32 miles on foot.

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, McNally heard of two boys whose mother had died and who had been left by their father to forage for themselves while he tended his trap lines. McNally brought them to the car, outfitted them and kept them over Christmas. And when the car moved on early in the New Year, the connections didn't stop there.

These two, aged eight and nine, found an old tent, pitched it in a spruce grove near-by, banked it high with snow, rigged a second roof of boughs, and actually lived there by themselves through a fierce Northern winter so that they wouldn't lose touch with the magic classroom on wheels.

That was more than 20 years ago, but the novelty and appeal of the traveling schools has not diminished since. Wherever such educational units stop, it is like a scene from the Pied Piper. Kids continue to turn up, seemingly from nowhere, finding their way to the spot on foot and by canoe in summer, by snowshoe and dog team in winter, by handcar and plane at all seasons.

Elsewhere in the world, children spend at least five hours a day at school, do an average of an hour's homework each night. In the School

Car System, this is reversed; since school is open only one week at a time, several weeks are spent at homework.

Another reversal is involved, for instead of helping with this homework, most parents are helped. It is commonplace for kids of six or seven to teach mother and dad how to read and write and count, and to pick out places on the map—usually places back in Europe, from which 90 per cent of the scattered population came.

Most kids hate school, but not these young redskins and half-breeds, Frenchies, Finns and Poles whose classroom visits bring more joy than any circus train. With them, discipline presents no problem: attendance is almost perfect and they are never late. Frequently, they beg the schoolmaster to stay over an extra day, and classes usually continue after the traditional closing hour of 4 o'clock.

Nor is the day's work ended when the schoolmaster has brushed the last kid off the step. It is nothing to find a line of parents waiting there, seeking the answers to a thousand questions. For many, the Union Jack flying from the car's 18-foot staff is the only flag they ever lay eyes on—the schoolmaster and his wife their only hope of achieving a more cultural way of life.

"When my wife was down in Ottawa last winter," confesses one schoolmaster, an overseas veteran who now skippers an eight-wheeled educational barque plying west and north out of Capreol, "I carried on with sewing classes. It would have been as much as my life was worth not to, the way women around here feel about such matters."

And when a visitor to Cameron Bell's ship of learning at even more remote Chapleau commented on the cigarette tins stacked behind his desk, Bell declared, "Oh, that's our local bank. Every section hand for miles leaves his savings with me. When he gets enough to buy a government bond, I hand the cash to the conductor of a passing freight, who picks up one in Chapleau.

"The kids save, too," he added. "One boy made $418 out of his trap line last winter, and every cent of it's in bonds."

Teachers also manage to save, since their salary of $2,250 is supplemented by money for living costs such as heat, light and ice. Carefully chosen, these teachers must not only make themselves at home in the wilds but must also handle certain extracurricular problems which lend a missionary spirit to the school-car circuit.

The rolling classrooms are, in fact, little nerve centers, around which anything from high comedy to stark tragedy can—and often does—happen. When, for instance, a boy came to the car one day, sobbing that his father was going to shoot his mother, Schoolmaster McNally promptly declared a recess. Strapping on his snowshoes, he took off in the direction of the nearest smoke spiral, prepared to double in brass as a Mounty.

Arrived at the cabin, he found an irate trapper searching for his revolver. Soon he managed to talk the man out of the notion, at the same time persuading him to send his kid to school. As he was leaving, the wife drew him aside.

"Tony's gun," she whispered. "It is in the snow outside our bed-

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room window. You will take it with you—yes?"

On another occasion, when this same pioneering pedagogue saw more than the normal amount of smoke rising from a near-by cabin, he and the kids in his class took off on the run. They found a woman inside the blazing structure, far gone in childbirth. Once they had hauled her clear they managed, with Mrs. McNally's help, to save both mother and child—the latter now a happy young French Canuck boy who stands well in English and mathematics.

Then there was the case of the hot-blooded young section hand who came knocking on Fred Sloman's car door one morning with the butt of a loaded shotgun. He was looking for a 14-year-old girl he had seen coming along the tracks. Told he couldn't see her until after school, the section hand retired to the nearest outcrop, where he sat for hours in plain view of the classroom window—and the girl—with the shotgun between his knees, its muzzle pointed at his heart.

"She thought she might pacify him," says Sloman, "but I was afraid to let her go out, for fear he might kill both the girl and himself. So I phoned the nearest section house, and a Mounty came up with the gang just before dark and took the fellow away."

A welcome visitor to these remote parts was a special train which toured Canada in the spring of 1939. Unlike usual transcontinentals, which speed by with a haughty blast of the whistle, this one slowed down to five miles an hour. As it passed, King George VI waved and Queen Elizabeth tossed flowers to the youngsters who stood beside their decorated school car.

"We felt very proud," declares Sloman, whose unit was thus honored by royalty.

And so did Their Majesties. For nowhere in their Empire would they find schools as remote and yet as modern as these put on wheels by Jim MacDougall, who passed up a fortune in gold to help make the children of "Darkest Ontario" rich for the rest of their lives.

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